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MARGARET CULKIN BANNING • ARTHUR TRAIN • FAITH BALDWIN



"I want STYLE" Yes, of course you do! Bathrooms now must be kept new-looking. So Cannon towels have style—more of it per square inch than you'll find elsewhere. For proof, look up the Deeptones, Tropical Towels, matched bath sets and all our other 1934 originals.



"I want SOFTNESS" and mother's going to see that you get it. Your silky skin knows what it needs. We know, too. That's why we make towels as soft and light as a puffy cloud—towels that put every water drop away and leave you feeling that the world is yours.



"I want QUICK-DRIERS" All Cannon towels are thirsty. No need now to rub and scrub and rough yourself dry. We use a finer, softer cotton and a special finish. Whenever you find the Cannon label you find more true drying quality for every cent invested.

All things to all people . . .



"I want VARIETY" Then go to the Cannon counter of your own store. You'll find towels made to your order—from big, deep heavy ones that drink water by the quart to fine guest towels as dainty as handkerchiefs. More types, styles, sizes, weights, weaves—new ideas.



"I want WEAR" Then you want Cannon towels. They'll endure any amount of punishment. That's why millions of women buy them for all uses—the tough towel jobs as well as the gentle ones. They stay fresh and bright and useful, keep their youth forever almost.



"I want THRIFTY TOWELS" Any Cannon towel is a wise buy, at 29c or \$2.50. Since we make more than all the others combined, there's a plus value in each one. And the better the grade, the more you profit—a few extra cents may add many months of wear!



CANNON SHEETS have as many fine points as Cannon towels. They are made of smooth, strong, even-white cotton—beautifully finished. There's one in any price class, for every bed—and always a top value. . . . Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.

CANNON TOWELS

EXCEL SIX WAYS

What a FOOL She is!



The TIME SHE SPENDS ARRANGING FLOWERS...BUT SHE NEVER SEEMS
TO HAVE A MINUTE FOR HER TEETH AND GUMS . . . AND SHE HAS "Pink Tooth Brush"!

This young woman would feel nothing short of disgraced if her guests were to discover a "thrown-together" bouquet or some faded blossoms or clashing colors!

Yet it has never dawned upon her that dingy teeth detract from her own charm far more than a careless bouquet can detract from the loveliness of her room!

It isn't that she doesn't brush her teeth. She does! But she doesn't know that weak, tender gums need attention just as surely as teeth need cleaning.

Dental authorities today are laying more and more emphasis upon massage of the gums. Why? Because today's foods are soft and creamy. They give so little stimulation to the gums that the tissues become flabby. You have probably noticed a certain amount of tenderness where your own gums are concerned. This is a warning. And if your gums actually bleed a little (a condition called "pink tooth brush")—the warning is even clearer.

Clean your teeth with Ipana. Put a little more Ipana

on your brush or fingertip, and massage it lightly into your inactive gums.

Your dentist will tell you why. He will tell you about the xiratosol in Ipana, which, with massage, aids in strengthening and toning the gums.

Don't neglect your gums! Keep them firm and healthy with Ipana and massage, and you will be in little danger of picking up Vincent's disease and gingivitis and pyorrhea. Your teeth will be safer. And they will look far more brilliant!

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY
WEDNESDAY EVENING . . . 9:00 P. M., E. S. T.
WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

I P A N A
TOOTH PASTE



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. 5-54

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name

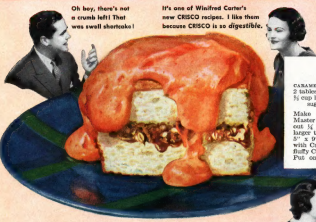
Street

City State



ANNOUNCING... 3 new arrivals in the shortcake family

ALL FROM ONE DIGESTIBLE CRISCO RECIPE



Oh boy, there's not a crumb left! That was swell shortcake!

It's one of Winifred Carter's new CRISCO recipes. I like them because CRISCO is so digestible.

DOROTHY'S APRICOT CARAMEL SHORTCAKE

"grand eat" and digestible, too!

CARAMEL FILLING:
2 tablespoons CRISCO ¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup light brown sugar ¼ cup chopped nuts

Make Digestible Crisco Shortcake (see Master Recipe below). Divide dough—put out ¼ inch thick into two layers slightly larger than Criscoed pan (use 7" x 7", or 8" x 8"). Put in bottom layer. Spread with Caramel Filling made this way. Mix fluffy Crisco with sugar and salt—add nuts. Put on top layer. Dumpen edges and

crimp together. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 12-15 minutes. Serve hot with—
Apricot Cream: Strain cooked apricots (canned or stewed dried apricots) to make 1 ½ cups pulp. Beat ½ cup heavy cream until stiff, sweetening with 2 tablespoons powdered sugar. Fold apricot pulp into cream. All Measurements Level. Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trademark of shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co.

SUMPTUOUS ORANGE SHORTCAKE

by all means, make it by the digestible Crisco recipe!

2 teaspoons grated orange rind

6 large juicy oranges ½ cup sugar

Make Digestible Crisco Shortcake by Master Recipe (see below) adding grated orange rind to dry mixture. Peel oranges. Cut out sections. Drain. Squeeze orange juice. Sprinkle sugar over oranges and let stand. When shortcake is baked split and serve with oranges and the following—

Orange Foam Sauce: You should have approximately 1 ½ cups orange juice. To this add ¼ cup water. Beat over hot water. Mix ½

cup sugar and 1 tablespoon cornstarch. Add slowly to heated juice, stirring and cooking until sauce begins to thicken. Stir in 2 egg yolks slightly beaten. Cook until creamy. Remove from heat. Cool over cold water. Then beat 2 egg whites stiff. Beat ½ cup thick cream and 2 tablespoons powdered sugar stiff. Fold both whites and cream into cooled sauce. ONLY 10¢ brings you Winifred Carter's new "Favorite Recipes." 68 tested recipes—22 colored illustrations! Send name and address (give 10¢ in stamps) to Dept. XJ-54, Box 837, Cincinnati, Ohio.

So, this orange shortcake is simply grand. Did I see you making it with CRISCO?

Yes, I'm using CRISCO entirely now, because it's digestible vegetable fat.



Mother, this is even better than old-fashioned strawberry shortcake!

Isn't the CRISCO biscuit good, too? I like to use shortening that's quick-digesting.

TROPICAL STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

try this one! Put out one with digestible Crisco biscuits!

2½ cups crushed strawberries ½ cup sugar

¾ cup cubed pineapple (fresh or canned) ¾ cup juice for liquid. Wash, hull, crush strawberries. Add sugar and pineapple. When shortcake is baked, put fruit between layers and on top. Serve with sweetened whipped cream (using ¾ cup heavy cream and 2 tablespoons powdered sugar).

Make Digestible Crisco Shortcake (see Master Recipe below) using ½ cup pineapple juice for liquid.

Master Recipe for Digestible CRISCO SHORTCAKE

2 cups flour ½ cup Crisco
4 teaspoons baking powder 1 egg
½ cup milk, water or juice
1 tablespoon sugar

8½ dry ingredients. Work in Crisco (the pure digestible shortening). Beat egg in measuring cup, add liquid to fill cup three-fourths full. Add to Crisco mixture. Di-

vide dough. Put out into rounds to fit bottom of pie plate. Brush one round with melted Crisco. Place second round on top. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Separate rounds. Put filling between. (Individual Shortcakes) Cut out biscuits ¼ inch thick. Brush tops of half with melted Crisco. Put other biscuits on top. Bake in hot oven, 425° F., 15 minutes.



CRISCO digests quickly

A black and white portrait of a middle-aged man with dark hair, wearing a suit, white shirt, and patterned tie. He is looking slightly to the right of the camera with a neutral expression. The background is dark and out of focus.

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Have you **LOST** or **FOUND**
the Beauty Secret every Baby knows ?

LOST—my nice complexion. I miss it so! This one I'm wearing is dry and a little coarse. It's very unbecoming! I've tried lots of "beauty magic" but all these soaps and creams don't seem to work charms for me. Am enclosing picture of myself and baby. What heavenly skin! (Hers, not mine. She just gets Ivory baths, as the doctor advised.) TROUBLED

Dear Troubled:

We're smitten with your baby. How well

her lovely Ivory complexion shows off her cuddly curves! Which reminds us—*why* did the doctor order Ivory for her baths? Because Ivory is *pure*, and a *pure* soap will not disturb the natural beauty process of even a baby's sensitive skin.

Did you forget all this in the care of *your* complexion? Impure soap is irritating—it tends to coarsen your skin.

You haven't lost that nice complexion, but you'll have to win it back with gentle Ivory

cleansings. Nothing, dear lady, takes the place of a *pure* soap. PROCTER & GAMBLE

FOUND—my fresh, clear complexion. My husband loves it! Even the baby patty-cakes my face as if she's proud of me! I owe it all to Ivory! Heavens, how did I come to forget that I'd been brought up on Ivory? No wonder my complexion felt hurt when I tried all those fancy perfumed and colored soaps. I know now that far-fetched beauty promises do *not* make a *pure* soap. THRILLED

If you want a baby's clear smooth skin,
use the baby's beauty soap · 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ pure

IVORY SOAP



SHE SAID: *I* HAVEN'T DONE A THING TO BE
ASHAMED OF. IT WAS JUST A FLIRTATION. THAT'S

All There Was to It

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

IT CAN all be put in a sentence—her own sentence. Cilla had done nothing to be ashamed of. Joe was certainly ashamed of himself, and Frances Cummings left the city, and heaven knows what happened to Ralph. But Cilla was quite right. There was no more to it than a flirtation, the kind of flirtation that happens not only every day but probably every minute, that is made up of boxes of flowers and telephone calls and a curious mushroom intimacy that grows up suddenly and is quite rootless. There were no letters. There had been scarcely a written word between them. And there was no divorce. Cilla wouldn't have dreamed of going to lawyers' offices or to Nevada, or of taking that big cube of diamond that Joe had given her from her finger, even when her hand was resting fondly on another man's arm.

There were no letters, no divorce and no tears. For Frances never pined herself. She had a vast and tearing pity for the world sometimes when she saw the wear of life on people's faces or when gossip or slander took all the air out of a room. She used to have a way of standing before an open window as if she were somehow safer with the outdoors than the indoors. On that last afternoon she stood like that in Cilla's living room, pushing one of the beautiful

casement windows far out on its smooth hinges until Cilla said:

"Frances, you act as if you weren't even listening. Of course I'm sure you do understand. There never was a thing to make a fuss about. But I wanted you to know just how it was—that there never was anything between me and Ralph—not really. It was just a friendship."

Frances said, "Friendship." What queer words you use, Cilla!"

On the face of it this is a love story. But that may be only the surface. Perhaps if one analyzed it deeply enough and put it very surely in the right column, it would be a business story, a story of money and industry and the practical considerations that have a way of tapping some people on the shoulder when they step too closely to an emotional abyss, and of pointing out the dangers.

You wouldn't have thought it would be a business story from looking at Cilla. She was so fascinating, so exciting, that it seemed as if that sort of thing didn't interest her at all. She looked as if she had been cherished all her life. But that wasn't true. Cilla at eighteen had been just one more

Illustrated by

thin slice off the blond girl beauty of the world, and she'd looked like most of the rest, a little too long of eyelash, a little too bright of hair to be quite convincing. She had to manage her life with two pairs of silk stockings then, and wear the cakes of powder in her compacts thin. It was at thirty that she had achieved that impression of being so precious and rare and single that a man who was tempted by the thought of possessing her might very well grow desperate in the belief that no one so desirable would ever come his way again. Also, she had learned the subtle satisfaction of arousing love and coming through it unscathed, unscathed. Not even tired.

Frances Cummings didn't seem to be the kind of girl to be implicated in a story about business, either. For she had very little interest in money. You always felt about Frances that she could get along on almost no money and keep her fine unconscious. Of course she had to. She had no job, though she had a talent for being useful. She was always going about in that old beaver coat—or the worn polo one—doing something that nobody else had the energy or time to do. She hadn't any money, but she never seemed to miss it. The whole Cummings family was like that. They believed in service to the community—at least they did when they could be hard-working and quiet about it. When it was organized into campaigns and parades, they grew a little shy and people left them out forgetfully.

Frances wasn't brilliant and she wasn't asked everywhere. But if there was a picnic, or if someone had to keep a golf tournament straight and see that there wasn't a lot of squabbling, she was usually there, managing details.

It was at a picnic that she met Ralph Levering. They were out on the shore of the lake, with small fires burning in the crevices of the rocks and blacker rocks lying like wet seals where the water washed up on them. She had on that yellow chambray jacket that she always wore to picnics, and it was very effective because of its square, boyish cut that went so well with her black head with its unwieldy hair, and her profile that wasn't stern but made no concessions. She made Ralph feel strong and all cleaned up mentally and at the same time comfortable.

No one was ever afraid that Frances would take advantage of moonlight. Or that she would have attacks of nerves. Or that she would care whether or not a man was making money. She liked Joe Burns immensely, but it wasn't because he was rich. She thought he was a fine person, especially when he gave Ralph a chance to do something with his lazy talents.

The reason why it is a business story is because Joe Burns was back of all that happened, and he was a successful business man. He was responsible for the development of Cilla's beauty. He paid for that as well as for the subtle growth of her fascination for men. He was responsible, too, for Ralph's job. Joe was one of those men who have a great tenderness for a business, not only because it has brought them success but because they have seen the gallant way it started and persisted, heavily, insecurely, with all the odds against it. When Joe built his great new factory, when he walked into that fine office of his with its beautifully grained desk and pine-paneled walls, he was not thinking in vanity of bringing himself to such industrial luxury. He felt that he was bringing his business to the setting it deserved, as if it were a wife who had seen him through the struggles and hardships of his early days and was at last rewarded.

HER ALWAYS believed that was true of Cilla too. He was determined to believe it, and it was true enough that she had been his companion during some hard years. But after all, there was no other place for her to go, and every anniversary had been a little better than the last one. There was always a fur coat or a car or a diamond. Joe never forgot that she had been with him all the time. He did forget the complaints he'd listened to about what other women had. But perhaps they never seemed complaints to him, but only the just claims of a woman whom he adored.

He was ten years older than Cilla too. That kept him humble and grateful. She had a little way of saying "a man my own age" which made Joe feel one of an older generation. He had never been handsome. He tried to keep himself fit but, though he was very strong, he did not have the kind of physique which displayed his health to advantage. Also, he grew somewhat bald quite early, and Cilla laughed a good deal about the bottles of hair tonics he would keep bringing home and always forget to use after the second day of possession.

Ralph Levering didn't need hair tonics. He looked a little Dickensian, with dark hair growing thickly down by his ears and with his ardent brown eyes. He was very masculine in a sophisticated way, and Cilla wouldn't have dared to laugh at him. For he always had—no matter how broke he was—that sense of personal superiority which often goes with a racing mind and a great appreciation of beauty. He knew that even Frances couldn't look into the moonlight and translate the beauty of it into words for herself. He knew that she would become soul-tied and that her emotions would pound upon her until she was taking a beating from them. Ralph, standing beside her, with his look of an impatient hero, would say something that would put the whole thing into words, release it for both of them. But



HE SAID:

I WOULDN'T BE SO PROUD OF THAT,

John H. Crossman



immediately afterward he probably would want to go and mix a cocktail somewhere. He disliked an overstrained occasion and always knew that he could bring another one to its climax. Or, more likely, he would want to go to see Cilla.

Sometimes Frances, much as he grew to care for her, tired him a little. But Cilla never did. Frances was always trying to give him all she could and promise him even more. Cilla never promised anything. She had learned how to be unexpected, how to reverse a mood at just the point when a man thought he could anticipate what was coming next, and so keep the gamble alive in him.

But probably there is little use in explaining them. It does nothing to alter what happened.

Joe Burns made glassware. Years ago he had taken over a small German factory in the city, a factory the ladies with mortgages and not considered a good risk by any bank in town. It was really no more than a bunch of sheds, a patent and a few rather classic-minded workmen who respected their work. Now it was a sound, well-capitalized enterprise, which had been built up by great energy and resourcefulness. Even during hard years, Joe had bought out other plants and absorbed them, and now, in an era when wines and beer were returning, he had every opportunity to make even more money.

Such glamorous prospects did not turn Joe Burns' head at all. He intended to make glass, not for one year or for two years but every year as long as he lived. He had an always-marketable product, and that was what interested him. But he knew that what his advisers said about a new advertising campaign was probably a good thing. They had always advertised, of course—reliable, extensive advertising. But this, to fit the times, was to be a little special, somewhat more dramatized than was their habit. The point was to find the right man or men to do it.

HE EXPLAINED all that to Frances Cummings one night at a dinner party because his mind was full of the problem and she had a way of listening so intelligently, without touching her hair or staring at her nails.

She said, "I know who could help you on that. A man called Ralph Levering."

"Who's he?"

"Well," she said, "he's a writer. But he's done advertising too. It just happens that he hasn't a connection now."

"A whole lot of people are disconnected," said Joe shrewdly. "I don't believe one of these writing fellows is exactly what I'm after. Too la-di-da for me."

"Why don't you let him come to see you?"

Joe shook his head. "Those things usually don't work out. And then somebody's sure."

He spoke kindly but definitely. It was a combination he often used, rather characteristic of him. But Frances didn't let the idea drop. She so wanted Ralph to have something to do. She knew that it wasn't good for him to have so many idle hours in which to sharpen his contempt for a world that wouldn't even try to use his brilliance.

"I'd like him to meet you anyway. Won't you do that?"

"I begin to think you like this fellow, Fran," said Joe teasingly.

She said, "I do, Joe. Like fury."

Joe was fond of Frances. Of course he didn't have a spark of passion in him for any woman except Cilla, but he respected Frances, and that meant a good deal when it came from Joe. It meant that he'd like to put things in her way, if he could.

"I tell you what you do. You bring him around to the house sometime. But don't make it business. You fix it up with Cilla."

He didn't forget to tell Cilla that he thought Frances had her eye on a young man and that he'd said to bring him around sometime. And Cilla said, "Why on earth, Joe, should I bother with Frances Cummings' man? He's probably the kind that sings hymns."

However, she let him come. Frances brought him in for tea one day and called Joe up to make sure that he'd remember to be there. She was terribly in earnest, whipped on by Ralph's unhappiness. Joe left some letters unsigned in order to get home on time. But he was glad he did. He liked the young man. All the things which he couldn't do himself interested Joe when he saw them in other people, and he recognized at once the dramatizing charm of Ralph Levering, the imagination which could probably capture the future possibilities of making glass and selling glass. He saw that Ralph visualized better than he himself could what people's needs and desires might be.

Frances walked on air when Joe told her that he thought there might be something doing. She was so grateful to Joe and to Cilla that she praised Cilla all the way home. And that wasn't necessary. Ralph had never seen her before, but he was not likely to forget the beautiful woman with the still lips that looked as if they were only resting.

It all moved very fast, as was necessary in a business way, for all over the country laws were being changed and the people who were people would be buying new glasses for their new wines somewhere. Ralph thoroughly enjoyed the new work. He had a gift for advertising, because in a way he made light love. (Continued on Page 110)

CILLA. PERHAPS THERE SHOULD BE MORE TO IT

PALMER USED TO FRY TWO EGGS
ROUND FOR THE MASTER'S BREAKFAST



BOTH BEGARDED PRIME ROAST WITH
RAISIN-AND-ALMOND GRAVY AS ONE
OF THE NEEDS OF CIVILIZED LIVING

SUDDENLY AUNT BEATRICE
SMELLED THE TRAPEZOID BURNING



Father Was Broad-Minded About Good Cooking

BY GAYNOR MADDOX

FATHER always liked good food. But he wasn't at all the big-eating type. He never overate and he never grew heavy. In many ways he was a lot like Cousin Ann. They both regarded prime roast with raisin-and-almond gravy as one of the needs of civilized living. Both of them had beautiful hands and felt, liked to wear expensive clothes and knew more about the restaurants of Europe than anyone else in the family.

Of course, everyone admitted that the raisin gravy with almonds and slices of lemon and spices which these two companions had worked out was pretty grand eating. Yet lots of people hinted that both father and Ann were a little high-hat. Father used to laugh at this the same way he would laugh at a lively cat fight. But Cousin Ann really enjoyed being called a snob. Even though she tapped her well-shod toe with visible impatience, you could tell from the look in her eye that she was a bit set up.

They perfected their gravy recipe in Hot Springs, Arkansas. Father arrived from the East in one of his riving moods. Cousin Ann came from San Francisco. She was rich in those days and always wintered there for what she called her rheumatism. But right after dinner the first night they met, my father suggested that gout rather than rheumatism brought her to the Springs. You see, this widow in handsome brocade was then over fifty. So she chose to regard such critical impudence from a tall, slender youth as an acceptable compliment. That was the beginning of the gravy recipe.

The Crowning Glory—Horse-Radish

COUSIN ANN had lived a long time in England, so she naturally had some idea how a raisin sauce should be. But my father added the blanched almonds and the spices, because he insisted that any sauce worth notice needed Continental flavor. I never did find out which of them thought of the dash of horse-radish which goes in it.

Put 4 tablespoonfuls of drippings from the roast beef in a heavy iron pan. To this hot fat add ½ cupful of plump raisins and let them cook a bit. Brown 5 tablespoonfuls of flour in the oven, then sift it over the raisins and stir well. Next, slowly, a little at a time, add ½ cupfuls of clear chicken stock. When the gravy begins to thicken, add ½ cupful of blanched and pounded, or at least chopped fine, almonds. Then peel a lemon and slice half of it fine into the bubbling pan. Next, toss in a few cloves and a shake or two of ground cinnamon. But the crowning glory is a teaspoonful of freshly ground horse-radish. Stir it in, simmer a few minutes longer, and serve in a huge gravy boat alongside a mano-a-war of beef.

When Cousin Ann returned to her house in San Francisco she taught her Chinese cook how to make this. When father later called on her he invited him to dinner. You can guess what they had. But that wasn't the main event. Cousin Ann had asked her favorite young cousin, also; a girl not yet twenty, with large, wistful gray eyes and gentle, unspoiled bearing. Naturally, father fell in love with her. I am very glad he did. Later she became my mother.

When father took mother and me to live in New York two years after this, Palmer joined our household. He had been father's Negro valet during the bachelor days



FATHER SUGGESTED A TOAST TO ALL
THE BEAUTIFUL LADIES OF NUNDA

over the map of Europe. Even mother at first admitted that it would be nice to have father's old personal servant waiting on table and helping the girl with the housework. But right from the beginning Palmer started in frying eggs round for the master's breakfast.

He would clarify a bit of butter, then heat it in a small saucepan. When it was very hot, he would start it swirling with a spoon, and when this butter bath was going round and spout quite furiously, in he did the raw egg. Yes, it actually fried round. Palmer used to cook two of these novelties for father's breakfast and serve them on a sizzling plate, with rashers of crisp bacon neatly wrapped around them. But mother said she never could seem to do it. The eggs usually splattered.

However, mother did watch Palmer cook his ham with what he called "lots of sunshine," and I think she still feels superior about it. Get enough water simmering to cover your ham. Into it put all these assorted things, which father says Palmer liked to call "sunshine": A cupful of juice from spiced sweet pickle. When Palmer had used up all the juice from the pickles mother's ham had sent her, he used to substitute 1 cupful of brown sugar, ½ cupful of vinegar, 1 stick of cinnamon and 10 whole cloves for the pickle juice. Besides this, the simmering water received 3 dried prunes, a handful of raisins, a shred of lemon peel and, odd as it may seem to one who hasn't tasted the result, 1 large, beautiful, fresh peach. The ham simmers in this fruity liquid for twenty-five minutes a pound. Then it stands overnight in the same liquid. When it's time for baking, skin and also slice off some of the excess fat. Mix 2 parts of brown sugar with 1 part of pulverized cracker crumbs and rub all over the ham. Make it smooth and pleasant-looking. Bake enough with whole cloves and bake one hour. Father always insisted the only way to eat this ham was cold, with beaten biscuit and creamed potatoes.

Now father admitted that mother could do this just as well as Palmer. Yet Palmer's remarkable eggs for the master's breakfast must have made her a little unhappy. But I really think it was Palmer's coffee which drove her to take a stand. He made coffee that was insidiously better than hers. So mother told father he could choose between

Palmer with his circus eggs and drip coffee or her, Palmer left. Even to this day mother doesn't like it when anyone asks her if she can fry eggs round.

By the time I was four, Granddaughter Elizabeth had sent me forty dollars. She lived in Germantown, and every Christmas mailed a ten-dollar bill. Mother didn't think that was very much from so wealthy a relative. But father felt more or less certain she would some day leave me a good deal of money.

Granddaughter Elizabeth was very stiff. Father was a little in awe of her. But he said he always had hopes, because, once, years ago, in an unbending moment, she had told him about a mutton-chop pie which her younger sister Marion sometimes had made. Marion, you see, was father's mother.

It is a beautifully fragrant combination of tart apples and thick mutton chops. Use a crockery baking dish, a deep one, white on the inside, brown outside. Of course, you really do not have to, but it seems you ought to, just because that's the way Granddaughter Elizabeth told father that day. Peel tart green apples. Chop a small onion. Put a layer of sliced apples on the bottom, sprinkle with some onion and dust lightly with a little sugar. Then run your thick mutton chops under the broiler for just a minute to give them a nice brown. Brown on both sides, then place in baking dish on top of the apples. Cover with apples and sprinkle with the rest of the onion and some more sugar. Bake in moderate oven. Mutton chops should be delicately pink inside when done.

A Surprise for Granddaughter Elizabeth

FATHER used to talk about this recipe rather tenderly. His mother had died when he was very young and he had been raised by Great-Grandmother Fletcher up in Northwestern New York State. That was quite different from being raised in Maryland by your own mother. So he lived to have this dish often, because it gave him vague remembrance of his mother's touch of reality. It was things like this that made my mother's two older sisters maintain that father was a very strange man for mother to have chosen. Particularly Aunt Beatrice, who never did get used to him laughing at cat fights and talking about food as though it had a soul.

The summer before my fifth birthday father took us to Germantown. Granddaughter Elizabeth's house was of red brick and it stood on a wide lawn with a round bed of canna and an iron door. Father tells me dinner was excellent. They had spinach soup, he never forgot. He wrote it so elegantly that he never ordered the cook to write out the recipe for her nephew.

Granddaughter Elizabeth was very old. I can't remember clearly how she looked. I just remember face on somebody's hair and more of it about the shoulders of a dark dress. But she must have been affectionate toward me, for I was prompted to steal out to the lawn and get her a present. When I returned to the somber library I laid it in her lap. Granddaughter Elizabeth screamed. I had given her a lively garden toad. Father was terribly abashed with me. A lot of servants began crawling about on the floor, trying to snare the toad with white cloths. Mother took me out on the porch, but wasn't a bit cross. (Continued on Page 128)

The House-Docile and Confused

BY ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH

THE general habit of criticizing the Senate does not extend to the House. At least the criticism is not in the same terms. It is less in both volume and virulence. In the attacks on the Senate there is always, it seems to me, an implied fear which amounts to an admission that, after all, that body still has left the power and in some degree the will and determination to act on its own judgment. The House, on the other hand, gagged and hamstrung by its rules, is pretty generally thought and spoken of as little more than a dissonant chord, without collective will of its own, which removes its ear from the ground just long enough to vote as its leaders tell it, to make a few speeches for home consumption, and then once more to resume its listening position.

Looked at as a whole, there is indeed some ground for considering the mass of individuals who make up the House as helpless components of a series of "set pieces" which the Administration leaders touch off from time to time for a limited display of fireworks, usually merely a brief and discounted preliminary or sequel to the less predictable action of the Senate.

I do not believe that many will dispute that the Democratic representatives in the Seventy-third Congress are little more than mouthpieces, rubber stamps, what you will, for the Executive. The popularity of the President is widespread; he is, at this time, anyway, very largely unquestioned and unopposed. There is no better evidence of this than the practical unanimity of the legislators to vote aye on whatever comes from the White House.

Leaders and rank and file alike are geared to pass whatever is sent up or suggested to them. In this era of the delegation of power to the chief New Dealer and of the appropriation of sums of money, vast beyond comprehension, to carry out the New Deal schemes, the provision of the Constitution that "all bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives" comes to playing such bills on the dotted line and sending them back as soon as possible to their real author. The minor changes that are necessary are speedily made in committee; the drastic rules limiting debate are clamped down—rules providing for debate rarely exceeding a few hours, rigorously apportioned among the speakers on the opposing sides.

As a matter of fact, there is curiously little opposition side. A large number of Republicans seem quite as convinced as

any Democrat that the President's popularity is so great that safety at the polls lies in going along with the majority. Such signs of revolt against the band-wagon control as are manifesting themselves at the time this is written, seem to be, unfortunately, more a matter of yielding to the threats of certain groups of voters than an assertion of independent judgment.

The physical aspect of the House differs markedly from the Senate. In the Senate, conversation on the floor and in the galleries is never permitted. The Chair raps for order and gets it. There is considerable dignity, an atmosphere that is almost hushed. But there is nothing hushed about the House. On the contrary, there is a nearly continuous stir and murmur of sound. Behind the rail that goes around the back of the chamber, members are loitering; sometimes leaning on the rail, watching and listening to the proceedings, usually talking. In the well of the House itself there is often not more than a sprinkling of members, a few attentively following the speaker, the majority communicating in ordinary conversational voices, without a pretense of interest in the speech that is in progress. The speaker stands before a reading desk in the space below the Speaker's rostrum. The acoustics are bad; it is difficult to hear consecutively from the gallery under the most favorable conditions, and the buzz from the floor makes it almost impossible to follow. Of course, when the debate is on an important matter more interest is evidenced; but even then the interruptions and confusion make it all something more to look at than to listen to. The individual making the speech seems small, alone, disregarded; he takes little steps, makes little gestures, which look as though some erratic puppet master were pulling him up with invisible strings. The minutes allotted him are up; he asks for more time; hurries on; stops abruptly; and the next little figure takes his place.

The original House of Representatives was in what is now Statuary Hall. The statues there, of assorted shapes, sizes and materials, seem hardly less real than do the members of the House seen from the gallery, as they go through the routine of their congressional function on the floor.

Up to a decade or so ago each representative had a chair and desk allotted to him, but as the membership increased, owing to the growth of population, the desks were done away with; and they now occupy long curved rows of seats without desks or tables, except the large tables part way

up the chamber on each side, behind which sit the majority and minority leaders and the members of the committee from which the bill under consideration has come. There is a goose-you-choose air about everything except the Speaker's rostrum. About that, there is always something impressive; the Speaker in the chair, or else the chairman of the Committee of the Whole House, seems aloof and apart from the casualness of his fellows on the floor; in the same semicircle of quiet the sergeant at arms, the parliamentarians, the reading clerks in the space below the Speaker, and the House reporters, strike one as the only people who really keep track of what is going on. And they undoubtedly do know much more about it than many of the members.

In this Congress this is particularly true, for of the 435 representatives, 190 are serving their first term, and 435 are only in their second. So over half the House have been there less than three years. Yet out of the welter and confusion many interesting figures detach themselves, who have had long years of congressional experience and know the ins and outs of the business of legislating as well as any who have been there.

Of course, the outstanding man in the House is always the Speaker. He is the third-ranking official of the Government, and the position is one of dignity, honor and sometimes power. It is regarded as the climax of a public career.

The present Speaker, Mr. Henry T. Rainey, of Illinois, is different in appearance and type from any of his predecessors that I can recall. Physically, he has a fugitive likeness to the late David Belasco, due chiefly to his shock of white hair, and to his full black tie which somehow gives the effect of the clerical collar that Belasco affected. He has served nearly thirty years in the House and was entitled to the Speakership on grounds of seniority. There was, however, very vigorous opposition to him in the party ranks, and a more or less undercover struggle took place before he eventually got a majority in the party caucus.

Mr. Rainey is not considered one of the strong Speakers, though this makes no particular difference in this session, as the real control is in the executive branch. It does, however, mean that the session has been marked by even more disorder and less dignity than usual. For example, the passage of the monetary bill in the House took place in the midst of what can be described only as bedlam. Yells, boos, general pandemonium. (Continued on Page 140)



THE HOUSE IS GENERALLY THOUGHT OF AS LITTLE MORE THAN A DISONANT CHORD

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Design for a Wedding

BY LUCIA ALZAMORA

AT FOUR O'CLOCK M. Roc was announced, and a moment later he stood smiling on the threshold.

"Bon jour, madame," he said. "Bon jour, mademoiselle." "Why, he's very nice," thought Mrs. Dennis. "He's very, very nice indeed. He's a charming person. He's not at all like a dressmaker."

"Oh," thought Rosemary, "this man can do anything." M. Roc was taller than not, and very shining. His black hair, his bright cheeks, his gray eyes all shone, and when he smiled, under the mustache which was so distinctly & française, his teeth shone too. An English tailor had dressed his close-fitting frame, but his beautiful Gallienness vanquished the gray threads.

"Do come in, M. Roc," said Mrs. Dennis. "Do come in and sit down."

He found a chair obediently, dropped his brief case on the floor at his feet. But it was obvious that M. Roc never sat happily nor for long. He considered Rosemary openly and yet politely. His strong, nimble fingers moved as though they ached to draw lines, to feel stuffs. At last he laughed, and the room was filled with a warm, enchanting excitement.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I have been praying for a tall, slender and unwooden client, and I think that she is you. His English was fluent, and except for an occasional word or turn of phrase, perfect, but no one would have taken it for his native tongue. Turning to Mrs. Dennis, he drew a handful of sketches from his brief case. "I have here some drawings," he said to her. "They are very nice. One or two of them I would like for your daughter. But now that

I have seen her, I think I can do better; I think that I can do something special. I hope that you will trust me."

Rosemary and her mother looked at the drawings. From Mrs. Dennis a series of ecstatic sighs went heavenward, but Rosemary sat silent, only smiling a small, triumphant smile. Suddenly she leaned forward, and in doing so she was aware that her slow, long movements delighted him.

"I do trust you utterly," she said seriously. "I put myself in your hands, M. Roc. This is truly a very important. I know you don't bother with a great many people, and I thank you for coming. Anyone can dress me well, M. Roc, but they've always made me look like a lady out of a fashion magazine. I want to look like Rosemary Dennis and nobody else at all. Everything you make me must be special. And there is only a week."

"You are leaving Paris so soon?" asked M. Roc. The whole small, flowered sitting room reflected his infinite regret.

"No," said Rosemary; "no, we're not leaving. Someone's coming."

M. Roc was so pleased that he left his chair and took up a more natural perch on the edge of the table. "Ah," he cried, "this is truly important. This is so nice. We shall work like angels, mademoiselle, and pray that no busting threads show." He put his head a little to one side and regarded her steadily. "I think that we shall put you into violet—no, no, not this purple that you see about. I hate it. A red violet, very dark, very soft. You will see tomorrow when I show you the cuttings. And for more usual wear, a brown that I have seen at Rodier. For the new greens it will be charming. Ah, mademoiselle, how I shall enjoy myself." He warned to his task. "You may have one black dress—an evening dress. It will be very simple, very classic, and we shall make a little jacket with long sleeves that will look as though it were part of the dress—quite another dress. And there you will be, ready for dinner."

IT SEEMED that, with all his other qualities, this enthusiast was practical. Mrs. Dennis breathed a sigh of relief and took her courage in her hands. "After all," she thought, "we're both quite shabby, and it's a very small hotel and not really nice, even if it is near the Champs Elysées." In her best manner she said, "It all sounds charming. And as you can see at a glance, the poor child is in rags"—M. Roc definitely forbore to glance—"but we can really afford only a very few things. I am sure you know, M. Roc, that the world has changed."

"Ah, madame," he answered with a delightful and very French frankness, "even in Paris we have forgotten that there once were rich Americans. Please do not worry. We shall make for Mrs. Dennis a very beautiful and complete wardrobe, but we shall combine, we shall be clever." He paused a moment and made his decision. "In all it will cost no more than ten thousand francs. Perhaps less. . . . And now," he said, sliding suddenly from the table, "I must take no more of your time. Tonight I shall work very hard. And tomorrow, if I may, I shall call for you at eleven o'clock and take you to my atelier. It has been a great pleasure. Au revoir, M. Roc. Au revoir, Mlle. Dennis."

And he was gone. They were to find that he always left in just this way—quickly, politely and definitely. As though he found prolonged leave-takings horrible and had resolutely perfected a way to evade them. M. Roc was before you, bowing over your hand, and the next moment there was no M. Roc.

To the two ladies that he left behind him, his miraculous disappearance seemed only part and parcel of his amazing personality. Rosemary threw both arms about her mother's comfortable figure and squeezed until a series of gasps warned her to stop.

"I'm going to be wonderful," she chanted. "I'm going to be wonderful. I'm going to be wonderful."

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised," said her mother dryly. "And no credit to you." She patted her hair into order and looked at Rosemary curiously. "What on earth made you say such a thing to him? I was very much embarrassed."



"What thing, mother? I don't know what you mean."

"About someone arriving. You might just as well have said it right out like a brazen little hussy: 'I have a beau coming and I want to catch him.' That's what he thought."

"But, darling," explained Rosemary, "that's exactly what I wanted him to think."

"Very wrong," said Mrs. Dennis. And then quite suddenly, "Rosemary, how much do you like Charley Nesbitt?" She held her breath. This awful new poverty had to be borne, but she hated to have it touch Rosemary, and it had certainly ignored Charley Nesbitt. If Rosemary married him there'd be no more economizing in Europe, no more third-class carriages and washing out your own stockings. Undoubtedly he must be serious to write her so suddenly that he was coming to Paris—her, not Rosemary. After all, he'd never written her before, even if she had known him all of his life. "Rosemary," she said again, "how much do you like him?"

Rosemary fingered a run in a thin silk stocking that too long ago had cost too much money. She smiled slowly into the room, and the smile was a welcome to Charley Nesbitt. "I'm pretty sure," she said, "that ever since that summer at Kennesbunkport when I was fifteen, I've adored him."

Mrs. Dennis let out her sigh as gently as possible. "I'm very glad, dear," she said, "that you got hold of M. Roc." "Only three days later it seemed to both Rosemary and her mother that there had never been a time when they



"BUT, M. ROC," SAID ROSEMARY, "YOU'RE NOT A DRESSMAKER; YOU'RE AN ARTIST"



ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

M. ROC ROSE IN HIS PLACE AND BOWED. "WHO'S THAT?" ASKED CHARLEY. ROSEMARY FOUND THAT SHE COULD NOT STOP SMILING

had not known M. Roc and depended on him for practically everything.

"Really," said Mrs. Dennis out of her great gratitude, "I'm perfectly sure I'd enjoy having him for breakfast."

"And no doubt he'd taste delicious," murmured Rosemary.

But her mother didn't consider this amusing. "You mustn't joke about him. He's a lovely character. He wears himself out doing things for us, and I've never yet asked him anything he couldn't tell me."

"I don't think he minds. I think he likes us."

Undoubtedly he liked them, and undoubtedly he didn't mind. During that second meeting, he had himself suggested it. "I hope," he had said to Mrs. Dennis, "that you will ask me anything I can do. I love to tell people things. I love it."

Mrs. Dennis had taken him at his word. Since then he had told her, among other things, where to buy a light, double-barreled Austrian shotgun for her sportsman nephew; the name of a superlative *cavatine*; to put her money on Delaney in the Delaney-Knutte Hansen bout; not to miss the current exhibition at the Knoedler Galleries; and all the scandal and gossip of Paris. He would not allow her to see the dresses in their primary stages, and he dashed cheerfully between Rosemary in the fitting room and Mrs. Dennis in his beautiful, frescoed reception room. When she admired the walls, he would stop to tell her the

name of the famous artist who had painted them, and then rush back to supervise the fitting of a sleeve. He was endlessly painstaking, and no detail was too small for his attention.

Once, after Rosemary had been helped out of a half-made dress, he took the limp garment and weighed it over his arm as though it had been a thing of great value. "It is lovely material," he said.

"Do you always go to such trouble to find just what you want?" asked Rosemary. This dress was a day behind the others because he had searched so long for the proper medium.

"Everything, I buy myself," he told her. "Oh, perhaps not the hoots and the eyes, but the ribbons and the buttons. Yes. You send out one of these poor girls and what does she know of what is in your mind? But I like to do it. I love my *métier*." He flung his arms wide in a gesture that held all his quick vitality. "Rather would I be a dress-maker than any thing in the world."

"But, M. Roc," said Rosemary, "you're not a dress-maker, you're an artist."

He struggled, but she could see that he was pleased. "So is a sculptor, only he makes statues, and a painter makes pictures. I make dresses, so I am a dressmaker. It is a good word." The next dress had been used over Rosemary's head and he looked at it critically. He said, "You cannot know, Mlle. Dennis, how you are a reward to me."

Rosemary felt as though she had received an accolade. She stood very still while the fitter ripped and pinned under his direction.

"Pull it a little tighter, Matilde," said M. Roc. "It is very wigwag, this little waist of mademoiselle's, and we must show it off."

How delightful he was, how knowing and charmingly worldly and yet how kind and simple and amusing.

"You are really the most terrible flatterer," said Rosemary. "Even if you do use Matilde as a go-between."

The fitter giggled through her mouthful of pins, and M. Roc smiled like a small boy found out.

"But I do not say these things when we are fitting the fat ones. Then I say, 'Not quite so tight just here, Matilde. It will be more becoming to madame.' And I am very serious."

"It must be awful to dress the fat ones."

He threw up his hands, but then his expression changed. "And yet, no," he said. "I do not like it, and now I take only when I please." He made Rosemary a little bow.

"But no client is dull. Sometimes you see them come in the door—impossible, they are—and you think to yourself, 'Now what can I do with this one?' And often you do something very nice."

It was rarely, though, that he was solemn to this extent. His fund of anecdotes was inexhaustible and invariably amusing, and to Mrs. Dennis' (Continued on Page 33)

Life and Gail Anderson

FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF

THE story of the woman whom I propose to call Gail Anderson is not really contained in my notebook, although it may be in hers. As far as I am concerned it exists in the row of autographed volumes which stand on my bookshelves, yet those are not autobiography but fiction; memorable and important fiction, the usual mechanics of plot concealed by the most felicitous phrasing, and the pure lucidity of truth shining through the words which, in lesser hands, so often serve to conceal it.

I met Gail Anderson a good many years ago. At that time I was beginning to write, and hence to take myself more seriously than I've ever done, before or since. I had joined a club of aspirant authors, and we were a very odd lot indeed. We wore, in the main, rather curious clothes and coiffures; we were extraordinarily airy; and we were, each one of us, determined on fame and openly scornful of fortune. Anything which was even slightly tainted with the term "facility" or "popularity" was anathema to us. We gathered in groups after a very inadequate dinner or a rather dismal tea, replete with dry cakes, and discussed Life in capitals.

When I now think of how many of us have dropped out of all running, how many are happily or unhappily immersed in domesticity or the necessity of earning a living by office work, how many are dust, and how many are writing advertising, I grow a little sorrowful, remembering the qualities which we once held in common—youth, illusions and mortality.

In those far days my interest lay mainly in poetry, and I spent numerous entranced evenings listening to the reading of verse—sometimes good, often indifferent, and occasionally very bad. But a poet, especially one who had published something between covers, was my idea of a super man or woman. I had very little patience with prose.

Therefore when, one hot summer night, one of our members brought Gail Anderson to a meeting as her guest, I was more interested in Gail as a person than as the writer of the short stories which were at that time just beginning to make their modest appearance in the type of magazine in which prestige was everything and money did not matter, as the only dollars and cents in the budget went to pay for printing and such mundane matters.

Gail was a few years my senior. She was a small woman, with very dark hair leashed straight back from a widow's peak, and an oval, ivory-skinned face, dominated by the



FAITH BALDWIN

very strange, light eyes—I never have known if they were blue or green, although her official biography assures me that they are the former. These eyes and her exquisite and sensitive mouth were the only notes of color about her.

We sat next to each other during the reading of a long poem by a self-styled Irish poet. Irish he may have been, by inheritance, and certainly by choice. He had changed a bandrum sort of name into its dramatic Gaelic equivalent, and his poetry abounded with such names as Deirdre—which I cannot, to this day, pronounce—and others. His poems were replete with yearning, blood, bareness, green isles and tears, and as my critical faculty, at eighteen, was not nearly so well developed as my emotional responses, I overlooked a rather puerile imitation of Synge and Yeats and applauded with enthusiasm as, the reading over, the young man, overcome by his own words, drooped gracefully in a corner and swept back the mouse-colored hair from his brow with a hand that, if effective, was none too clean. It is significant that Gail saw only the lack of manicuring—and said so, rather to my horror.

This was, of course, long before the day in which male writers—even the poets—dress and are groomed like prosperous brokers, and before female devotees of art put the evidences of success—and with taste—upon their straight little backs. These were the days when art was still a bit unwashed and went in heavily for the forerunners of batik and sandals.

After refreshments of a singularly unrefreshing sort had been served, I found myself alone with Gail, exchanging confidences. She was a nice person. When she realized how awed, how impressed I was by all the gimcrack proceedings, she didn't laugh.

Instead, she was noncommittally pleasant about the club and its various members. She told me then that she lived in the Middle West, had been married for two years, and had come East for a visit with her old school friend, my fellow member, much to the despair of her husband and of her year-old baby.

"At least I think he despairs," she said. "He howled like—like your Irish friend's pet banshee when I left. But my last glimpse of him was reassuring. He was sucking the paint off a wooden dog and looking rather indifferent. He probably won't know me when I return."

She was young, I deplored, to have a husband and a baby. She wasn't more than twenty-two.

LOVE AND LOSS, BIRTH AND DEATH,
STRUGGLE AND ASPIRATION—THEY
ARE IN HER BOOKS, AND HER BOOKS
WILL ENDURE BECAUSE OF THEM

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN LA GATTA

I thought of her rather condescendingly. How could she, always trapped by nature, expect to be a writer? I had forgotten, I suppose, a rather imposing roster of names.

I saw her once again before she returned home, and found myself liking her very much, but disapproving of her a little. At that time I was devoted to Selma, Oscar Wilde and even Laurence Hope, and Gail's blithe facing of facts—I called it cynicism—affronted and frightened me. We corresponded in a desultory sort of way after she went away, and she sent me snapshots of her husband—a big, blond creature with a likable grin—and of the baby, who was quite enchanting.

After this encounter I looked for the magazines in which Gail had appeared. I did not like her short stories, but even in I, in that greenish era, knew something astonishingly good when I saw it. The stories weren't stories, really; they were, more accurately, sketches. They contained only things, and she sent me snapshots of her husband—a big, blond creature with a likable grin—and of the baby, who was quite enchanting.

OUR correspondence flourished for a year or so, and then dwindled to the Christmas-card stage. A number of things happened to me in 1901, and I forgot I forgot my ambition to write the great American epic; I went abroad; I found myself in Germany at the beginning of what I thought of as a "short" war, and did not return my own country for two years. After that I found that the club had disbanded, from lack of attendance. Almost all the members were working for the Red Cross and, a year later, either going to war themselves or sending their sons and husbands and lovers.

Gail's husband went, was wounded, and eventually was invalided home. I learned this, not because I had heard directly from her but because I chanced, one day, to run into the mutual friend who had sponsored her at the club. The friend was amazed that I knew nothing of Gail's great success. "Not," she hastened to add, remembering our old snubboles, "not a popular success, you understand. But she's definitely significant to the People Who Count."

I learned, further, that Gail had had two more children and that, since her husband's return from France, she was practically the sole support of the family. David Anderson had been shell-shocked as well as wounded, it appeared, and it would mean, many months of careful nursing before he would be able to go on with life as he had led it.

But Gail had gone on. It appeared that the seeking and brilliant eye of the editor of a very "civilized," very literary magazine, now quite defunct, had seen possibilities in her earlier, modestly printed work and had written to her. After which she had written to and for him, and was now appearing regularly in this periodical, which was the Mecca of all young writers at that time.

I went to the library in order to look up back numbers and to read the stories. They were in the vein of the sketches of her earlier period, somewhat elaborated and sharpened and without the trick endings. They were exceptionally disillusioned, and the former unkindness had become a sort of dispassionate cruelty. I read these, and those current in the later issues, and I telephoned our mutual friend and asked, "Surely Gail's awfully unhappy?"

Elsie Evans laughed at me. She said I was being sentimental, "as usual." She said further, "No, I don't think she's unhappy. Of course this business about Dave—her husband, you know—is very unfortunate. But that's not what actuates her. She sees life that way; she always has."

I HAD meant to write Gail, and tell her how much I admired her; I had meant to commiserate her upon her responsibilities and what must be a source of constant anxiety to her; and to congratulate her at the same time upon achieving eminence in her line, and on becoming finally the foremost woman writer in her *genre* of the day. She was even included in anthologies, and I was properly impressed. Lecturers in short-story courses used her as an example of what to do—if you could do it—and, final pinnacle of fame, people were beginning to imitate her. There was a Gail Anderson school of writing.

But I didn't write her. I don't know why. One means to and never does, and then the impulse passes. Life catches up with you, and somehow your own idiotic, supremely important concerns have a way of pushing themselves to the foreground.

So I did not communicate with Gail Anderson for another brace of years. Not, in fact, until there came a time when she was guest of honor at a luncheon and I was merely a guest. She sat me, at my more obscure table, and waved to me; and after luncheon, after the interminable hand-shaking, cooling and what not were over, she managed to draw me aside for a word or two. She said, "I'm so glad to see you—you haven't changed much. What's been happening to you all these years?"

I couldn't, I told her, tell her in the few minutes during which we might not be interrupted. Couldn't we meet somewhere—how long would she be in town?

We could, we must meet, she told me; she'd see that we did. Dinner tomorrow? No; she had forgotten, she had an engagement. Lunch, the next day—but no, she couldn't, and she was leaving for home on the afternoon train. She was only in town, she explained, for a few days, principally in order to see her publisher about the second, forthcoming volume of stories.

In the end I agreed to turn up at her hotel on lower Fifth Avenue for breakfast the next morning. And did so, rather fancying myself, of course, for knowing her at all.

She was up when I arrived at a very early hour. She had ordered breakfast sent to the room. She was wearing, I remember, a pair of straight black-satin trousers and a Mandarin coat, heavy satin, black, embroidered in curious peacock shades and fastened with milky jade. There were mules on her small feet. If I had not changed, she had. She had a certain strange, hard veneer, very shining—like jacquer. But she was exceptionally handsome, handsomer than I remembered.

I asked her about her children, and her face softened. She had pictures to show me. Two boys and a girl, "Ducks," she said briefly, "rather." But she didn't have to say more. I could see then, with eyes a little more sharpened by the years between, that her pride in and passion for them was a living thing. But she didn't want me—or anyone else—to know it. She was Gail Anderson, who took an emotion on the point of a pen and dissected it and left it dying and bloodless, unassuming and a little futile.

I asked, of course, about her husband. Her face closed against me like a hand made into a fist. He was well, she said, and had returned to his profession, the law.

But morning coffee is a confidence-inspiring drink. Before I left the hotel that morning, she had told me, interrupted by telephone calls and, in two instances, flowers,

that she was peculiarly unhappy. She said, if I remember, "I use the word 'peculiarly' because there is, I suppose, no reason why I should be. I am very successful. I have work which engrosses me. I have my family. Dave and the children adore me—a little too much for their own good. I have always preserved a hands-off attitude with the children. I wish them to become independent of me—emotionally. I mean—as soon as possible. With a man—a husband—it is different, of course. Dave and I do not see eye-to-eye on all matters. He is extremely male and he persists. I am forced to believe, the period of his illness during which I became the breadwinner for us all. Nor does he like my writing. Oh, I don't mean he objects to the fact that I write, but he doesn't very much like what I write. It—it isn't his style. Like most men, he prefers action, gaiety, sentiment, humor and—well, you understand," she concluded. She added, for no good reason, but a little wistfully, "I'm very fond of Dave, of course."

The following day Gail went back home and we corresponded again. From her subsequent letters, from her later books and from other conversations we had during the years which followed, I learned the rest of her story. For, during that time, I saw her occasionally when she came on one of her rare trips to town, and more recently I was in her city, a guest in her home, during a lecture engagement there.

This is the story. I asked her, not long ago, if I might write it and she said, "Why not? It might be a warning."

A year or so after I had breakfasted with her, the magazine for which she had written with such prestige changed hands and later perished. But by then she had several markets in what is known as the highbrow class, and went her way serenely, setting down her meticulous and acidulous little tales, publishing a

(Continued on Page 74)



KIRK SAID TO HER, "IT'S BEEN A FATALITY, OUR NOT MEETING BEFORE. IT'S A FATALITY OUR MEETING NOW!"

THE night after my husband, Donaldson Carr, and I arrived in Wyckton, Don's home town. Mrs. Wyckoff, our next-door neighbor, gave a dinner—and we were not invited. Thus did she put her seal of disapproval on my career—a career that had brought me no small measure of fame among the theatergoers of New York, Paris and London.

Mrs. Wyckoff ruled Wycktonian society with a rod of iron. To be ignored by her, not to be invited to her famous New Year's Eve party, definitely made one a social outcast. And I was out even before I could get in.

Small wonder, then, that I rejoiced when Don suggested that we return to New York immediately, where Joe Gruener was going into rehearsal with a new show in which he wanted me to play the lead, and where Don had had an offer of a partnership in a law office. And small wonder that, knowing the reason for Don's change of heart—he had wanted to stay in Wyckton and enter Judge Keller's office—I determined to show him that I had not failed in the rôle of wife, and resolved to stay in Wyckton until I had overthrown Mrs. Wyckoff, and myself had become the social dictator of the town.

As part of my campaign I enlisted the aid of Desmond McLean, a theatrical director, and with him organized The Amateurs, and had erected on our grounds a private playhouse. Mrs. Wyckoff attempted to interfere by securing an injunction against the theater, but I managed to have the injunction quashed. As a result of these proceedings Judge Keller, who handled all the *grande dame's* legal affairs, retired—and Don bought out his practice, thus putting himself—and me—completely under her thumb.

And then I scheduled our first production in the new theater for New Year's Eve—the night of Mrs. Wyckoff's party!



BOTH'S CHEEKS FLUSHED, HER EYES

Impersonation of a Lady

XI

THE incessant activities which, during the fall, had stimulated me, now, in December, produced a feverish, breathless, a hectic feeling that I would never catch up with myself.

This changed attitude was not due primarily to the approaching climax of my campaign, which necessitated quick maneuvers, gathering fresh recruits and outwitting antagonists. The factor which contributed most to my gradual sense of strain arose from an inner distress—a questioning, not so much whether I could attain my goal, as I grew weary over Mrs. Wyckoff, but whether, even if I did gain it, it would achieve the purpose for which it had been desired.

On the surface, Donaldson and I led more unified lives than many of our acquaintances. I no longer had a tray brought to my bedside each morning, but appeared, dressed for the street,

punctually at eight-fifteen, in the dining room, to breakfast with him.

During the first days of this innovation, I thought that our little table, fragrant with tea roses, laid near the cheerful wood fire, in the setting of handsome old mahogany and silver, with Pierre's perfectly timed appearances, would make an excellent starting point for one of the drawing-room comedies in which I had once been featured.

But as time went on I found myself reflecting, with an apprehensiveness reason could not still, that unless some miracle occurred the play I was staging in real life would not prove a comedy.

Not that we ever quarreled. No acrimony, or even irritable, word had passed between us since the night we had jointly decided he would buy Judge Keller's law practice. Don no longer criticised any of the persons whose names overlapped in

my engagement book. During our mutual three-mile walk toward his offices, as we swung along in the crisp wintry air he might inquire, with almost absent-minded courtesy, what I was going to do after I had left him, but no matter what answer I made, he voiced no objections.

He always lunched down town, and at first I managed to be at home, alone, when he returned late in the afternoon. I had hoped that in this quiet hour or two before dressing for dinner we might recapture the deep understanding which, in the early months of our marriage, had always descended upon us when we were together, apart from the world.

But I soon found that these periods of isolation thrust us further apart. For of the subject uppermost in both our minds, neither of us dared speak. I knew that most of the work, which he was attacking with zest, concerned Mrs. Wyckoff's innumerable interests, and Don knew that toward her, and toward Ruth, my violent antipathy had not lessened. To be sure, I did not violate my impulsive vow not to mind his going to their house, but my morbid disinclination to hear their names mentioned must have made clear that my emotional reaction was quite unchanged.

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRUETT CARTER



BECAME STARRY, AS SHE WAS TRANSFERRED FROM ONE PARTNER TO ANOTHER

It was inevitable that he would start bringing men back with him, and that I should be hurt when he did, and yet appear so much less constrained in the presence of outsiders that Don concluded I enjoyed them, and therefore continued to reduce our privacy to a minimum.

In order to abate my uneasiness, I utilized such occasional moments of leisure as I could snatch to post my diary. After the sensationally defiant announcement of the opening of my theater on New Year's Eve, I had been able to record progress at a rapid pace. The Amateurs had voted not to send out invitations as individuals, but to give me the names of their families and friends and allow me to use my discretion in the distribution of the two hundred seats.

I had told both Marie Keller and Helen Young, who were my most loyal allies from the group which Mrs. Wyckoff dominated, that I considered this a social occasion, and therefore I could ask only people whom I knew. This resulted in an avalanche of visiting cards, telephone and written messages, to be presented to me by Pierre at the close of each day. No one of any prominence, except for the leader herself, failed to pay this homage; not

only were The Amateurs, themselves, of the socially elite, but their first appearance, under my auspices, furnished an opportunity to gratify the curiosity about me which even the most conservative of the older generation felt.

I did not, however, reward these attentions, if too belated, aided by Helen, I selected the most attractive of the firmly intrenched, and I took care to include a goodly proportion of my acquaintances from the other groups.

In the afternoon, two days before Christmas, I sat at the secretary desk in the library, with the completed list before me, and tried to convince myself that these acceptances were a cause for rejoicing. I even drew, on a large sheet of paper, a chart showing Mrs. Wyckoff's and my respective levels of position.

Her line ran straight across the sheet, near the top. Mine, starting far below, rose gradually, until now they were close together. Bodily I continued my line upward, until it crashed here. At this intersection, I printed "New Year's Eve." Before I could go on, the penholder dropped, almost of its own volition. A superstitious dread of tempting fate made me regret having already put down in

black and white my prophecy as to the result of this party.

I glanced out of the window, down to the river, only a darker gray than the gray sky in the early dusk. A few white flakes drifted on to the leafless trees. I shivered; then, as I looked toward the Wyckoff's house, the blood raced through my veins. For at the gap in the hedge, now covered over with canvas, stood Donaldson. Despite the cold, he lingered for several minutes, obviously talking to someone on the enemy's side. When at last he turned up his overcoat collar and started toward our house, I caught a glimpse of a white scarf, and recognized the other figure as Ruth.

"What, all alone?" Don said, as he came in. His cheeks, reddened by the wind, seemed icy, as he bent over and kissed me.

"Aren't you home early?" I hoped desperately this casual query would result in a satisfactory explanation of his tryst.

"Yes," He extended his hands to the blaze. "A white Christmas, I expect. Still working on your play, Irene?"

I flushed. I had never undervalued him as to the nature of my authorship, but my heightened color did not arise from a sense of personal guilt, but, rather, from the

bitter realization that I had sworn not to be disturbed by his visits to the Wyckoff house and therefore I was powerless to put a straightforward question.

But, as seems inevitable in matrimony, the damping of one outlet only diverted my disaffections into another channel. I said, with unwarranted sharpness, "I do wish you'd read Sir Arthur's latest book before he comes!"

Obediently Don picked up this volume, and he was still turning its leaves when Pierre announced, "Mr. Young; Mr. Wyckoff."

Fred laughed when he saw Don's occupation. "Helen's been trying to make me bone up too. But I can't understand the darned thing."

"Why, it's simple," Francis declared, with a knowing air, "once you get on to the stream of consciousness school."

"Where'd you hear of that?" Don inquired.

Francis' eyes met mine in amused understanding. "Oh, I'm getting educated!"

While Pierre brought in a tea table Francis said to me *softly*: "Louise looks thin. I don't think she eats enough."

"Thin," I said, "is a sure sign of interest!"

"Interest?" Listen, Irene, she's the most brilliant and fascinating and beautiful girl I've ever seen!" He grinned. "Except you, of course." But seriously, I almost wish she weren't so wonderful. For I've got nothing in the world to offer her. She ought to associate with important people, who do things, and write books, and—"

"Nonsense!" I interrupted. "Anyway, it's infinitely more important to live life than to write about it!"

HIS hazel eyes opened wide. As Fred and Don settled themselves at the other end of the room at a backgammon board, Francis went on, "But you see, Irene, I can't offer her any sort of life! My mother controls every cent of my money until I'm thirty-five. Which is seven long years off!"

"Well, suppose you just went ahead and got married without her consent? She'd be bound to relent, wouldn't she?"

"She's never been known to! And aside from the fact that Louise isn't the type of person she'd want for a daughter-in-law, anyway, there are all those pieces Louise has written about her. No, she'd never forgive me. Just think of the way she's carried on that feud with old Mr. Riesler. Ever since we were kids of fourteen!"

An ink, of such seeming portent, arose in my mind, that I made an excuse to take Francis into the drawing-room. Certain of not being overheard, I began, "Does your mother know you've been seeing Louise every day?"

"I'm pretty sure she doesn't," Francis replied.

Then she probably still thinks you're devoted to Kitty Riesler?"

His face became scarlet, but his gaze remained with me, as if he were really not a cad. Irene, I've never given Kitty any reason to think I was seriously interested in her. As a matter of fact, if mother hadn't kicked up such a awful row about my going to Kitty in the first place, I wouldn't have kept her there nearly so much. I do like her. She's good company, and all that, but you can't mention my feeling for her, and the real thing, in the same breath.

I returned to my own train of thought. "What I'm trying to get at, Francis, is how your mother would feel if she thought you wanted to marry Kitty?"

"She'd do everything under the sun to prevent it! She's talked of cutting me off and married with a wife, she thought, that then I'd have" (Continued on Page 87)

We Learned About Women From Men

BY MARY DAY WINN and CHARLOTTE JOHNSON

FOR men wrote this article. Lots of men; brothers, fiancés, husbands, fathers—heartly men, suave men, high-powered men, thoughtful men. Men who know you don't know they wrote the answers to the questionnaire we gave them.

When you hear Ida say, "Yeh, men don't like permanent waves," you know she means John, whom she sees six nights out of seven. Women are apt to generalize like that. Because we were taking no chances on our own deductions, we sent out literally hundreds of questionnaires to all kinds of men, everywhere—from Boston to Hollywood, to college boys and to men of sixty. We asked them to put down their preferences in clothes, make-up, and the general appearance of women. And we let them fill in the answers anonymously, putting on a very special bait at the end—a question about their pet hates!

And don't think their answers aren't pretty important to you. Remember that last little affair which went awry? You had safely negotiated the dangerous hurdle of the first impression and were well on the way to a nice little romance; then inexplicably it began to miss fire, and it was completely stalled—and off moments still find you musing over why he never came back. The fault may be on your own shoulders—yes, literally. The turn of your whole life may have hung on a shoulder strap. One of the "hates" written again and again on our questionnaires from men was "shoulder straps that show!"

We asked the men every question we could invent: what they noticed first in a woman's appearance; details of grooming they considered most important; their ideas on cosmetics and the application of them; their preferences in clothes—everything.

Not all men are alike, of course, and for the boy in Worcester, Massachusetts, who writes he hates to see a girl dressed in an all-red dress, there are dozens of men who love you to be gay. We invite you now to peep over our shoulder and see for yourselves what men—many men—like.

Whenever you are meeting a new man, or if you still care enough for your old beau to take pains, do you often wonder, "What does he think of me?" Here is what goes on in his mind:

"How nice her hair looks tonight. Wish she would pay more attention to her clothes, though—she just isn't neat. And why do women have to load on the make-up? Her nose isn't shiny—and her hands are beautiful. But I wish I dared give her the name of my dentist."

Fortunately for us, we have the social amenities, and not even a flicker of this inward reflection passes over your escort's face, but don't deceive yourself. The man has his thoughts! And according to their answers to the question on the details of a woman's grooming they particularly notice, the above—in the order named—are the points men see at a glance.

You stand a check-up every time you make a public appearance in mixed company. And if you rate 100 per cent on each of the following points, you are what a man calls darned attractive:

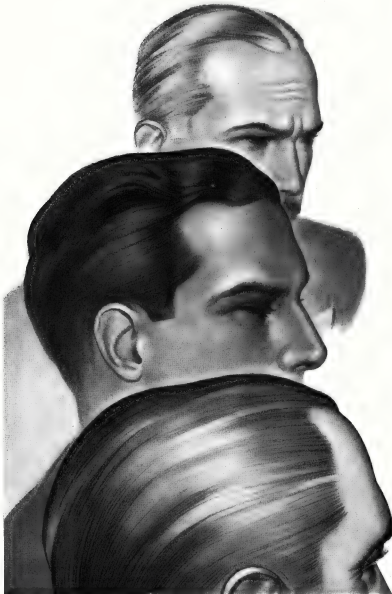
- | | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| 1. Good complexion. | 4. Nice hair. |
| 2. Good figure. | 5. Good clothes. |
| 3. Good teeth. | 6. Pretty hands. |
| 7. Pretty feet. | |

Since we asked every man to write down the age group of the woman he had in mind, all ages were represented; and this is proof that there is no period in your life when you can resign from the job of self-improvement.

Next time you feel yourself growing careless, just read these answers to our question, "What detail of grooming do you think women most neglect?" The greatest per cent believe that you are most negligent about your hair, and their pet abomination is stringy, greasy hair. A good many men have a special aversion to "artificial-looking marcel." Next come uncared-for hands, slumped feet, neglected teeth and carelessly worn clothes. Most men are irritated by make-up only when it is applied too obviously. But don't think they aren't blind to details like dandruff, slips that show below the hem of your dresses, a shaggy hairline at the back of your neck, an ungraceful carriage, body odors and stockings with runs. Men mention every single one of these points.

Men like "thin" women. But take this with a grain of salt. On the questionnaires there was only space to write "thin" and "fat"; and for every man who wrote down thin, there is probably one who will console his wife as she comes forlornly from the scales, "But, darling, you are just right." If the questionnaire had listed "plump" or "deliciously curved"—or any one of the various gradations between thin and fat—the vote would likely have been split. But on the whole, men do prefer women to have a figure—and there's lots you can do about that!

Blonde or brunette? Sixty-three per cent of the men who answered our questionnaires preferred brunettes. Really! Only 29 per cent preferred blondes—and the poor redheads rated only 8 per cent. This is good news for the brunettes, but the blondes need not be inconsolable—there are still enough men to go round.



Does he notice those graying hairs which will creep in among the brown and the gold? He does notice them, and he is decided upon his views about what you should do for gray hair. Do nothing. Ninety-five per cent of the men vastly prefer to have your hair naturally gray than dyed. Therefore, if through some cause your hair is turning gray, keep it well cared for but let it be gray.

Ideas on what a nice woman can do change with the years. Today, 63 per cent of the men—whose fathers paled at the thought of mother's owning a "pale pot"—approve the use of rouge. This is more surprising than the fact that 92 per cent approve of face powder, since a shiny nose is an abomination anywhere. And 79 per cent are in favor of lipstick—this is a victory. But these results need not surprise us. Rouge, perfectly matched powder, lipstick—all give a woman the natural bloom of health. And all are aids to making a woman look "natural." Men approve anything which gives women this natural beauty look.

Conversely, they are unanimous in their opposition to eye make-up; probably the very thought of eye make-up conjures for them an "artificial" look. But if you yourself are skilled in its application and appear before the man you know, with a tiny bit on, would he identify it as eye make-up? That's the question. We wager he would observe nothing except that you were looking exceptionally well that evening!

As for highly colored nail polish, hear their pencils scratch when they thunder NO! Well, we women know that men detect them—but we wear them still. Here's one fashion that has survived men's disapproval. And just between us, do men know what they like? They say they do, and here are their answers in black and white. But just let a knock-out girl, beautifully gotten out, walk down the street—and watch her knock a man off his feet! Her very perfection keeps him from being critical. She will probably wear red finger nails!

Perfume throws a man off his emotional balance, and he doesn't like it at all in business hours, nor in the morning. But 67 per cent came out boldly in favor of perfume. The conservative 11 per cent still find it pleasurable when you wear it in moderation. No man likes too much scent at any hour; one man wrote vehemently, "God protect us from the drenchers." Not a single man expressed a preference for one brand of perfume over another, but does a mouse confide his preference in cheese?

Do women really dress for men? We shall give you the benefit of our statistics and let you answer that question for yourselves. How many were practically brought up on the supposition that men are most susceptible to a "pretty" woman? Sixty-seven per cent of the men who answered the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL questionnaire prefer smartness to prettiness. (And smartness can be wooed, you know.) The majority prefer feminine clothes to tailored clothes, however, but we suspect that is because "tailored" to men suggests the mannish, and we know what they think of that. Given their choice between dark colors, light colors and bright colors for daytime, men voted for light colors 69 per cent. Bright colors got less than 19 per cent of the vote.

Perhaps we could hazard a conclusion at this point, and guess that men like summer clothes best, since summer is the time when we wear light colors by day.

Men are more sophisticated in their tastes than you think. Forty-nine per cent favor dark evening gowns, and 78 per cent want those "deek and clinging," while for evening light dresses rank 31 per cent, and bright dresses 19 per cent.

And as for hats, we uncovered a secret macabre obsession here—overwhelmingly, men prefer small hats. Hats are a touchy subject, for under the question, "What do you dislike most that women wear?" hats are first on the list!

Let Paris raise the hemline an inch or two, or lower it, the men will not notice it one way or another, as long as their women do not wear skirts radically higher or lower than those generally worn. Eighty-nine per cent prefer skirts "the length of today." What the eye sees, the mind accepts.

If we were to wear only what a man here and there would have us wear, we should have to discard many of our beloved fads. Which of course, being women, we shall not think of doing! For instance, shorts, muskrat coats—and this from Buffalo—rubber bathing suits, white hats, anklets, berets, pull sleeves, cheap shoes, kagettes, gaudy print dresses, short trick veils, fur neck pieces, socks, hand bags full of junk, and "a size 5 foot in a size 3 shoe." We could go on listing individual dislikes which were written under the clothes question, but we shall stop with the wise observation of a man in Pittsburgh: "Nothing if it is worn carefully and at the proper time."

But we know that you're on tiptoe to see those pet hates. This is the largest collection of men's aversions ever made! There's the boy in the seventeen-to-twenty-five age group who loathes any stockings darker than light brown, and another who can't abide buckles dresses. There's the man over sixty who dislikes unsavory manners in a woman. Women who walk on the wrong side of the street irritate another man, while unsightly legs are a red flag to still another. A man from Albany writes after the question, "To

have them tell me I'm wrong when I know I'm right!" And from a New Yorker, "Yes, I dislike bad manners of any sort of woman. I never take the same woman out twice who does not know how to behave."

A boy from Canton hates rough talk in a girl, and one from Chicago, bumps of underclothes showing through. A St. Louis man dislikes "any woman who is naturally attractive but who tries to extend her natural charm by imitating movie or stage stars." From California comes a cry against overweight and high-society affectation. One man derides continual sarcasm as an attempt at wit.

Portland, Oregon, dislikes pants and catty women; Denver, a woman's attitude of "let-down" after marriage. Kansas City suffers under a poor sense of humor and glib conversation, and Louisville, Kentucky, likes a woman to be natural.

Indeed, there's not an attitude missed, from the Philadelphia who writes, "They all look like sisters to me," to the New Yorker's comment, "Yes, women in general: Can't get along with them or without them."

Fortunately, you are not required to please every man on earth. For the average woman, one man is her world. But pleasing even one man is a lifetime job with plenty of after-office hours, and the girl who is popular must please every man she goes out with.

You can learn about yourself from a man, and then improve on the girl you are. Draft out a simple questionnaire of your own. Put down the things you know you do, what you wear and what you talk about. Confess, now that they're down in cold print: Do you admire your own habits? Aren't there one or two mannerisms you want to change, beginning today? Put an artless question or two to the man, and discover his reactions to your clothes and your make-up and your general ways. You'll have some surprises! And you'll find you have a lot to learn about clothes, and the way to put on make-up, and the way to act in embarrassing moments.

A hard job, we repeat, but what greater reward than to hear the one you would rather be with say, "I'd rather be with you than anyone else in the world?"



MAJOR FELTEN



BEFORE DAVY COULD HOWL, MR. FLETCHER STEERED US ALL INTO A DOORWAY

The Grasshoppers and the Aunt

BY GRAEME AND SARAH LORIMER

I HAVE always loved Davy for himself alone; and sometimes it is quite a strain, like the times when he gets a bean shave instead of a haircut, and the way he mends the seat of his hockey pants with sticking plaster instead of getting new pants. But when he told me about this aunt in New York wanting to have him and me and Pauline and Sam Duer over to celebrate him having his eighteenth birthday, imagine my delirium! I realized that there is unsuspected good in everyone, even a person you have known all your life.

Well, none of us had ever been in New York except to go through it on our way somewhere else. Miss Hunt, Davy's aunt, was to meet us at Trenton, for some reason, and ride over with us, for fear we might get lost—if anyone could imagine us getting lost—and a Mr. Fletcher, a friend of Miss Hunt's, was to meet us at New York and help Miss Hunt entertain us, which was a sweet idea but unnecessary, only we couldn't tell Mr. Fletcher that, whoever he was.

When we got to New York we were all huddled in the end of the parlor car while the porter threw people's bags out on the platform, when Pauline suddenly pinched my back and made a moaning sound near my ear:

"Maude!" she said. "Do you see what I see? What a man!"

I looked, and there on the platform, smiling into the train, was one of the most stunning-looking men I have ever looked past. He was definitely older—the kind of older man that wears a tan polo coat and a black derby hat meeting a train, and has eyebrows that give his eyes a kind of weary look, and a smile that makes you realize what the prime of life really means.

"Who?" I said casually, and just that minute, if you could believe it, Miss Hunt waved at the god and said, "Hello, Roddy!" and it turned out to be Mr. Fletcher.

Well, for about twenty minutes I couldn't seem to remember who Davy was, and all the time Mr. Fletcher was

steering us up steps and across the station, which is so big and so high that no matter how fast you walk you don't seem to be getting anywhere, only suddenly we came out on a kind of underground street where taxis were.

"Stay with me, child," Mr. Fletcher said, putting me in the second taxi with him—I had been in the background when he was losing the first one. "This is a big city."

"I know it," I said. "And I want to see how big."

"We're going to show you that," he said, leaning back and looking at me with an amused look. "We're going to start with dinner at the St. Regis tonight, and theater afterward. How's that?"

I smiled at him wistfully. "Can I sit by you?" I said. It was risky, and I knew it; but I had a hunch it would work, and it did. I was right about him being an older man. "I won't come unless you do," he said, and I knew I was already one up on Pauline.

We went to the Gotham Hotel, where Miss Hunt lives, and there Pauline was already dashing around unpacking and counting up the things she'd forgotten.

"Hurry up, Maude," she said, looking at me coldly. I sat on one of the beds and started peeling things off.

Davy and Sam were arguing in the living room when we came out, having got dressed again in the meantime, of course; and Miss Hunt, looking really fascinating in a white-brocade evening coat, was protesting every chance she got.

"I read in this book," Sam was saying, "that the Cotton Club is the real Harlem oasis—Eldie Waters and Duke Ellington's orchestra got their start there, for instance."

"Sure, sure," Davy said, very scornful, "but I'm a simple soul—"

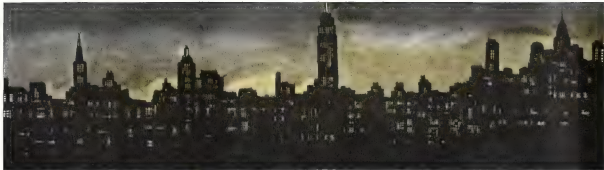
"I'll say," Sam said, "meaning putting on no dog." Davy went on, not hearing him, "and I crave a little local color like you get at this Connie's Inn. Color—Harlem. Get it?"

Just then there was a knock at the door and Mr. Fletcher came in, looking too wonderfully very, with three little boxes under his arm. "Sweetest to the sweet," he said in that polished way older men have, and it turned out that each box had gardenias in it, for Miss Hunt and Pauline and me. It is a rule of mine never to be just one of a crowd where a man is concerned, but I felt that the intimate smile he gave me with them somehow set mine apart from the others.

We walked across Fifth Avenue to the St. Regis Hotel, where we went up to what they call the roof, which seems to mean the top floor. The dining room was round, with windows all the way around, out of which you would look



THE IMAGE OF AUNT RACHEL



casually across at the Empire State Building and Radio City and the Chrysler Building, which you can always tell because it has a point on it. Davy told me what they all were because Davy knows everything, for some reason, and I felt positively exalted being so high up with music playing softly and lights going on in little squares in the sides of other buildings and a misty sort of haze hanging over all the roofs and far-away bridges because the sun had just set.

There was a lovely floor in the center of the room, with tables all around. Mr. Fletcher had ordered dinner and I sat beside him, with Miss Hunt on his other side looking very pretty and breakable, the way some ladies do—I mean, you couldn't imagine them with a sunburn, for instance.

"Will you dance with an old man, Miss Mason?" Mr. Fletcher said to me after we finished our soup. "I don't think I can compete with these lads, but I'd like to try."

Well, I was thrilled, and of course I gave Pauly a kind look as we started off. Mr. Fletcher had a sort of thoughtful style of dancing, where we would hover in one corner and then sweep across the room and hover in another corner. It was quite fascinating. Davy cut in almost immediately, however, and Mr. Fletcher cut in on Pauly, who was dancing with Sam.

"Maudie's such a dear," I heard her say to Mr. Fletcher. "She told me she believes in being kind to older people."

Well, I had to admit that that hung one up on me. I could just see myself with a hymn book and a basket giving poor old Mr. Fletcher a bun.

When the music stopped and we went back to the table, Miss Hunt looked up at him and smiled. "Save up, Roddy," she said. "These are very active young people."

Mr. Fletcher laughed devilishly. "I'm pretty active myself," he said. "The night is young, isn't it, fellows?"

"In the cradle," Davy said. "Swallow your steak, females—we gotta get to this show on time. This isn't the opera."

It was really a shame to have to rush, with that lovely room and the floor so supreme, but that was the way with everything in New York. We leaped into taxis at the St. Regis door, and out of them on a street jammed with people going into three theaters. Our play was in one of them, and we found our seats just about two minutes before the curtain went up. I sat next to Davy, and then Sam and then Miss Hunt and then Mr. Fletcher and then Pauline.

The play was called *She Loves Me Not*, and it was so funny that in three places I lost control of my whole face

the way you can't help doing when you get laughing and can't stop. Pauline was snuggling up to Mr. Fletcher, and once I heard Miss Hunt say to him, "You're being awfully silly, Roddy," and he said, "I wonder if you really know me, Lesore."

After the theater Pauline and I said we just had to see Broadway, so we all dodged and ducked around jugs of people trying to get into taxis until suddenly we went around a corner and Miss Hunt said, "This is it, chillens," and we looked up and pretty near died of excitement. There were lights everywhere: Still white ones and wiggling red ones and wavy white ones and high white ones and long pointed green ones, and theater signs and actors' and actresses' names all over—and I found myself imagining how my name, Maudie Mason, would look in bright lights on Broadway. For the first time I seriously considered the stage as a career.

Then there was Times Square, which you knew was it because there was a funny narrow building with TIMES in big letters across the front and pieces of news in a diary stream of electric letters running all around its middle. We stood and stared and stared, just drinking it all in, until Mr.

Fletcher said come on, if we didn't get moving pretty soon we'd be arrested for blocking traffic, and he and Miss Hunt led the way up Broadway. There were thousands of people and everyone was strolling, as though there wasn't any use hurrying because here was the thing they were looking for. The queerest part was that nobody spoke English—at least not the kind we were taught at Irwin's.

"Becken hearts of Broadway!" Pauly said. "Maudie, what'll you bet every third person we meet has a broken heart?"

"Oh, really!" Mr. Fletcher said, striding up to us from where he had been steering Miss Hunt across a street. "This may be a wicked city, but one out of three—it couldn't be that bad."

"Oh, I don't know," Davy said, grabbing me by the elbow. "You can't tell about hearts. Who would look at Sam, the big brute, and think that his had a crack in it the size of the Liberty Bell?"

"Nobody," Pauline said.

"And they'd be right," Sam said, shoving Pauline along. "Ankle along, Bright Eyes. I want to get around back of some of this night life."

(Continued on Page 53)



"I TELL YOU, IT'S A MAN'S WORLD!"

"OH, MR. FLETCHER," I SAID, "LOOK WHAT SOMEONE LEFT BESIDE YOU!"



DECORATIONS BY L. BARBERIS & CO.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FOWLER

Gay New Color With Quaint Old Maple

LOOK at these pictures and see how gay and colorful rooms furnished with maple may be. Many of us have reproductions of this furniture which was used in the homes of our forefathers, and a few of us are fortunate enough to possess some of the original early furniture. It is a type of furniture that is characterized by sturdy dignity and quaint informality. It is neither drab nor dull. It is full of life and vitality, for it is the furniture created by people who met difficulties with courage and determination, who welcomed the simple joys of life gayly.

If we have eyes quickened with interest and imagination and can picture this furniture in its Colonial homes, we do not see it in a lifeless background of cold grays, dingy browns and faded nondescript hues. We see it brightened with gay homespun and the bright patchwork the women made during the long evenings, and at their quilting bees.

Yet, looking about us today, we can see how maple rooms may become ordinary and just like hundreds of other rooms if we merely follow the beaten track and furnish them in a routine-like way. So why not put a little adventure into our maple rooms as the Colonials did—

pull them into new life with *color ideas*? It is easy to do this, since there are now so many inexpensive and attractive new fabrics and accessories available.

First make a plan and then, keeping it in mind, apply a few definite color facts. Bright color does not necessarily mean sharp, crude color. The clear blues, the orange reds, the masses of green and deep brown which are used in the living room whose fireside is pictured above, are carefully planned to contrast in a pleasing way with the yellow of the pine woodwork and to make a harmonious setting for the warm tones of the maple furniture. The textures and the patterns of the fabrics and the rugs are not too finished or too subtle to go with this simple, unpretentious type of room, and the lamps and the other accessories are informal in character. It is helpful to remember that many modern pictures, fabrics, wall papers, rugs and accessories have these qualities of simplicity and informality, so we do not need to limit our selection of furnishings to the traditional things of the past. See how that very modern picture "Sunflowers" seems painted just for this room! Perhaps this picture may seem large to you. It is. That's a new and lovely idea that is creeping into home decorations.

Large pictures which are really hanging murals. They add much interest to a room, don't you think?

The real "guide" in the planning of this room was that gay plaid chintz on the easy-chair in the photograph on opposite page. A snipping of this started our shopping adventure. In its colorings we saw a vigorous red orange combined with lighter tones of the same color and with stripes of green. A gay and suitable color scheme ready-made! So we chose a soft green paint for background, a mantelpiece of mellow pine, and a hooked rug that effectively combined all these hues.

When accessories were to be chosen, we led rather than followed our guide. We chose them in tones stronger than those in the chintz. A tea set of orange-red pottery lined with blue green; an ivory pot of lacquer red. Such a bit of growing green adds a homelike note to all rooms, we think. If you could see the other side of the room you'd look upon a long and comfortable couch covered in green, and curtains of the same gay plaid material. There's a table with a copper lamp, and places for books too.

Now, let us pass into the dining room. With sunshine patterning through the cream-colored Venetian blinds, this was perhaps the most fun to do. The Welsh dresser and the butterfly table, as well as the wall paper with its amusing blocked-out motifs of quaint peasantlike bouquets, landscapes and figures, gave ideas for color. Most of the woodwork is painted cream color to match the field of the wall paper, but the window sashes, the baseboard and narrow bands around the doorways are painted in audacious orange red. The walls are decorated with flower panels painted in vivacious brass. These panels

are simple in character, and any woman who has taste and ingenuity could paint similar decorations upon her own dining-room walls. If you doubt it, just ask me how.

After the braided rug with its warm copper color was placed upon the floor, there came the fun of selecting and arranging the colorful dishes upon the shelves of the dresser, the choosing of the bright-lined table linen, and the setting of the table with blue and yellow dishes, some Mexican glass, a gleaming copper jug and a bowl of luscious fruit to key in with the animated color scheme.

I wish that there were space to show a picture of the bedroom which was one of my trio of maple rooms. It has a turquoise-blue-chintz bedspread and curtains trimmed with coral-color bull fringe. The walls are light yellow, which makes a foil for the blues and greens in the picture of a Mother and Child, by Mary Cassatt. This hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, but there are accurate but inexpensive reproductions. The bright accessories and the chintz-covered chairs in hues of yellow and coral make the room look as gay as a garden of sinias.

So you see how cheerful, and different, rooms furnished in maple may be. Adventure with it into the fascinating realm of color. Should you be fearful of losing your way, I've prepared A COLOR PATTERN FOR A MAPLE LIVING ROOM (No. A-1170, price three cents); A COLOR PATTERN FOR A MAPLE DINING ROOM (No. A-1171, price three cents); A COLOR PATTERN FOR A MAPLE BEDROOM (No. A-1169, price three cents), with samples of actual wall papers, chintz and paints. Each one of these may be obtained from the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

BY GRACE CORNELL



Gone to the Dogwows!



GERMAN SHEPHERD



ENGLISH BULLDOG



ENGLISH SETTER



THREE o'clock in the morning and Windsor Castle, the seat of home of British royalty, is ablaze with lights. Menservants and maidervants, not to mention half a dozen ladies and gentlemen in waiting and a couple of princes, rush about bearing hot-water bottles, and blankets, and jugs of warm milk. In the corridor outside a certain door a little group consults in anxious whispers. Presently the door opens and the Prince of Wales, wrapped in an old dressing gown, steps out. He smiles and answers briskly, "Five this time; not a call in the lot!"

A sigh of relief goes up in the corridor. Everything is all right then, the Prince's favorite Cairn terrier, has just presented her master with a new litter of puppies. Mother and children are doing well. Windsor Castle goes back to bed.

Corn is dead now, but as long as she lived she could with impunity turn the royal residence upside down any time she chose to add to her large family. All the Windsors are dog lovers, and, like most fanciers, they have their pet breed. From King George right on down the line, they confess to a weakness for Cairns—those sturdy, dependable little terriers that originated in the life of Skye, and that for years were unknown outside of Great Britain. Today, Cairns command respect and good prices throughout the dog world.

Undoubtedly they owe much of their popularity to the Prince of Wales, who has set more fashions than any other man alive. For there are fashions in dogs just as there are in haircuts, and lipsticks, and kitchen sinks. One year, every third car you pass will boast a mean-looking collie perched behind the chauffeur; the next year, the collie's place has been preempted by a snooty chow. Just now, all members of the terrier family are in high favor. But, luckily for those of us who insist upon remaining faithful to an old love, any dog can be made smart by the simple expedient of telling our friends that we got him to match our temperament. For nowadays, dogs, like perfumes, must reflect personality.

According to Daisy Miller, who cares nothing about style, but who knows more dogs and dog owners by their first names than anybody else in America, about the worst thing you can do is to pick a breed simply because it has made a hit with Park Avenue or the folks next door. The Jones' dog may suit them to a T, but it may prove just a lot of grief to you and me. And Mrs. Miller points out that with eighty-nine recognized breeds to choose from, it is silly to be a copy cat.

"Before saying forth in quest of a dog," she advises, "spend a little time sizing up yourself and your needs. Take a good look at your environment, your household and your disposition. Then—and then only—only—are you ready to pass on the qualifications of a possible canine addition to your family."

From now on, your job is simple—*provided you know dogs*. If you don't know dogs, call on somebody who does.

Perhaps you have a doggy friend whose judgment can be relied upon. If not, expert help is available absolutely free. The American Kennel Club will be delighted to give you any information you want, and upon request will send you a list of dependable breeders. So will the Animal Protection Union.

Any breeder thus recommended can be blackballed and forbidden to show his dogs if he fails to live up to his contract. Unfortunately, there are a number of unscrupulous persons who make a business of preying upon the uninformed portion of the dog-loving public. For example, floating dog dealers posing as breeders. They set up shop in a promising neighborhood, offer for sale strayed or stolen animals, and pass off mutts for thoroughbreds. And then before trouble can camp on their slippery tail, they quietly fold their tents and slip away overnight. An excellent reason for buying only through an accredited breeder or dealer.

As founder and president of the Animal Protection Union, with headquarters in New York City and affiliations in every state in the Union, Mrs. Miller has helped thousands of people find the dog best suited to their pocketbooks, their surroundings and their temperaments.

Certainly nobody could be better qualified to give advice on this subject.

The Right Dog for the Right People

DAISY MILLER cannot remember when dogs were not her daily companions. On her father's plantation, down in Mississippi, she literally grew up with them. But according to her amusing young daughter, it is only in the past five or six years that she has gone completely to the dogwows!

Mrs. Miller's New York office is a meeting place for breeders and fanciers. It is a clearing house for lost and found dogs. Mrs. Miller herself is an inexhaustible source of information about their care and their training. But the part of her job that she enjoys most is fitting dogs to people and people to dogs.

Just the other day, a woman who had set her heart on a wire-haired terrier burst into Mrs. Miller's office and demanded to be told where she could get one in a hurry.

"My sister-in-law has one," she explained, "and it's just too cute!"

"Where," countered Mrs. Miller, "do you live? City or country? How many are there in your family, and what are their ages?"

Somewhat impatiently the woman replied that she lived in a four-room apartment in New York City; that her family was composed of herself, her husband, her seven-year-old son and her mother, a semi-invalid of sixty-three.

When she had finished, Mrs. Miller said firmly, "You've picked the wrong dog. A wire is one of the most lovable

animals alive, but he won't do for you. He'd drive grandma crazy in less than a week. He's a wriggling, squirming bundle of buoyant nervous energy. Junior would adore him, but between them they'd wreck a small apartment, not to mention the nerves of an elderly invalid. What you want is a cocker spaniel."

And a cocker spaniel the lady got!

"A cocker is one of the best three-generation dogs I know," declares Mrs. Miller. "Bred for work with the gun, he comes under the head of sporting dogs, but to my mind he is in a class by himself, for he is an ideal companion for young or old. Small enough to fit into a city apartment, he is rugged enough in appearance to appeal to a man. Perhaps more than any other dog he is sensitive to the moods of the humans about him. A cocker will romp with the children for hours, but he knows instinctively that Aunt Belle doesn't want to play tag or hide and seek. He is content to lie quietly at her feet while she reads or listens to the radio. In England he is the most popular breed, and his popularity is on the rise in America."

Perhaps you remember Flash, the cocker spaniel who starred with Katharine Cornell in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. Several dogs of other breeds were tried for the rôle, but they lacked the necessary poise, the restraint and sensitive response to another's mood. Flash played the part two years and never missed a performance or a cue. That's the beauty of a cocker; he never misses a cue, on the stage or off!

"The first question I ask people who are looking for a dog is, 'Do you live in town or in the country?'"

"It is cruel and stupid to keep cooped up in a small city apartment a big animal, like a great Dane or a Newfoundland, that requires miles of exercise daily. Even an adorable German shepherd or collie pup may grow up to be a ball in a china shop if you don't give him plenty of elbow room. But both make excellent house dogs in the country. Striking enough in appearance to satisfy the vanity of the most exacting owner, they are also extremely adaptable. For generations they have been work dogs, herding their masters' sheep. They have lived in the house with the family whose bread they helped to earn. They are placid in temperament and they know how to accommodate themselves to proximity with humans and how to make allowances for human shortcomings."

The late Calvin Coolidge's favorite dog was Beauty, the stunning white collie who stands at Mrs. Coolidge's side in the portrait painted in the White House by Howard Chandler Christy. The collie is no newcomer. Queen Victoria preferred the breed to any other. They are easy to train and they make marvelous companions. Even in these delated times, a fine specimen will bring up into the thousands. *Laud Loyalty* of Belhaven, adjudged best-in-show at Madison Square Garden a few years ago, is reputed to have brought \$14,700.

German shepherds, known all too frequently in this country as police dogs, also have their devoted rosters.

DRAWINGS BY MORGAN DENNIS

BY MILDRED HARRINGTON

President Roosevelt's Major is a shepherd. So is Padraig, the canine stand-by of his predecessor, ex-President Hoover. Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr., who fills the shoes of his famous father so admirably, belongs to the same family.

Shepherds came into prominence during the World War, when they were used extensively for carrying messages under fire. Many people credit them with almost super-human intelligence. Undoubtedly they are brainy fellows, but don't expect a shepherd pup to develop into a second Rin-Tin-Tin unless you are prepared to give him the sort of training that Lee Duncan gives his accomplished dogs.

See, Mrs. Miller points out, is not the only factor to be considered when choosing a dog. Matching a canine temperament to yours is even more important. Do you shiver and perpetual motion about you? Then steer clear of the wire-haired terrier, his Irish cousin and the Schnauzer.

However, if you have the temperament of a dino, one of these lively rascals may prove perfect for you. Rosa Fesselle, the Metropolitan Opera star, admits that she would languish without her wire terrier, Whiskers. Ronald Colman scans every script for a chance to squeeze in a part for his pet terrier. And the beautiful Julia Hoyt, who forsook a stellar rôle in society for one on the stage, would sooner leave behind her dozen trunks than her beloved Schnauzer, Lena. Gertrude Lawrence is another star who has a weakness for Schnauzers.

Incidentally, it is amusing to note that the Schnauzer is the only dog that shows an open preference for women. I know a woman whose newly acquired husband barely escaped being ripped to pieces because he playfully struck at his bride in the presence of her pet Schnauzer.

I said at the outset of this article that the terrier family as a whole is in high favor at the present moment. There is, as Daisy Miller took pains to remind me, an excellent reason for this: Terriers are medium-sized dogs endowed with more-than-average intelligence and personality. Besides, the group offers a wide range from which to choose.

"You will find," observed Mrs. Miller, "that Cairns and Scotties are the most dignified of the terrier clan. But if you demand demonstrativeness in your dog, don't pick a Scotty. He will be eternally loyal to you, but he won't tear off the roof every time you put your foot across the threshold. If you want a terrier that can stand up under a lot of baby talk, choose a Sealy. He dotes on petting."

S. S. Van Dine, the mystery writer, swears by Scotties and breeds some of the finest in America. One of his dogs has the enviable record of having come off with the best-in-show award a dozen times. The Scotty, like the cocker, makes a good fireside companion.

If you dislike sharing your dog's affection with others, pick a Cairn, a Schnauzer, a Doberman or a chow. All are one-man dogs, but the chow has reserves through which even his own master never succeeds in penetrating. It takes a special sort of temperament to get along with this self-contained, self-sufficient creature. The late Calvin Coolidge and the Coolidge chow, Tim, understood each other perfectly.

All one-man dogs make excellent watchdogs. Originally bred to guard butchers' wagons on their way to market while the drivers slept, the Schnauzer is especially good for night duty.

Fashions in dogs may come and go, but you won't miss many smooth-coated fox terriers from the scene. As companions they are hard to beat. One of the men on Admiral Byrd's first Antarctic expedition tells me that Igloo, the admiral's fox terrier, was in some ways closer to him than any human shipmate. Perhaps Igloo was a one-man dog. Certainly Admiral Byrd is a one-dog man. He broke an important lecture date to fly to Boston to Igloo's funeral, and no dog has ever taken Igloo's place with him. Probably no dog ever will. You've heard many a man boast that his dog would go to the end of the earth with him. Igloo was the only dog who literally went to both ends of the earth with his master.

(Continued on Page 118)



SCOTCH COLLIE



SEALYHAM TERRIER



WIRE-HAIRED FOX TERRIER



SCOTCH TERRIER



CAIRN TERRIER



PEKINGESE



CHOWCHOW



"MR. TUGMORE," EXCLAIMED MINERVA, "YOUR COMPANY'S GOT MRS. BOGGS AND HER CHILDREN INTO A TERRIBLE MESS AND IT'S GOT TO GET 'EM OUT!"

On the Road to Mandalay

MINERVA MCCANN GETS MRS. BOGGS AND HER BROOD SAFELY OFF FOR BURMA

BY ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"IT'S decided! We're really going!" cried Abigail Boggs, her eyes watery with emotion. "I'm so excited I can hardly speak!"

"Oh, I am glad, Abby! Although, of course, I'll miss you terribly!" answered Minerva McCann, leading her friend into the sitting room and planting her in her husband's horseshair rocker.

"Now tell me all about it!"

Mrs. Boggs needed no encouragement, for this was indubitably the supreme moment in her life.

Well, it's always been Pellatish's greatest ambition to be sent out to do actual missionary work in the field. He's been running the Day Spring Mission here now for thirteen years, and you know what a struggle we've had. The board has had his application before it ever so long, but there never seemed to be any vacancy anywhere. Then about ten days ago, out of a perfectly clear sky, he got a letter offering him the post at Amboi, in Burma, because the missionary there had died of malaria, or something—at the same salary that he's getting now! It sounds perfectly wonderful. There's a bungalow in a 'compound', and a garden, and you can hire native servants for about twenty-five cents a month. We'll be able to live on a tenth of what it costs us here in Athens! Of course Pellatish accepted at once!"

"When do you go?" asked Minerva, thrilled at the mere thought of going to Burma—malaria or no malaria.

"Next week. There's a steamer sailing on Saturday from New York for Marseilles, where we catch the P. & O. boat for Ceylon. All expenses are paid, naturally."

"I wish I was going with you!" sighed Mrs. McCann. "I've always wanted to travel to foreign parts. And, now, to think of your going to Ceylon and Burma!"

"Listen to that!" Abigail pulled a typewritten letter from the black-beaded bag in her narrow lap and adjusted her spectacles.

REV. PELLATISH BOGGS,
c/o Day Spring Mission,
17 Front Street, Athens

"Dear Sir: Answering your inquiry regarding cost of transportation for yourself and party to Burma, and the relative desirability of sailing (1) from New York via Marseilles, the Suez Canal and Colombo, as compared with (2) sailing from San Francisco to Hong-Kong, Singapore and Rangoon—while the distance, cost and time generally involved are approximately the same, we would recommend the former route, owing to the better steamer connections at this season of the year."

"We respectfully suggest, therefore, that you allow us to book you so far as Bhamo, on the Irrawaddy (the best point of regular communication), taking advantage of the present reduced rates, plus the regular discount for those going into the missionary field."

"The transportation will be issued for:
Rev. Pellatish Boggs 1 full first-class fare
Mrs. Abigail Boggs 1 "

Master Hosen Boggs	1 full first-class fare
Miss Naomi Boggs	1 " " "
Miss Deborah Boggs	1 " " "
Miss Menstabel Boggs	1 " " "
Master Abimilech Boggs	1/2 " " "
Master Zeriah Boggs	1/2 " " "

from New York, N. Y., as follows:

"On S. S. Euxine to Marseilles, thence on S. S. Rawalpindi (P. & O. Line) to Colombo, Ceylon, thence on S. S. Lord Roberts of the British Steam Navigation Co. (or Blue Funnel Line) to Rangoon, thence up the Irrawaddy River via Irrawaddy Flotilla boat to Mandalay."

"Here you must change to a smaller river boat for Bhamo, where you will arrive three days later and where you will have to make private arrangements for bullock cart to Amboi, which we understand is not far from the Chinese border."

"The entire trip from Athens to Bhamo, provided all connections are properly made, should not require over fifty days. Since east of Suez steamer departures are at irregular intervals, the missing of one would naturally necessitate all subsequent connections and might involve a delay of several weeks. Trusting to hear from you further and be favored with your esteemed order,

"Very truly yours,

"RISTED-CANNING TRAVEL AGENCY, INC.,
"by M.P."

"I can't bear it, Abigail!" declared Mrs. McCann, for whom the mere mention of such names as Singapore, Rangoon and Mandalay conjured into being a fascinating world of lost romance. "I almost wish I was a missionary myself!"

"You are one in your own way, Minerva dear!" Abigail assured her with a faint shadow of patronage. "I'm sure no one I know does more good in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call her!"

BUT her friend's encomium was lost upon Minerva McCann, who in imagination saw herself steaming up the muddy waters of a sluggish river overhung with umbrageous tropical foliage filled with heavy-scented scarlet blossoms and alive with screaming birds of brilliant plumage. There were bamboo huts and tiny clearings along the swampy shores, and black men clad only in strange white breechcloths, and women and little brown babies, and alligators, and leopards, and temple bells, and idols made of mud, and the dawn coming up like one of those travalgas out of China, so near to where fishes was going—that her!

"Mandalay!" she murmured dreamily. "Where the flying fishes play!"

"I don't believe there are any fishes that really fly," conceded Abigail. "But there are sampans and Buddha!"

"And elephants and tigers and crocodiles!" added Minerva. "I'm awfully jealous of you, Abby!"

"I wish you were going along too, Min! No doubt it'll be lonely. I don't suppose there will be many neighbors." "I guess you won't want any. You're going 'where' every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." Anyhow, you'll have your hands full with six children, including a pair of twins under five."

"I've got my hands full right now!" asserted Mrs. Boggs. "The General Board has sent for Pellatish to come to New York to get his instructions, and he leaves Athens for good next Monday. I shan't see him again until the rest of us join him on the Euxine for Marseilles a week from Saturday. I've got to stay here, outfit the children, pack, and dispose of our furniture and whatever of our belongings we don't take with us. Luckily, the lease on the house runs out next month."

"How about your tickets?"

Mrs. Boggs opened her bag and took out a package composed of eight fat claret-colored books fastened together by an elastic band.

"Here they are—all paid for! They came only yesterday from the travel agency in New York. Want to look?"

She removed the band and handed one of the books, about the size of a small church hymnal, to Minerva. It was full of long, accordion-pleated strips of divers colors, interspersed with shorter vouchers for transfers, hotel accommodations, deck chairs, and so on.

Minerva examined this Passport to Paradise with avidity. If she could only persuade Calais to go somewhere—even only to New York! She felt sure that, once she had got him as far as that, she ought to be able to leave him onto a transatlantic liner.

"Isn't it wonderful to sit right here and realize that all we have to do is to get on a steamer for Marseilles, and don't have to give a single thought to our traveling arrangements until we get to Bhamo?" said Abigail.

"Just step from one boat to another! The connections dovetail right into one another. We don't have to wait anywhere over twelve hours in either Marseilles, Colombo, Rangoon or Mandalay, either."

"I can 'beat the paddles chunkin'!" cried Minerva rapturously. "But, of course, if you did miss a boat anywhere—like the time, say, you'd be badly stuck."

"Yes, I suppose we might be delayed some time. However, I don't see any reason why we should miss any of our connections. But I do hate to leave Pellatish wandering around alone down in New York, leaving the other seven of us to meet him on the dock."

"We'll look after you," Minerva assured her. "Only why don't you leave here Thursday night instead of Friday, and allow yourself a day's leeway in New York?"

"There just isn't time!" replied Abigail. "I don't have a minute until the express train leaves Friday evening. It arrives at eight-thirty in the morning, and the Easter doesn't sail until noon. That gives us three hours and a half to cross the city. Besides, we have to think of the expense. To spend an extra twenty-four hours in New York would cost us as many dollars!"

"It sounds safe enough," agreed Minerva. "The express is always on time. Only you must be sure to get to the depot at least half an hour before it comes through. I tell you what, Abigail. I'll send Patrick with the car to take you all to the station."

"That will be sweet of you, Minerva. I'm going to check most of the baggage through the day before. But there'll be an awful lot of bags. How many does the car seat?"

"Patrick can make as many trips as are necessary!" declared Mrs. McCann.

II

DURING the rest of the week Minerva was a constant visitor at the Bogges' tiny cottage. She was, indeed, in almost as much of a twitter over it all as Mrs. Bogges herself.

"Just think what they'll see, Caleb!" she exclaimed to her husband. "First they touch at Fayal, in the Azores Islands, and Gibraltar, in Spain, on the way to Marseilles; and after that they stop at Malta, Alexandria and Port Said, go through the Suez Canal, to Aden, and then over the Indian Ocean to Ceylon, before starting on the twelve-hundred-mile voyage across the Bay of Bengal to Rangoon!"

"MERCIFUL HEAVENS, ABIGAIL! . . . HOW AWFUL! . . . YES—AS SOON AS I CAN!"



"I don't envy 'em!" he answered. "What with seasickness, and rotten food, and the heat and flies, I reckon they'll be darn glad when they get there!"

"Wouldn't you put up with a few flies if you could see a real pagoda, Caleb?"

"What do I want to see a pagoda for? I know exactly what they look like. I've seen hundreds of 'em in the movies." "It's not the same thing at all! Why, I'd give anything to have a look at a heathen temple all covered with gold, or a sacred elephant!"

"See it all for fifty cents at the circus," he grumbled.

"Pelliah has never amounted to a row of pins. My private opinion is that they're sending him out to Burma to get rid of him. He's just plain incompetent. So is Abigail. I'll bet a quarter they land in a men before they get started, and miss the boat, or something."

"It's easy enough to call a person incompetent!" she retorted. "Personally, I think it's a marvel they've managed to get along as well as they have on his salary, with six children, and keep 'em all lookin' presentable."

"Well, maybe I'm wrong! Anyhow, I hope they'll get off all right!"

"The Lord will look after them, Caleb!"

"I sponed the Lord is entitled to exercise some discretion in such matters," he muttered from behind his newspaper.

"I shouldn't think the Bogges family would appeal to Him much."

"Even if they don't, I'm going to keep an eye on 'em too!" she declared rather hotly, for the Bogges were one of her weaknesses.

"That's different!" he admitted. "But let me tell you right now, Minerva, if there's anything humanly possible that can happen to anybody, it'll happen to the Bogges. Like as not one of the twins will get appendicitis half an hour before the train starts."

Minerva grasped the arm of her chair. "Oh, Caleb! Wouldn't that be too terrible!" she gasped.

He looked over the paper at her affectionately. "Come, come, Ma! I didn't mean it. No doctah they'll get along fine. Only if you're going to take any responsibility for them, you better watch your step!"

Whether it was her husband's warning or because in her inmost heart she knew that Abigail was in fact incompetent, Minerva spent most of the following week getting the Bogges ready for their exodus. She bought bags,

trunks and wicker baskets, saw to it that there were no unutilized cavities in the little Bogges' teeth and that each Bogges was equipped with a rubber toilet case containing an individual comb, hairbrush, toothbrush and paste, soap, sponge and nail file. Eight toilet cases did Minerva equip, of varying sizes, from adult down to baby size for the twins, who were only four and a half. She had heard of the torrential downpours occurring unexpectedly in the tropics, and nothing would satisfy her but that every Bogges should have an umbrella, a slicker, sou'wester and his or her own pair of rubber boots. The medicine chest took her an entire day, even when assisted by Mr. Gonya, the druggist, himself. Hot-water bottles, flannel bands to protect the intestinal carboxures of the little Bogges from sudden changes of temperature, electric torches, folding rubber tubs, a sewing machine, and even a collapsible canvas canoe, in case Pelliah were obliged to travel by water in visiting his remotest converts, were selected, packed and forwarded—most of them at Minerva's personal expense. After all, there was no sense going without a proper outfit to a country where you couldn't buy anything.

THE ground floor of the Bogges house on the morning of Friday, the day of their departure, was a scene of indescribable confusion, yet by noon some sort of order had been brought out of the chaos, and by three o'clock each youthful Bogges, from Hloosa, the eleven-year-old heir apparent, down to the twins, Abimelech and Zebadiah, had been given an allotted place and made to sit there beside his or her umbrella, overcoat and suitcase until it should be time to go to the station. Abigail, a nervous wisp of a woman, was on the point of collapse when at last all was ready an hour and a half before train time, and Minerva was able to start Patrick on his trips to the depot. By half-past five the hegin had been completed, and Minerva, Abigail and the six little Bogges had been safely deposited at Athens Junction with a full hour to spare.

The depot, half a mile from the town proper, is a dingy affair, like most railway stations in that part of New England, where there are few passenger trains although a considerable freight traffic. There is one waiting room for the accommodation of both sexes, with a stained wooden seat running around the wall, divided by iron arms into single spaces for individual occupancy, each having its own circular spittoon of dark brown.

(Continued on Page 81)

"NOW DON'T ANY ONE OF YOU MOVE UNTIL THE TRAIN COMES IN!" ORDERED THEIR MOTHER



Hit and Run

BY ALICE DUER MILLER

III

DICK felt slightly contemptuous, but neither surprised nor alarmed at Mr. Osmond's failure to appear. He imagined that his employer was playing another round of golf, or involved in a long rubber of bridge, or possibly taking an afternoon nap—always intending to go and see his secretary, but never actually rousing himself to do it. But Semmes' conduct was more difficult to explain; it was hard to think of a reason for his not turning up during the afternoon.

One of the recognized methods of detecting integrity is by its instinctive disinclination to believe in business. To Dick it seemed more likely that Ralph was seriously ill than that he was going to make an effort to clear an incident man of the consequences of his own misdemeanor. So though he was angry at the delay in getting him out, and at the selfish, careless way of living that caused the delay, he had not the faintest suspicion that anything more than delay was involved.

Early in the evening the Osmond chauffeur came to the jail with a message that Mr. Bannerman was on his way from New York, and would be there the first thing in the morning. Dick knew all about Bannerman: a man whose success was more admired than his probity, and whose political pull was supposed to be greater than his legal attainments. Yet, knowing all this, he was conscious of relief at knowing that he was to have the assistance of so powerful a personality. He was grateful to Osmond. He said to himself that the way men like that worked—they didn't take the trouble to come to see you, but they sent for the most highly paid lawyer in New York. Selfish they might be, but they were efficient.

With the message he had also received the unstamped letters from his mother and Mary. It wasn't difficult to guess that Letty herself must have motored to Center Hadley. The idea gave him exquisite pleasure, and perhaps helped to blind him to the indifference of her male associates. He amused himself in his solitude with the picture of Letty in the old house—Letty talking to his mother....

The night was not uncomfortable. His jailer, the nephew of the sheriff, a gangling young giant of self-willed and amiable, had consented to go and buy a bottle of milk and some fruit. His bed was hard but clean, and as the weather had turned suddenly hot, the temperature of his damp old bed was perhaps pleasant than that of his fresh new room at the Osmonds'. He slept soundly, and woke prepared to clear the whole matter up with a few sensible, candid words with Bannerman.

Bannerman was there bright and early. Not long after half-past eight Dick was awakened to the visitor's room of the jail, where he found his spare, dark, subtle counsel waiting for him.

"First of all, I want you to know, Mr. Slater," Bannerman said in that soft, persuasive voice of his that had so much to do with his success, "that everything being done that can be done. Mr. Osmond wants you to feel confident that whatever may be the result—when this is

over—your position with him will still be open to you—for the rest of your life, if you want it."

"Mr. Osmond is very kind," Dick answered, his voice sounding peculiarly flat and New England, in contrast to the mellow tones of Bannerman, "but if he had taken the trouble to come and see me yesterday as I repeatedly asked him to do, he would know that I am not in need of assistance. I did not do this, Mr. Bannerman. I was not driving Semmes' car when the accident occurred."

"I understood that you had admitted quite spontaneously that you were driving his car."

"Where is Semmes?"

"Semmes?" said Mr. Bannerman, as if a name utterly remote from the topic had been introduced into the discussion. "He sailed this morning for France. His mother is ill—dying, I imagine."

"He's sailed?" cried Dick. "Why, the little hood. He did this—not I. He was tight and frightened to death, and he came to me and asked me to go down and try and fix it up with the police."

BANNERMAN listened to the story, drawing his lip down in the center. Doubtless, in the course of a long career at the bar he had learned a technique for appearing to believe the unbelievable; but if he had, he did not make use of it now. He hardly pretended that he found Dick's account credible; at the same time, he listened to the end, grasping every detail of the alleged sequence of incidents. The effect on Dick was to make his story sound, even in his own ears, impossible.

A short silence fell as he finished, and then Bannerman asked politely, "And is there any evidence of all this? Can anyone confirm what you say?"

"Yes," answered Dick. "Miss Osmond can confirm it. I was talking to her at the very moment the accident must have taken place."

"You noticed the time?"

"No, I didn't, but I know that within five minutes Semmes drove up to the door, and he fixed me the about having touched a mudguard in the village."

"Miss Osmond would be your only witness?"

"Yes, since Semmes has run away—but she would be a good one."

"Excellent. I have no doubt, if she could fix the time. Otherwise her testimony would be of no use whatever. She did not see Semmes drive up—there is nothing establishing a vague, early-morning conversation between you and Miss Osmond which would prevent your having been in the village at five minutes to six."

This was so obvious that Dick could think of no direct answer. He said instead, "I shall like to see Mr. Osmond."

"Unfortunately, he was obliged to go to New York."

"Then," said Dick, "I must speak to Semmes."

There was a brief silence. "Mr. Slater," Bannerman began, "whether you—or, let us be frank, whether Mr. Osmond—was driving the car, I do not see any hope of establishing that fact, after your own admission that you were. Fortunately,

Tuttle is out of danger—out of the hospital. There is, I understand, no intention on the part of the district attorney to charge you with assault in the third degree. As your counsel, I must advise you to plead guilty to a misdemeanor—that of leaving the scene of the accident without stopping. The penalty for this is a fine not to exceed \$500 or imprisonment for not more than a year—or both. I believe, however, I can assure you that no prison sentence will be imposed." He looked as wise as an owl as he said this. "With your permission, I will notify the court."

"I don't see how I can say I did a thing I didn't do."

"But you have already said so."

"I will not plead guilty."

"Mr. Bannerman rose slowly to his feet. In that case, Mr. Slater, I'm afraid I could not set for you. I could not present a case which is so utterly unsupported by evidence."

"You know that your throwing up my case would create a prejudice against me?"

"For that reason, I hope you may reconsider your decision." Nothing could have been more softly courteous than his tone.

Dick was silent. Though as a man he was infuriated that Bannerman obviously did not believe his story, as a lawyer he knew he would have given a client of his own exactly the same advice. Yet he felt a deep, sullen repugnance to taking the punishment of another man—a man who had run away without giving him a sign. All his Olympian impulse to avenge the young people from sorrow had gone. He felt justified in letting Letty know the truth—let her know that he was his duty to tell her.

"Give me an hour or so to think this over," he said. "And in the meantime, tell

Miss Osmond that I want very much to see her for a few minutes."

"I will give her your message," answered Bannerman, and then added as if with an effort: "But I must say I think you are asking a good deal of a young lady just engaged and more in love than one often sees young people nowadays, just parted from the object of her affection—one of those partings that press the life from out young hearts—but no one reads Byron nowadays. You are going to ask her—if I understand you rightly—to go on the stand and not only accuse her fiancé of having committed the misdemeanor with which you are charged but to make it appear he has been guilty of the most dastardly cowardice in subsequently leaving the country."

"But if that is the fact?"

"If it is," replied Bannerman, almost without stressing the "if," "I must warn you that reluctant witnesses are dynamite to the side that calls them. Miss Osmond has only to say that she does not remember the hour at which your conversation took place, and the whole value of her testimony is destroyed. And after all, if you yourself cannot place the exact time, why should you expect her to do so?"

"Tell her what the situation is," said Dick, "and ask her to come and see me. Of course, if she doesn't want to come—"

"I shall certainly tell her," said Bannerman.

He had had another idea, like a flash of inspiration. "I will go back to the house, and give her your message, and come here about noon for your decision. In the meantime, I have an old friend here, whom I always like to see—he happens to be the boss of the county." He smiled encouragingly and took his departure.





ILLUSTRATED BY
HENRY RALEIGH

THE JUDGE LEANED FORWARD TO SEE LETTIE. "DO YOU KNOW OF YOUR OWN KNOWLEDGE THAT THE PRISONER IS NOT GUILTY?" HE ASKED

At the door he took the jailer aside. "It's a young lady—Miss Ommond—calls to see Slater, he particularly asks that she be told he can't see her. That's clear, isn't it?" He slipped a ten-dollar bill into the giant hand. "And there's another just like that waiting for you if you keep her out."

The jailer grinned. One side of his mouth was entirely devoid of teeth. He would have undertaken to keep his uncle, the sheriff, out of the jail for half the sum. He almost regretted having cheated Dick of fifteen cents on supper the night before.

His steadfastness was soon put to the test. Mr. Banzerman had not been gone half an hour when a small rooster drew up before the jail, and out of it hopped a pretty young lady in white, who asked in rather a trembling voice if Mr. Slater were there.

The jailer grinned and nodded his great round head. "Sure he's here," he replied. "I want to see him," said Letty Ommond. "You can't do that, lady."

"You mean he isn't allowed to see anyone?" asked Letty, whose idea of prisons was rather romantic. "Sure he's allowed to see people."

"I want to see him," said Letty Ommond. "You can't do that, lady."

"You mean he isn't allowed to see anyone?" asked Letty, whose idea of prisons was rather romantic. "Sure he's allowed to see people."

Immediately after her conversation with Banzerman she had telephoned her father, waking a tired man from deep sleep.

"Who is it? Letty?" What the devil—it isn't eight o'clock. He had been up half the night trying to save charred papers from the winds of heaven and the water of the fire department; he was, naturally, not in a receptive mood. He thought she had flown off the handle—doubted her facts. Mr. Semmes was a gentleman. She couldn't really believe that Ralph

Anyhow, he'd be home the next day. But that wouldn't do—the wanted him at once; terrible things were going on. At last the best she had been able to get him to promise was that he would be there late that afternoon.

She wanted him terribly. Like most of her generation, she had been critical of her elders in matters of opinion—had called them hidebound and old-fashioned when they had been prepared to act without that judgment—against it, in fact—but she had counted on Dick's assistance. She had been prepared to fight under his banner—but he was to lead and direct. It seemed to her almost beyond her powers that she should fight alone. Yet she couldn't see any way to avoid it—Dick must be cleared.

As she drove slowly through the main street of the country town, her eye happened to fall on a tiny shop window, full of old watches hanging from their chains of clocks—a cuckoo clock, a porcelain clock, an old gilt clock borne up by cherubs. The owner was a French soldier who had drifted to this country after the war, in which he had been badly gassed. Once a week he came to wind and regulate the

Ommond clocks. Letty stopped the car. She had more than once brought a recalcitrant wrist watch to him. She knew he enjoyed hearing his native tongue.

"Bon jour, M. Victor," the ex-soldier replied. "Ah, dieu, quelle chaitresse!"

They had a few minutes of that conversation about the rigors of the American climate, so necessary with foreigners, and then Letty asked, "It's on Saturday, isn't it, that you wind our clocks?"

"Mais oui, mademoiselle, toujours le Samedi."

"You wound them last Saturday, didn't you? You'll be there yesterday? Yes? Well, M. Victor, you remember the little gilt clock in the study—was it wrong on Saturday? Was it fifteen minutes fast or slow?"

"Mais non, mademoiselle. That clock is never wrong; that clock is a French clock."

"You're sure it wasn't fifteen minutes out?"

"Jamais de la vie, mademoiselle. I have never known it to vary thirty seconds." Victor was very positive. He contrasted it unfavorably with the other clocks in the house. He was willing—eager even—to sign a statement to that effect.

She went on her way, feeling a certain satisfaction that she had cut the ground from under Mr. Semmes' feet in case he attempted to testify that he had changed the clock. Outside the police lodge, as she drove through, she saw Sergeant King, standing in goggles and gauntlets beside his motorcycle. She drew up beside him, and he withdrew the stout leg he had been about to throw across the saddle with a cavalier's style.

"Good morning, sergeant," she said. Banzerman was not the only person who

made a good voice work for him. "What do you hear about old Mr. Tuttle?"

"He's better, Miss Ommond—out of the hospital—all right. I guess his trouble was mostly fatigue. Lucky thing for young Slater—he'd have been in a bad way if Tuttle had died."

Lettie looked very sweetly at King. "What would you say, sergeant, if I told you that Mr. Slater had not been driving that car at all—that it was a different man entirely?"

"The sergeant smiled. "I'd say you'd got it wrong," he answered, "for I hear Slater is taking a plea."

"Taking a plea—pleading guilty. I met the D. A. a moment ago, and he said—"

"Sergeant King, he can't be doing that."

"It's much the best thing for him to do, Miss Ommond. He's in a jam. Only I'll let you into a secret. He isn't going to get off with a fine, as this fellow—what's his name?—thinks he is. Slater is going to get socked with a jail sentence, or I miss my guess."

"A jail sentence," Letty cried. "But that's dreadful. He didn't know, I know, because I was talking to him at the very moment the accident took place. I heard the clock strike six. I told them that. I told Mr. Banzerman that, and they said the clock had been wrong; but I just stopped and asked M. Victor, who sets our clocks, and he swears it wasn't wrong and never has been. He wound it that very day, at nine."

She had King's full attention now. He was no theorist; he was a man trained to action; facts impressed him. The clock's accuracy seemed to him to be a fact, though Letty's assertion that she had been talking to Slater at six did not—necessarily. He cast about in his mind for possible motives for prejudice on her part.

"Look here, Miss Ommond," he said, "excuse me asking you, but in this young man Slater anything to you?"

"I was—I am still, I suppose—engaged to be married to Mr. Semmes."

The man whose car—Oh, I remember him. We gave him a ticket for speeding—we all thought him one of the handsomest, pleasantest-spoken young fellows we ever saw."

"He's all of that, sergeant."

There was something strange in her King's next question.

"But see here," he said, "if Slater wasn't driving the car, who was? Do you know?"

"Yes, I know."

"You don't mean it was Semmes?" and as she nodded gravely, he added, "Gosh, the man you're going to marry. That's a terrible situation. They stared at each other a second or two, and then King asked, 'Where is Semmes?'"

"On water. He sailed for France this morning."

"Why did he sail?"

"He told me he was going because his mother was very ill in France. But she isn't. I telephoned her early this morning. She says she never felt better in her life. I suppose she's glad his splendid hands together. I get it," he said. "Last night they thought" (Continued on Page 28)

Put Yourself Into Prints and Let



Swagger coats are a becoming fashion that fortunately go on and on. Note the good points of this costume above. The dress, first, shown on the right without its coat. See how its stripes go in two directions to make breadth for shoulders, slimmest for hips. A V neck, too, which is more becoming than a high one for some people. But when you put the coat on, as shown on the left, the revers can be buttoned up, and their yellow-linen facing, matching the facing on the coat, becomes just a piping. Don't you want this ensemble?

She puts on a big brown hat with this circle-dotted printed dress. Dark prints are certainly a woman's best friend. The white-organza collar is lightening, but retains the smooth diagonal line—good for all figures, and large ones especially.

This gay coral print is young, and all set to go places. Don't the pleats in the skirt and in the deep collar seem to clamor for action? When in doubt what color shoes and hat your own particular print has an affinity for, try brown. Then black.

Them Be Gay as to Color

BY JULIA COBURN



Taffets—so new and crisp and springy, with stripes so gay, sleeves so perky, and ruffles so soft and fluttering. The girl who wears this dress won't get lost in any crowd—you'll see her as you see a crocus on the lawn. Don't you like the lower necks?

This polka-dot print was so distinctive that we had to show it with its jacket both on and off. Of course, that great white bow makes the costume, both ways. The dress is formal enough to wear anywhere in the daytime. With the tailored little jacket on, it becomes demure but dashing, for street wear. Polka dots are not new, but remember they remain among the smartest of summer prints. And white is always the very best trimming. And you can't do better than to have a bow perched right in front where it will show.

This printed Canton crepe in checked effect has a crisp white-piqué collar that buttons right on and off. Its sleeves are the very correctest type and length for summer sleeves on dresses that are not for sports. See what an addition the white hat is!



• The Surplus Generation •

IN SOME ways the fresh crop of young men and women, en route from school to the market place, strikingly recalls a previous generation. Both generations date from disaster—one from a war, the other from a depression. Each was brought up in a world that seemed settled and proved to be anything but. A lost generation and a surplus generation might easily be synonymous.

The former, with due publicity, took pains to live up—or, rather, down—to a classification in which it gloried. The new group not only does not like its name but makes valiant efforts to be useful instead of superfluous.

Three million young people who have left high school and college during the past three years might very well sit still and complain. At least half of them can't get jobs and can't continue with their studies. A survey of recent college alumni made by Col. H. Edmund Bullis, of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, puts the percentage of fortunate wage earners at about fifteen. The placement reports of the seven best-known Eastern women's colleges make the average something like twenty per cent. The national board of the Y. W. C. A. has collected occasional data on high-school graduates, which would show less than ten per cent at work.

Anyone who digs beneath the statistics, however, comes at length to wonder that, under adverse circumstances, so many should have gained a foothold. One can turn up instance after instance of hopeful endeavor, of miracles of adjustment, of feats of ingenuity that would have figured in the success stories of yesteryear, but which these young people perform as a matter of course.

There are the four young men from a university that used to replenish the supply of bond salesmen. They decided there were other things to be sold besides bonds—for instance, clothes such as they knew their college friends liked to wear. They set up a merchant-tailoring establishment, with themselves as outside men.

Another college graduate found so few customers for his bonds that he faced the necessity of giving up his hobby—dog breeding. He could not pay for the dogs' food. A grain of imagination permitted him to keep the dogs and himself too—he now sells specially prepared canine dinners to several hundred families within a radius of about thirty miles, and he makes money.

A group of perspicacious college men featured a twenty-four-hour diaper-laundrying service, with odd jobs and window washing as side lines. A girl, whose initiative got her a line to herself in the report of a women's college, conducted an outdoor recreational school for children during a summer. Her own idea—and it brought in two hundred dollars. Some normal-school graduates who could not get teaching jobs remembered that they had worked their way through school by helping in tea-room kitchens. So they started a restaurant.

After all, most people still live in houses, still eat, still wear clothes, they still like to amuse themselves and to gain new knowledge. The variety of services which can be based on these needs and desires is legion. Often an occasion, some interest that the boy or girl has kept up just for the fun of it, will provide the clue to profitable employment.

A couple of young men hired a large room in a big city, acquired some chains and a telephone, and christened their project a language exchange. They agree to supply a person who will converse in any language you wish to learn for the return privilege of hearing you speak in a language that he wishes to learn. Give them a little time and they will unearth the most remote dialect. The exchangers of conversation pay a fee, and the enterprise is thriving.

A young man who loathed the idea of further hopeless job hunting and spent his days in the library, reading biography, stumbled upon all sorts of curiosities of fact, which resulted in a book of brief biographical sketches.

Not everyone has the acumen to glimpse hidden opportunities, or the force and vitality to put an unusual idea into practice. But there was a young lawyer, who had no prospects beyond a ten-dollar-a-week clerkship in a law office, until he knew how to write nonsense verse, as he had done for his college paper. Now he earns enough to keep himself, and has also come into contact with a variety of people who throw a case his way once in a while, so that in the end he may have the basis for a law practice.

Sensible parents have thrown some ingenious life lines to their progeny. It isn't usually possible to follow the example of one father, who watched his unemployed son grow increasingly silent and morose. He reasoned that he would make financial sacrifices, if necessary, to

protect property that might be valuable in the future—why not for his son? So he offered to advance the boy's salary for a year to anyone who would hire him. It was not so easy as it sounds. Only friends, who would keep the secret, could be approached. They were cutting their staffs. They did not want to risk resentment at the appearance of a newcomer in circumstances that couldn't be explained. But this parent managed it at last, probably saving his boy's mind.

There is a movement to induce organizations, such as libraries, museums, community clubs, settlement houses, that have jobs but no funds, to absorb idle young people temporarily. Girls do quite a bit of unpaid social work, especially since this profession, like teaching, begins to supersede business as a vocational choice.

One doesn't hear many spectacular stories among the girls. Perhaps they adapt themselves more quickly and easily to new conditions and readjust their expectations more cheerfully. The entire graduating class of a Midwest school that trains college alumnae for special work with children, became nursery governesses, as they hadn't intended. Teachers on a list that doesn't move apply for jobs in the Philippines or in Russia, wherever there might seem to be a call for their services. Normal-school graduates in the Southwest hire out with the neighbors, cooking and cleaning. They don't lose caste, and they get room, board and even a little cash money.

A girl who majored in economics has spent a year cooking, waiting on table, running machines in factories; another, having specialized in psychology, minds babies, was a companion and is now a governess. Neither despairs, for they do not take the attitude that the years of specialized study have been wasted. More sanely, they regard their employment in the light of practical postgraduate courses in economics and in the minds of human beings, such as are very necessary and not obtainable in any school.

An unlikely road can sometimes lead to a desired end, as a few youngsters have discovered for themselves. For instance, knowing that stenography and typing without experience has almost no market value, a high-school girl went to work as a servant "just to be earning and to relieve my family of my keep"—offered to do typing for her employer at home and emerged from his kitchen into his office. Part-time work is a solution, when part-time work can be had. One free employment bureau has devised the intelligent scheme of taking on a few beginners as apprentices over a short period, so that it can assure employers of their capability.

Two letters from a recent high-school graduate give valid proof that the gods still help those that help themselves. His first letter was filled with desperate striving. He couldn't go on to college, he couldn't obtain adequate employment. But he could and did use his eyes and his mind. "It is time," he wrote, "that we tried to stand on our own feet. I am struggling against probably insurmountable obstacles. . . ." A later letter breathes relief and renewed buoyancy. He had a job now, "room, board, and forty a month—a big step up for me." He wouldn't have got it if he had not attempted, in the face of "probably insurmountable obstacles," to stand on his own feet and keep his own personality alive.

• Does Christian Living Pay? •

CONSCIOUSLY or unconsciously we put this question to ourselves many times a day. Choices arise for good or for evil. They may not in themselves seem like momentous decisions at the time. Indeed, they may not seem to matter at all. In the trend of these decisions determines what we become, and it is our ultimate character that answers this question.

Does Christian living pay? Perhaps not in a currency that is accepted in the markets of trade, although business is founded upon the principles of honor and integrity, and without these our whole business structure would crumble. However, it must be admitted that an individual can often be successful by sheer cleverness without any regard to principles. The best answer lies in the fact that the more we care for our final happiness is not based on success, but on respect—respect for oneself and respected by others. Many a man who has seemed to be a failure from the standpoint of the world, but who has the respect of his neighbors, has found much comfort in valuing the Christian way than some of his contemporaries who have sacrificed respect to gain some end.

The pity of it lies in the fact that often we do not discover this to be true until it is too late to change.

The Crooked Lane

yellow pencils. A scant square inch of red glass, its edges peated in black. A little stack of papers securely anchored under his thin gold watch, but not so securely that the breeze did not catch and flutter the straying edge of a telegram, revealing the corner of a gray envelope and a slip of creamy paper.

There was another object standing at the end of the row, quite invisible to anyone save the luckless occupant of the bed—and to him more reluctantly and hatefully real than all the other detestable exhibits put together: A bottle of curacao, half filled, the pale amber of the liquid cutting sharply across its label. . . . Karl Sheridan bestowed a scornful, unquenchable disapproval on the entire row, and concentrated on his breakfast.

They had been the last things that his tired eyes had rested on as he had finally called it a day and a night, turning his face with a grumpy weary determination to the wall, thoroughly fed up on the story that those small, stubborn objects were still trying to tell him. The sunlight on them then had been the youngest and shyest gliding, instead of this glowing opulence, but he cared for their cryptic confidences as little by one light as the other. . . . Well, when he got this tray off him, he'd show them the proper place for insinuating objects, and put them in it too.

"And Mr. Hardy, whose room I have been so fortunate as to temporarily inherit," he inquired casually. "Did he also fare so sumptuously? If so, Susan must have passed busy mornings indeed!"

Timothy's visioned black countenance instantly assumed the uncertain, illegible glitter of a very small, aged and intelligent monkey.

"Mr. Jerry, sah," Mr. Jerry did not care much for his breakfast, but he had to eat it. Timothy, with a goodly help, had eaten a breakfast. He was—he was rich poorly in his health."

"So I had heard. Rotten luck, poor fellow! He was by way of being a martyr, he was not. Timothy, I wish that he had left some scars behind to remind me of it! Artists are a distinct bobby of mine—but the ones that I know are not so shockingly tidy as Mr. Hardy seems to have been."

Timothy's eyes twinkled languidly over her bare, palely tinted walls, over the shining noncommittal spaces of the swept and garbaged room.

"Mistah Jerry is not 'what anybody in this world could call a martyr,' sah," replied Timothy, with emphasis.

"Mistah Mallory, he come up hisself yestiddy afternoon, after he got back from that trip to New York, 'an' clean up everything, with Sarah 'an' me to give him a hand with the moving 'an' the police 'an' successer." Timothy's right angles that everything should be spick 'an' span for 'so, he pile everything out in that there hall closet where Mistah Jerry keeps a lot of the B's doodads he fuses 'round' with. . . . Shall I come back for this tool tray, Mistah Sheridan, or do you like that I should wait for it?"

"JUST wait, will you? I have only this one small bit of Jell to finish, and I do not think it possible to move it until bringing this whole glorious structure down with a crash. . . . There! That is farewell to the best breakfast that I or any other lucky fellow ever ate. . . . Mr. Mallory has not yet left for the embassy?"

Timothy, halfway between door and bed, paused to shake a reassuring head. "No, sah. He have just finished his own breakfast when I brought you yowah tray, and he asked to tell you that he will sleep up 'an' see you round hisself, 'an'—behold he goes along to the embassy." He managed his exit through the door to the hall with the same delicate dexterity that he had employed on entering, and stood balancing delicately on his toes, one hand on the door knob, his head cocked appreciatively in the direction of the stairs, up where came floating the sound of a young, strong voice, thoroughly intoxicated by spring and its own airy ranting. "That radiant evening, my dear Susan, now, here—what I should call a mighty pretty singing voice, and he must surely do you. . . . Shall I close the door, sah?"

"On the contrary! He has what I, too, should call a mighty pretty singing voice. Leave it open, by all means, and a thousand thanks to you and Susan!"

He leaned back, hands linked loosely about his bunched knees, watching Timothy's minute figure vanish around the corner, his ears listening to the careless magic of the distant voice. The tune was changing, and for a moment he was standing again in the Stirrings' crowded, smoky room.

"When the feline's not engaged in his employment," he mused, "Dion Mallory with considerable abandon,

"On musing his felonious little plans,
His capacity for innocent enjoyment
Is just as great as any honest man's."

Sheridan, the feline deepening between his eyes, and the gray-green eyes themselves darkening to the curious black gray of rain-wet steel, reached absently for the cigarette case beside the bed.

"Our feelings we with dignity smother
When concubinary duty is to do."
Oh, take one consideration with another,
A policeman's lot is not a happy one!"

No, thought Mr. Sheridan grimly—his eyes, watchful through the curling gray wreaths, fixed on the nest row of objects before the microscope—not a happy one.

Still listening to the full-throated melody of the mournful plaint swell to a truly magnificent crescendo, the young man from Vienna ground out the tip of the half-finished cigarette with a victorious gesture, slipped, tip-tilted, from the indolent shelter of the stacked pillows and, girding the cords of the darkly brocaded dressing gown twice about the lean, hard waist with a vicious tug, crossed to the long table, wrenching the emerald drawer open, sweeping his prize exhibits into it with a redoubled dexterity that his alma mater in Vienna would have both admired and deplored, and slamming it to with a vigor that rocked him back on his heels. In the bathroom, just beyond, he turned the cold-water faucet on full tilt, plunging his head into the icy downpour, as though the crystal-green rush led blindness and deafness and oblivion in its healing torrent.

HE LIFTED his head, swept the hair back from his brow in two curt strokes of the brush that left it dark and sleek as a seal's flank, and stood cowering at the mirrored reflection. . . . What a mess! . . . The policeman had had his share of a thousand times—that young, suffering face, at once gay and stricken—Jerry Hardy's face, that Tess had said looked like a little boy's, punished for something that he had never done. . . . From the frame that stood on Mallory's admirable Chippendale desk downstairs, it had already seemed a brilliant welcome to them when they had crossed the threshold of the sitting room in the extremely small, dimly lit morning. . . . When the policeman had asked who he was, this blond and gallant boy, with the dimple barely flickering in the young curve of the cheek, and the Royal Flying Corps cap cocked recklessly on one side of his head, had said: "I am Jerry Hardy, lieutenant, named even dimly the blithe lieutenant in the haunted place that of late had shadowed it, day after night, night after night?"

It was, decidedly, a highly dubious and not particularly pleasant speculation.

There was a light clatter of feet on the stairs, and Sheridan, setting his teeth, retraced his steps swiftly and noiselessly across the bedroom floor. He had known for a long time that if you wanted someone to be entirely relaxed and at ease, the surest and simplest way to accomplish it was to be entirely relaxed and at ease yourself. He particularly wanted Dion Mallory to be at ease. There were several things that he needed to find out about him, and he could hardly fire questions like bullets if his quarry were on the wing.

When Jerry Hardy's friend crossed Jerry Hardy's threshold, the policeman from Vienna was solidly and serenely installed in the four-poster bed, a book open on his knees, and the smoke wreaths mounting lazily to the high ceiling.

"Taking it easy, you lazy young devil!" Mallory's voice was as warm and friendly as though the stranger from across the seas were a lifelong comrade. "How did Timothy do you at breakfast? Oh, Sheridan, I wish you were in my boots, and I were in your bed! I never in my whole blighted life felt less like knitting off red tape into alphabets for the blooming empire. Anything that I can do for you before you take anything of this party that we are to attend tonight, at what hour is it, and do we wear black or white tie?"

"Oh, many things," replied Sheridan promptly. "Am I to gather that you are poised for instant flight?"

"Well, as one honest fellow to another, not if you can give me one even fairly good excuse for not being in tonight, at the embassy, and if I check in anywhere around ten it will be quite all right. May I borrow one of those cigarette trays? What's on your mind?"

"Suppose you tell me something of this party that we are to attend tonight. At what hour is it, and do we wear black or white tie?"

"Oh, I rather fancy that it's dinner jackets with carnations on the breast, and that it's scores of red and white roses with the people dropping in somewhere around nine. You know the kind of thing—bullet aspirin on the terrace, quantities of very faint champagne, a swimming pool lit with blue moonlight, truckloads of silver-backed waiters, fellows to dance to if you feel like dancing, and a little fellow

BY FRANCES NOYES HART

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY SPRETER

V

IF KARL SHERIDAN had thought the night too long even before the Stirrings' party was half over, by the time that Timothy's low, obsequious knock sounded on the door the following morning he knew all too well just exactly how eternity might taste on a reluctant tongue. It tasted bitter. He lay flat on his back for a moment, watching the brown strip the crisp folds of the organdie curtains, and the pale gold of the sunlight deepening, deepening until it warmed and brightened every inch of the dark, satiny glaze of the fine old furniture. He had been watching for a long time.

The knock sounded again, a little more insistently, and he pulled himself up against the pillows, calling in a voice that he hoped did not sound as irritated and embittered as he felt. "Very well, very well, come in them!"

Timothy was very small, and very black, and very, very old. He came in as cautiously and delicately as Agap waiting before Samuel, and placed the tray with its glittering gold and silver across Sheridan's knees with the same exquisite caution.

"Good morning, sah. Mr. Mallory's orders was to bring the breakfast to you at nine o'clock. Ah hope that you found your night comfortable in every way?"

"Thanks, Timothy," replied the young man in the large four-poster bed noncommittally. "Mr. Mallory told me last night what excellent care you and Susan take of him; and if this breakfast is a sample of it, he has clearly understood the case!"

He surveyed the frosty glaze of orange juice and the crisp brown balloons of the rolls with undisguised approval, as Timothy whisked the cover off the miniature silver clafoutis dish with all the pride of a master prestidigitator, and a truly inefable odor, bland and intoxicating, flooded the room.

"Timothy, what in the name of all the good little gods of the kitchen is this ambrosial concoction?"

"That, sah," elucidated Timothy, beaming like a small obese Ceshire cat as he poured a stream of dark amber from the slender Georgian coffee-pot and laced it generously with cream, so proudly dotted that he was obliged to spoon it from the round little jug, "that, sah, is kidney steat, treated like we treats terrapin in this vicinity. Susan is right, suitably proud of that stew, sah."

"It would be sinful if he were not proud of it," said Mr. Sheridan judiciously. Propped against the glazed white of the linen pillows, his dark young face looked once more gay and relaxed. "Does Mr. Mallory feast in this royal steat every morning?"

TIMOTHY'S cat winkers quivered with delight at this obviously sincere tribute. "He does pretty fairly well at breakfast, yes, sah. . . . Shall I open those curtains a little bit further, sah? It's a right pretty morning out."

The sun, thus encouraged, poured itself even more recklessly into the pleasant, spacious room, lavishing its golden generosity on everything from the chintz that looked like a garden in full bloom to the black lacquer and glittering chromium accessories of Mr. Sheridan's cherished microscope, now as comfortably installed on the long table opposite them as though it had been an integral part of the original scheme of decoration. It lingered, too, on the row of small objects marshaled before it, formal as museum exhibits: A three-inch cylinder of tooled brown leather. Three

with a little milling-around piano who sings songs by Cole Porter and Noel Coward as though he were having an intrigue with the piano. All very romantic and festive and informal—gray caviar and pink chiffon and home at six in the morning if you're lucky."

"It sounds a truly admirable party. Do the Lindsays always do you so well?"

"As well or better. When it comes to parties, no one in these parts even touches them, and it's a poor week that they don't find a good excuse for giving one. This week it's Jerry's kid sister—she's by way of being a first-rate actress, and she's opening here in a tryout of Lonsdale's new comedy tonight, and dashing out to Green Gardens as soon as it's over. Joan Lindsay and she went to Foxcroft together."

"Ah, yes—Jerry Hardy," murmured the young man from Vienna, his eyes on the curling gray wreaths. "Tess told me yesterday that he was in a really bad state, poor fellow. I was more sorry than I can say. It is a form of shell shock, as well as the actual war injuries?"

"That, and a few other trifles," remarked Dion, his charming Celtic face, with the color high on the cheek bones and the deep blue eyes that flickered so unexpectedly from mirth to melancholy, suddenly grim. "He's been taking drugs these three years past, and they've finally got him down and out, too, if you're asking me. I'm not the one that's blaming him, mind you! If I'd had half the pains that were ripping him in two, every hour that he breathed, I'd be putting hashish in my tea in the morning and opium in my coffee at night. And I'll take my oath to heaven that he's half killed himself trying to break off the grip of the rotten stuff—like as not he's killed himself entirely."

Mallory's voice was so somber and bitter that Sheridan did not have to look to ascertain that the face was dark and bitter too. He was rather glad that he did not have to look. "And it is at Doctor Byrd's sanitarium at Stillhaven that he is trying to fight it out?" he asked in a carefully expressionless voice.

"Ah, Byrd!" The cold violence of the tone caused Sheridan to abandon his inspection of smoke wreaths abruptly. "There's one that the devil will make short shrift of one of these fine nights! I'm making you a wager now that he and that cursed assistant of his would feed those poor souls poppies sooner than fast them. A sanitarium, is it? Well, then, I've seen joss houses that were decent hospitals."

"You mean that he actually peddles drugs to the poor devils under the cloak of curing them?"

"Oh, well, I wouldn't be putting it just that way in the public prints," remarked Mr. Mallory with a brief glint of a smile. "Not so long as about the only law left that's fashionable is the one on libel. I've not got a feather of proof on him, mind you. When it begins to look too dangerous, he makes a dash for the scopolamine bottle."

"Scopolamine?"

"Hyoscine hydrobromide, if you like it better. They're identical, aren't they?"

"Quite. . . . And in the case of your friend Hardy, do you think that Byrd had reacted the hyoscine stage?"

"I think so, but I'm not taking any oath on it. There were two things that Jerry didn't give me more than six words on a year, and one was drugs, and the other was Fay Stuart. But he surely had some of that hyoscine stuff about here for a while. I ran across two bottles of it out there in

the closet where he keeps all those poisonous chemicals that he works with when he's experimenting on his new processes in etching, while I was getting some things together to send after him to Jack Byrd's."

"They are still there?"

Mallory narrowed blue eyes in intense concentration. "No, I'd be hanged if they are! I was in there only yesterday piling up a lot of things that I didn't want to have in your way, and I'm positive that they weren't on that shelf. I have rather an extraordinary visual memory, and I can see the little empty space that they left between a bottle of silver nitrate and a tin can of cyanide that he kept there. He probably took them along with him when he left."

"How long ago was that?"

"A week or so—no, ten days. I wasn't here—down at Hot Springs on a house party—or he'd never have got off, let me tell you!"

"Quite candidly, that memory of yours intrigues me!" murmured Sheridan pensively, grinding out the tip of his cigarette in the carved crystal ash tray, placed solicitously in reach of his hand. "Something, now, surely made you identify scopolamine with hyoscine—and surely that is not in your line? To the average layman, that identification would be black magic and Arabic."

"Still and all, it's as simple as Christopher and his egg," Dion Mallory assured him. "I had a sister that decided that the thing they called twilight sleep was the first good idea that anyone had had about producing a baby since Eve had Cain. She raced off to Germany to try it out; and while Sheila was blue in the face for the first week or so, she's as pretty a creature today as you'd . . . (Continued on Page 118)



VICKI STARED AT HIM BLANKLY. "OH, IT'S MR. SHERIDAN—TESS'S BOY FRIEND!"

BY GLADYS RHODE

A ROOM OF HIS OWN

Here is the new nursery. Romantic parents will look in vain for cute curtains, frolicking ducks and dainty ruffles. Neither will they find any pink giraffes or lop-eared elephants. This is a work-play-sleep room, designed to please owners first, visitors incidentally. And in this room parents are merely visitors. However, busy mothers will appreciate this new-type nursery. It is so easy to keep clean and tidy. And thoughtful parents will soon recognize the wisdom that guided the choice of its furnishings. Best of all, the little fellow who owns it will find it really a room of his own. And this holds true for girls, as well as boys.

First a smooth floor covering was chosen—easy to keep sanitary and clean and deaden sound. Cork, rubber tile, linoleum, rubber, all serve well in such places.

As a wainscoting around the wall, linoleum three feet high was placed. Such fabric cannot easily be soiled, even when tricycles and trains bump it persistently. And it, too, can easily be cleaned.

In some nurseries, linoleum wall covering extends right up to the ceiling. It comes in so many lovely textures, colors and designs that delightful effects may be achieved with it. Or the wall above wainscoting might may be covered with wall paper or painted. Plain colors are usually better than designs, because a child's interests are so changing. A Scottie, duck or little pig which fascinates him today will prove boring tomorrow, because his adventurous little mind has been captured by other wonders.

For the same reason a portion of the wall can be finished with wall board, plain or covered with linen. Here cut-out pictures, crayon drawings, leaves gathered on a walk, party favors and other priceless treasures of the moment can easily be hung and replaced as the interest changes. Paper for drawing or painting can also be temporarily hung there.

Such a place, where a child can hang his own things without fear of being punished for marking the wall, is sure to be an entrancing spot to him.

This furniture was chosen because it takes into consideration a number of important factors. There is, first, the need for furnishings which will grow with the child. A group such as this one makes it possible to have a unity of design from infancy until ten or twelve years. For the book and toy chests and the chests of drawers are made in progressive sizes. The chests are made in three heights and two widths, so that they can be grouped to give a built-in effect and can be fitted into any wall space.

The wood is natural white maple, just the color of winter sunshine. This is a heavy wood and therefore the pieces cannot be tipped over. There are no sharp corners to hurt the child, no applied ornaments to catch dust or cause accidental injury, and the table tops and chair seats are covered with a material not easily marred by wear or spilled food. The table has sturdy, round-surfaced legs placed at the corners, so that the top has no overhanging whatever and it cannot tip when a child leans across it or stands on it.

Like all good nursery furniture, the chests are small enough for a child to open. There is space on the top of the chests for an aquarium, a miniature greenhouse, a cage for white mice or a bowl of turtles, or other treasures that children love to collect. The drawers are of a size he can open with, and he can put his clothes away and keep them neat without discouraging difficulties.

Since statistics have brought out the startling fact that one out of every five children has defective vision by school age, and since facts indicate that over one-half of this defect is due to eyestrain, it seems apparent that more

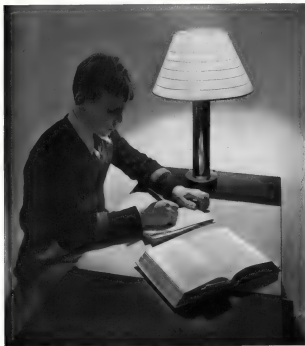
care should be taken in instructing children in the use of their eyes.

Bright sources of light, harsh contrasts in lighting, bringing the eyes closer to work because of insufficient lighting—these are contributing factors to eye deflection. The eyes of children up to their sixth year are particularly susceptible; therefore the lighting of the nursery should be carefully planned.

Local lamps with generous wattage within three feet of the eye work, and diffused lighting through the room from either an indirect center fixture or indirect portables, are necessary. No lamp should be placed so that the child can see the bare lamp, and the child should never work with a single local lamp without a general light throughout the room.

The photograph at the top of the next page shows the child at his play table. Since he is not doing close eye work, no local light at the table is necessary, especially since a high and scientifically correct level of light is maintained throughout the room by two indirect reflectors placed in opposite corners; one is shown in the picture above the chest. It is equipped with a 250-watt indirect-light lamp. The nursery lamp (with a 75-watt bulb) is provided for its decorative value and also for added light should it be needed for reading.

As a child grows older and begins to study at home (see picture below), light at a desk should always be provided at the left—that is, of course, if the child is right-handed. Left-hand lighting prevents shadows of the hand being cast where one is writing and thereby cutting off the light from where it is needed and wanted. This lamp was chosen for its height, which causes the circle of light to extend beyond the part of the desk where writing generally is done.







HELEN POWERS

LITTLE CAKES

WHEN ten sold for fifty dollars a pound in London it was supposed to cure everything from bad teeth to earache, but no one suspected it could cause wars, start yacht races and raise money for clubs and churches. But whereas science has yet to verify its efficacy as a remedy for bad teeth or earache, history is quite positive about the Boston Tea Party, Sir Thomas Lipton's racing yachts and the schools and little theatres that have been supported by ladies' aid teas. Ten has not only inspired political upheavals, but it has parted many a hoosier friend over

AND TEA

PHYLLIS CARR
THE HOSTESS

the simple question of how it should be brewed. For if you've been thinking that there's nothing so simpler as the making of a cup of tea, just mention the subject in the presence of an English dowerer and an American college woman. Or before a Scotch matron and a Welsh spinster. The arguments probably began back in the days when England first had tea and it was fashionable to make it in large quantities and keep it in a barrel to be drawn off like beer!

Today some like it hot and some like it cold . . . some like it stewed on the back of the stove and some like it poured off the leaves after no more than a passing acquaintance. There is a faction that makes a great point of putting the tea in the water and another that insists that the water should go on the tea, to say nothing of the momentous question of whether the water should be poured on the leaves or under them. There are those who wait breathless for the split second when the water begins to boil and those who hold a stop watch to pour the tea off the leaves at just the proper instant. Whether an earthenware pot, a glass pot or a metal pot is best is another point that will bring forth loyal contenders, to say nothing of the matter of the strainer versus the tea bag, or the little business of the glass or the cup, the samovar or the urn. Oh, it's a delicate problem indeed.

But, although tea makes in various parts of the globe may differ on the exact details of the process, here is a method that is widely accepted as the best:

Use a teapot of earthenware, china or glass; heat it by scalding with boiling water, then put in the tea—one to three teaspoonsful of tea to every two cupfuls (measuring cupfuls) of water. Over this pour the water, freshly drawn, boiled as quickly as possible, and boiling vigorously. Cover, and let it steep in a warm place for from three to five minutes. Then strain it into the pot in which it is to be served, and serve at once.

The true connoisseur is as particular about the blend as the brewing, and an ambitious hostess can make her reputation on the rare and delicious varieties of teas she serves, to say nothing of the adventurous fun of pioneering among unusual, curious blends and learning their particular exquisite lure and lore, or the refreshment that each special blend brings. There is just the tea to follow a day of shopping and just the tea for that minute when you have just turned off the washer and need to catch your breath before starting preparations for dinner. And most especially is there just the tea for that dusky hour in the day when a friend or two join you for a leisurely detached interlude in a busy program.

Green tea or black—that is the first question. Most Americans prefer black because it makes a heavier cup of tea—we are used to that lovely amber shade in the cup! The difference between green tea and black is in the process of preparing the leaves after they have been picked from the bush. In making the black tea, the leaves have been rolled and crushed and allowed to ferment as they are cured; the green has been prevented from fermenting by the application of dry heat. Between these there is a semi-fermented tea called Oolong. India and Ceylon teas are practically always black; Chinese and Japanese teas are either green or black.

The Chinese have different-colored china for different blends of tea. That gorgeous amber

color of many black teas is most beautiful in an all-white-lined cup or in a white-lined cup with a small sprig or medallion decoration. Very dark teas are dramatic in amber-colored or even dark brown cups, while pale teas are exquisite in turquoise-blue-lined cups or in cups lined with rose-quartz tints. As for the pots we pour tea from, the color here isn't so important, since the pot is covered; and so, no matter how charming and graceful a china pot can be, there's nothing half so worthy of good tea as a gleaming silver service. That is an aristocratic heirloom in any home, a symbol, as the old hunch once was, of communion and tranquility and a certain cherished unity. When there isn't a budget to afford a complete service all at once, it is a gracious custom to add a piece on each anniversary.

In selecting a special blend of tea, it is smart to be curious! Ask questions when you buy, and the first thing you know you'll be a connoisseur yourself—for by questions you can tell an expert. Orange Pekoe is what you get usually when you just order tea. It is a black tea from Ceylon, Java, Sumatra or India—in the commercial use of the term. Actually, "Orange Pekoe" means the young leaves from the top of the bush, but nobody thinks of it as anything but a blend. The term "Orange Pekoe" simply designates a black tea of a certain-size leaf. So does the term "Pekoe." So "Orange Pekoe and Pekoe" means a combination of two sizes of leaves. Some consumers in the West have gained the impression that "Orange Pekoe" indicates a certain kind of tea. As a matter of fact, there are just as many kinds of Orange Pekoe tea as there are of black teas, ranging from the very poor to the finest.

Oolong is from the romantic island of Formosa, a large-leaf tea that draws slowly and sips exquisitely and has a very fragrant bouquet. Ceylon tea is black, strong, yet delicately flavored and a favorite of sophisticated tastes.

These teas we Americans buy widely—but what interesting experiences we are missing by not becoming acquainted with a greater variety of teas. If we can't go traveling, we can go teasing and enjoy refreshment from the remotest, strangest places.

One of the finest and most expensive teas in the world is Darjeeling, a flower-bud tea of exquisite bouquet. It is a black India tea, grown 5000 to 7000 feet up on the slopes of the Himalaya Mountains. Try that on your highest-hat friends and relations! Another rare, fine tea is Gyokuro, the Japanese ceremonial tea, the special tea that is served so formally in the charming little tea houses in the gardens of handsome Japanese homes. You go by a winding path to the tea house, wash your mouth before entering, then crawl through a door only about three feet high. Inside, every detail of the service follows an old, old rite. Gyokuro is rare even in Japan, where only the very rich ever see it, and very little of it comes to America. Still another recently introduced and fine tea is Lapsang Souchong, a China tea with an alluring smoky flavor that is quite unlike any other tea taste. These teas are very ripe to serve—and yet they can be managed on a budget so easily, because the most expensive teas are less than four dollars a pound, and a pound makes between three hundred and four hundred and fifty cups.

Among the less-presumptuous teas are teas from Madras, India, straight black teas with a heavy taste. They draw rapidly and appeal to those who like their steaks rare and their tea strong. There is a blend made of Madras India tea and Ceylon tea which goes well with night study or parlor politics. Then there is Basket Fired Japan, a green tea that is mild and delicious and becoming for a lovely lady to pour from a flowered pot. Young Hyson is a China green tea that has an individual mild flavor and grows with acquaintance. Pan Fired Japan is a greener tea than Basket Fired Japan, but it has the same daintiness with an almost, almost, delicate buoyancy. Gunpowder is a green China tea with a small curled leaf—a gentle, poised blend as enigmatic as the Chinese themselves. There are Russian style teas that some people like very much. Jasmine tea is a fragrant tea, but to a connoisseur it is like a sweet wine—just a little too nice. It should be used with Oolong; then it is most pleasing.

Which teas should be served when? Well, English Breakfast and Orange Pekoe are good breakfast teas. For luncheon, a gourmet would suggest Lapsang Souchong, Jasmine or Ceylon. For tea in the afternoon, Basket Fired Japan, Pan Fired Japan, Young Hyson, Gunpowder, Formosa, Oolong and Russian make gracious reports. For dinner, Darjeeling, Orange Pekoe, Lapsang Souchong, Russian and Mixed blends: Oolong, Mixed, Ceylon, Orange Pekoe. The most popular blends in this country are blends of Ceylon and India teas of the Orange Pekoe and Pekoe leaf grades. The Pekoe grade adds body.

But for all this and all that, we will find our own blends if we test the various flavors and learn to recognize them, and then we will know the real art of tea drinking. A Chinese mystic once wrote, "The first cup of tea moistens my lips and throat. The second shatters my loneliness. The third causes the wrong life to fade gently from my recollection. The fourth purifies my soul. The fifth lifts me into the realms of unwinning gods."

Whether tea is an excuse for sandwiches and little cakes or the cakes and cookies are an excuse for tea is always a question. But they are congenial partners for afternoon refreshments.

Illustrated on the opposite page is an assortment of little cakes and cookies for serving with tea. Tiny cakes may be frosted and decorated with candy shot, bits of candied cherry or angelica. Cookies may be given fancy shapes and decorated prettily. The little frogs of short-cake or of sponge cake and top it with butter cream to make the head. Frost the whole with green frosting, then with a wet knife cut the mouth; for each eye use a drop of chocolate.

Our new booklet, LITTLE CAKES AND COOKIES, No. A-1174, provides a wide variety of recipes for cakes and cookies that are excellent for serving at your tea or for any occasion where there are in demand. Then too, for your tea, you will want to serve sandwiches. For ALL OCCASIONS, No. A-1152, for the suggestions you are seeking for sandwiches. Send three cents for each booklet to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

APPETITE SHARPENERS



PHOTOGRAPH BY W. H. ADAMS & SONS, INC.

BY JEAN SIMPSON

THE JOURNAL KITCHEN GIVES DIRECTIONS FOR PREPARING FOUNDATION SAUCES AND TELLS HOW THESE MAY BE VARIED TO GIVE A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF TASTY MIXTURES

A GLANCE at a long list of sauces is discouraging, to say the least. If we are thinking of starting from scratch to build a repertoire of sauces. But the saving grace about this proposition is that a large number of the most popular sauces are nothing more nor less than simple variations of two or three basic recipes which can be easily learned. White Sauces (thin, medium and thick), Drawn Butter Sauce and Brown Sauce are the three very commonly used basic sauces from which many variations are made.

The important tricks in preparing these or any other sauces are to have them the exact consistency desired, very smooth, and seasoned just to taste. Certain precautions, none of which are at all difficult, will insure success.

Don't ever add flour directly to hot liquid in making sauces. If you do, there will be lumps to contend with. Rather, blend the flour thoroughly with the fat and then add the liquid slowly, stirring the mixture constantly, keeping it smooth, as you go along. Take the saucepan away from the burner while the liquid is being added, as a further aid to smoothness. Liquid may be hot or cold, if it is added in this way. The advantage of having it hot is that it takes the sauce considerably less time to thicken. To cook it evenly and

hence to keep it smooth, stir it constantly as it cooks, particularly around the bottom and corners of the pan, where it tends to cook quickly. The new double boilers with somewhat rounded bases, free from corners where thickened masses of sauce may collect, are splendid for this purpose. If it should be necessary to thicken further an already-prepared sauce, blend the additional flour with a little cold liquid, making a smooth paste, add this slowly to the sauce, with the pan away from the burner, then return to the heat and cook it until thickened, as usual.

If the sauce must stand for a while after it is prepared, cover it tightly to avoid the formation of a crust on the surface. Turn the heat off (or at least very low) and re-heat it just before serving. Some sauces, though, particularly those with eggs in them, will deteriorate on standing, so should be served immediately.

Many of the sauces may be stored for several days in the refrigerator, and used as they are needed. And it is a decided convenience to have some white sauce on hand, to be used for whatever occasion may arise. But it is very important that they be covered tightly and be heated vigorously before reheating. Wide-mouthed canning jars make good containers for them, since the sauces may be removed

from them. For the sauces become thicker on standing in the refrigerator than at room temperatures and, in all probability, will be too thick to pour.

If egg (the whole egg or yolk) is to be added to sauce, it is best to put the slightly beaten egg into a bowl and add a little of the hot sauce to it (beating the egg gradually), then pour this portion of the sauce back into the saucepan and heat it for only a minute. Never add the egg until the last minute, for it will easily overcook and curdle.

The following are standard recipes for these basic sauces, with variations of them that are often prepared.

WHITE SAUCE

1 Cupful of Milk	2 Tablespoonfuls of Flour
$\frac{1}{2}$ Tablespoonful of Butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of Salt
Pepper to Taste	

1. Melt the butter and then add the flour to it, mixing until very well blended. Add the seasonings.

2. Remove the pan from the burner and add the liquid slowly, stirring constantly to keep the mixture very smooth.

3. Cook rather slowly until the sauce is thickened, stirring constantly to keep it smooth.

N. B. If a sauce can be given constant attention, it may be cooked slowly over direct heat, but if it should be cooked in the top of a double boiler. There is no need to add salt unless it is cooked in a double boiler to prevent curdling.

The above recipe gives a sauce of medium thickness, suitable for most purposes, such as the basis for scalloped dishes and for a wide variety of sauces of the consistency that can be served on toast or as the accompaniment to vegetables, croquettes, meats or fish dishes.

To make a vegetable sauce, use $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of milk and $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of vegetable stock in place of 1 cupful of milk, and finish the sauce as usual. If desired, small pieces of the cooked vegetable may be added— $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of chopped celery in making celery sauce, for instance.

To make cream soups, a thinner sauce is required. Instead of 2 tablespoonfuls of flour to every cupful of liquid, use only 1 tablespoonful. As in making vegetable sauces, half milk and half vegetable stock is a good proportion to use. And vegetable pulp or cooked vegetables cut into small pieces are usually added.

Thicker sauces than these (often with 3 tablespoonfuls of flour to 1 cupful of liquid) are used in making croquettes and soufflés. But for such recipes, follow the proportions given in an individual recipe.

VARIATIONS OF WHITE SAUCE

CHEESE SAUCE. To 1 cupful of hot, prepared white sauce add about $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of grated American cheese. Stir the sauce over hot water until the cheese is just melted and serve immediately. This sauce may be used for serving on various preparations, or it may be used as the foundation for some creamed dishes, like macaroni and cheese.

MUSHROOM SAUCE. Sauté in the butter about $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of sliced canned mushrooms which have been drained, then finish the sauce. (Continued on Page 47)

EAT SOUP
AND KEEP WELL



The signal I
Like best to see
Is Campbell's smiling
Up at me!



21 kinds to choose from . . .

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Ox Tail
Bean	Corned Beef	Pea
Beef	Chicken	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Mock Turtle	Primrose
Celery	Mulligatawny	Tomato
Chicken	Mushroom (Cream of)	Vegetable
Chicken-Gumbo	Mungo	Vegetable-Beef
	Noodle with Chicken	

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

The soup that makes the perfect luncheon!

The midday meal — modern style — is temptingly delicious, sustaining without heaviness, invigorating, readily digested — *and* easily prepared and served. Which explains the tremendous popularity of Campbell's Vegetable Soup — "a meal in itself" — a luncheon that is daily enjoyed in millions of homes throughout the United States.

Simplify lunch and be the gainer in every way. Serve Campbell's Vegetable Soup and you spend less time in the kitchen. You have a luncheon of fifteen fine garden vegetables cooked in rich beef broth. And you reduce expense. Just the hearty, substantial kind of soup that your husband likes at dinner, too.

There's one sure way of always getting the quality you want — get Campbell's!

Campbell's Vegetable Soup





DRAMATIZE YOUR SPECIALTY



Illustration by W. A. POPEL, STAMPA, INC.

BY CAROLINE B. KING

STUDYING menus is a delightful pastime, and especially fascinating to me is the imposing *carte* bearing the words *Spécialité de la Maison* which one frequently finds in the more exclusive hotels and restaurants. Usually, however, when analyzed, the specialties, aside from their impressive names and the artistic way in which they are presented, are just ordinary good dishes that one might very easily, and often does, serve at home.

So decide for yourself what your specialty will be. Choose the dish you already prepare best of all your repertoire, perfect the recipe until it is beyond criticism and serve it in a setting which will display it to the best advantage. And so make for yourself a reputation as a hostess with a flair for nice cookery.

There are such hosts of specialties that may be dramatized. One of my friends makes a very wonderful soufflé; another is famous for a certain dessert; still another has a very unusual and interesting way of preparing oysters. Dumas *fil*, you may remember, had a cabbage soup which required all day in the making; and there was *Carême's* "mother sauce"; and Cardinal Richelieu stirring the mayonnaise for his lobster—and so it goes.

And why not? No need to make an exceptional mouse-trap to cause the world to beat a path to one's door; a pie is a far more powerful lure, and if your pie is unusually good, why not make it just a little better, dress it up, present it dramatically, and let it say for you what you modestly hesitate to say for yourself? We might even select

certain treasured dishes and accessories to be used only when our own *Spécialité de la Maison* is to be served.

In my own way I do that very thing. A precious set of Mexican plates is used only when I am serving *arroz con pollo*, or chicken and rice. A prized silver dish is relegated almost entirely to a very special fruit salad with its dressing, and the very wonderful sizzling steak platter—but of that later.

STRAWBERRY SURPRISE, one of my very special specialties, is really a simple dessert; but when I serve it in a very special, little dish like the one illustrated above, it makes a charming finale to a spring luncheon or dinner. First I make either sponge cake or plain cake batter, and bake it in rather deep muffin pans. When the cakes are cold I cut a slice from the top of each and scoop them out so that only a hollow shell remains. Of course the scooped-out part is put carefully away for a second dessert the next day. Over each cup cake, on its serving dish, I place a generous spoonful of lemon-custard ice cream; or failing that, I substitute vanilla or strawberry ice cream. Around the cake—or over the ice cream sometimes—I place strawberries quartered

and sugared some time before. Then the whole is topped with whipped cream sweetened and slightly flavored with vanilla or a very little orange or lemon juice, and garnished with perfect whole berries.

ENGLISH LAMB CHOPS WITH ORANGE MINT SAUCE on a sizzling platter are very dramatic. The chops, which are from the rib, I select in the piece and have the butcher bone the section, then cut the roll into pieces an inch to an inch and a half thick. Each roll is secured by binding water-chain strips of bacon around it, then it is tied and fastened with small skewers. When preparing the chops I season them nicely and either pan broil them or cook them in the broiling oven in the usual way, meantime heating the sizzling platter in the oven until very hot; then the chops are brushed all over with butter and arranged on the platter. On each chop a large cube of mint jelly sprinkled with grated orange peel is placed, and the sizzling platter is sent to the table, where it sizzles for a long time, keeping the appetizing chops piping hot as they should be.

A wide variety of specialties is offered in our booklets No. A-1129, **TABLE-MADE DESIGNS**, and No. A-1085, **HOT DESIGNS TO DELIGHT GUESTS**. These provide a wealth of delicious recipes from which to choose those that might be dramatized as your own. Write to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for these booklets. They are three cents each.

"Old clothes .. but they look new!"

laughs this happy mother

"When I bought this summer set," Mrs. Oechle writes, "I was skeptical about how it would launder. But it comes out as GOOD AS NEW every time."

"Chipso has kept the color of Bob's suit like new," says Mrs. Oechle, "although he has worn it TWO SUMMERS."

"Chipso saves their fabric," Mrs. Oechle finds. "Jean has worn this embroidered frock two seasons. With Chipso we DON'T HAVE TO RUB it to pieces in order to get the dirt out."

Jack's blouse and shorts are a year old. Good Chipso made wash the blouse snowy and take grime in the dirt out of the trousers WITHOUT FADING the color.

BOB, JEAN AND JACK, TO THE LIFE, WITH THEIR MOTHER, MRS. J. OECHELE, UNFROUCHED COLOR PHOTOGRAPH

"Our clothes wear a long time," says Mrs. S. J. Oechle of Philadelphia, Pa., "because they are always soaked clean in safe Chipso suds."

No hard rubbing in a Chipso washday to wear clothes thin and shapeless! And nothing harmful in Chipso to make colors run or fade!

"I marvel at Chipso," Mrs. Oechle says. "No wash is too dirty for Chipso to soak it clean, yet

Chipso is *safe*, even for silks. Everything goes into Chipso suds in our house—from the children's playthings and the towels, to woolen sweaters, silk lingerie and my very nicest lace tablecloths."

Chipso is not adulterated with the harsh substances contained in inferior soaps which gradually weaken fabrics and dull their colors. Chipso is SOAPIER. It loosens dirt harmlessly with its

RICHER SUDS. That is why Mrs. Oechle's Chipso-washed clothes stay new-looking for years.

Don't endanger clothes you have spent good money for by washing them in cheap flakes or strong granulated soaps and powders. Get Chipso from your grocer. Chipso—that big box at its low price!—is the best value in rich, *SAFE* soap on the market today.

Chipso *makes clothes wear longer*

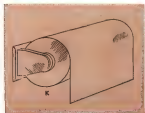
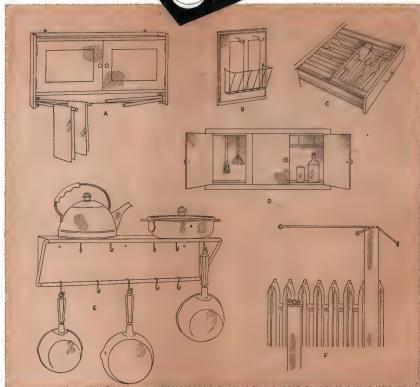
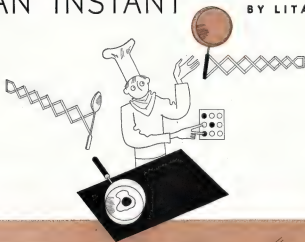
Here, Mrs. Oechle's maid, finds Chipso suds as quick for dishwashing as they are for lifting dirt out of suits of towels and children's clothes in her weekly wash. Easy on her hands, too!



These natural color photographs were made at the Oechle's summer home, Stone Harbor, N. J. Here you see the children at one of the activities which put plenty of clothes in the Chipso wash.

AT YOUR SERVICE IN AN INSTANT

BY LITA BANE



Having the tool you want right at hand cuts down the day's fatigue total, and fortunately there are many ways to do it.

Many of the new stores have storage drawers for cooking utensils, and it pays to visit household-furnishings departments to see their stock of shelves and cabinets. A cabinet near the stove takes care of some of the larger pieces of equipment, and a shelf above it can be used for the small things.

Strips of metal or wood with hooks attached are available for the people who like their tools exposed. There are combinations of hooks with a shiftable rack for lids, a shelf with hooks attached (E), and

separate holders for lids that can be attached to the wall or to the inside of a cupboard door (B).

Several inexpensive types of racks for knives and spatulas (G) are to be had, or they can be made at home. There are also racks included in a small cabinet.

Fur soaps, scouring powders and brushes there are neat little cabinets of metal or wood (D), and grilles with a tipping bin (I) that fit in front of the sink. Some cabinets have towel racks beneath that fold back when not in use (A), and there is a three-armed rack (F) that attaches to a radiator and folds away inconspicuously. To keep towels out of sight, there is a drawerlike

device with a ventilated cupboard under, neatly (J). When you pull out the "drawer" you find towel rods, and the cabinet is the drying room. There is the ever-useful roll of paper towels on its neat roller (K).

For the preparation center there are cabinets with adjustable shelves, and some with shelves that pull out. A shallow drawer is often used for some tools, and drawer "dividers" (C) that help to keep them in place can be made or bought to fit several sizes of drawers.

Cabinets for brooms and cleaning supplies come in many sizes. Where space is limited there are large and small cabinets to attach to the inside of doors (H).



Stale Coffee is a *disappointment* at breakfast and an all-day source of *nervous irritation*

DON'T be too quick to blame your husband if he seems unjustifiably bad tempered. You may be unwittingly causing his "nerves" by serving him stale coffee.

When coffee grows stale, it develops rancid oil, and is flat and insipid tasting, and irritating to the whole nervous system. Day by day, it robs you of poise and vitality.

It is a widespread danger. In an investigation which covered 16 principal cities in

America, 56 brands of packaged coffees purchased were found to be stale.

One Sure Protection—*DATING*

There is *one* way to know that coffee has not grown dangerously stale. Look for the Date on the can!

Every pound of Chase & Sanborn's is *Dated*. We watch this date carefully and make deliveries so frequently that no can remains

on your grocer's shelf more than 10 days.

It doesn't have a chance to grow stale, tasteless and nervously irritating. Ask your grocer tomorrow for a pound of Chase & Sanborn's *Dated* Coffee.

EXPERT FINDS 56 OUT OF 93 BRANDS OF COFFEE STALE

Fifty-six brands out of a total of 93 brands of packaged coffee purchased in 16 cities throughout the United States were adjudged to be stale, according to an investigation made recently by the Tea and Coffee Trade Journal, New York, N. Y. Ten of these brands were said to be unfit to drink.

The packages were received in New York, were opened and tested in the cup by an expert, the identity of whom the above journal refused to disclose, but who experts in the coffee industry.

The test was made in order to determine how consumption in this country might be increased. It places considerable significance on the fact that the packages selected for the test included some of the most widely advertised brands.

HE SEEMED
TO TAKE DELIGHT
IN HURTING
ME



I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'VE DONE TO MAKE HIM TREAT ME SO, MOTHER!

HE COMPLAINED ABOUT THE COFFEE — DO YOU ALWAYS MAKE SURE IT'S FRESH WHEN YOU BUY IT?



HOW CAN I TELL WHETHER IT'S FRESH OR NOT?

BY THE DATE, OF COURSE! ALWAYS BUY DATED COFFEE!



TWO WEEKS LATER — A GREAT CHANGE

WILL YOU FORGIVE ME FOR THAT OTHER NIGHT, DARLING?

OF COURSE, AND I'LL NEVER HAVE STALE COFFEE IN THE HOUSE AGAIN. IT'S RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL OUR UPSET NERVES.



DATED means it's FRESH—





Before the Stork Arrives

MOTHERHOOD richly deserves the most skillful medical care to be had. But, far too often, safeguards which can be provided are neglected. As a rule, when proper preparations for childbirth are made, prospective mothers have little cause for anxiety.

Having the right physician is a great comfort. It means as much to the husband as to his wife to be entirely satisfied with the experience and skill of the doctor who may be called in attendance.

Long before the stork arrives, the doctor will advise about diet, proper rest and exercise, and will make periodic examinations. At regular intervals the doctor studies and records blood pressure, urinalyses, temperature, weight, heart and lung action, and possibly makes tests of the blood. Suggestions about mental attitude may also be given.

When there are no abnormal or disturbing conditions, Nature's processes should not be interfered with. But without hurrying Nature, expert obstetricians can often smooth the way for the modern mother by methods unavailable to her grandmother's physician.

With vigilant and unremitting care on the part of her physician and with her own complete cooperation, the period of waiting should be one of happiness and serenity for the expectant mother.

In many localities clinics give free service to those who cannot afford to employ the regular attendance of a doctor. Maternity Centers and other Health Centers give valuable advice and information without charge. The Metropolitan will send on request its free booklet, "Information for Expectant Mothers." Address Booklet Dept. 534-J.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

BY GOVE HAMBIDGE



MAKE THE DIET FIT THE POCKETBOOK

BY A YEAR from today you will have bought another fifteen hundred pounds of food, more or less, or three-quarters of a ton. If there are four in your family, you will get five or six thousand pounds, or two and one-half to three tons. . . . Good heavens, do we need that much? Yes!

What are you going to buy so your family will be properly nourished without your pocketbook hurting its seams stretching around that three-quarters of a ton of food per person? Turnups or turnouts? They both begin with t, they both come out of the good earth, but what a difference in the budget!

A modest but meaty little booklet recently appeared that helps a great deal in solving this problem, which has kept women awake nights since Eve first started housekeeping. It is published by the Government's own housekeeping department, the Bureau of Home Economics, and it was prepared by two able economists, Dr. Hazel K. Stiebeling and Miss Medora M. Ward, who combed the United States for facts and figures and kept the calculating machines working overtime to get the huge jumble of figures to make sense. They did a swell job.

The booklet is called *Diets at Four Levels of Nutritive Content and Cost*. Setting up four specific diets gives you something to shoot at. Instead of sending

your food dollar more or less aimlessly up into the air, you have a target with a bull's-eye in front of you.

I am not particularly stuck on using that word "diet." It sounds too much like a hospital, whereas these things are for ordinary home kitchens and regular dining-room tables. But they aren't menus, either, so we'll have to let it go at that.

For convenience, we will number these Stiebeling-Ward diets No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4.

No. 1 is called a "restricted diet for emergency use." It's a sort of dietary last ditch. It provides just about the minimum of food on which a person can work decently and keep up body tissues, and the minimum of health protection in the way of minerals and vitamins—as far as our present knowledge of human needs goes. It is too close to the border line to be relied on year in and year out, and a diet below the standards of No. 1 is dangerous to health.

This diet is to be used only when you really don't have enough money to spend on food, and you have to scrimp and scrape. For a moderately active man, Diet No. 1 costs \$62 a year, \$1.19 a week, 16.9 cents a day. In this diet the food dollar will be divided this way: Milk and cheese, 25-30 cents; fruits and vegetables, 20-25 cents; lean (Continued on Page 138)

FOOD COSTS FOR VARIOUS KINDS OF PEOPLE

	DIET NO. 1		DIET NO. 2		DIET NO. 3		DIET NO. 4	
	YEAR	WEEK	YEAR	WEEK	YEAR	WEEK	YEAR	WEEK
Child under 4	\$38	\$.72	\$ 61	\$1.15	\$ 81	\$1.55	\$ 86	\$1.65
Boy 5-6 or girl 4-7	42	.81	67	1.28	91	1.71	96	1.80
Boy 7-8 or girl 8-10	53	1.00	71	1.35	113	2.16	131	2.52
Boy 11-12 or girl 11-13	57	1.09	78	1.50	126	2.42	143	2.74
Boy 14-15 or girl over 15 or moderately active woman	60	1.16	83	1.60	135	2.60	158	3.03
Woman	70	1.35	95	1.80	165	3.15	192	3.70
Active boy 15-16 or very active woman	70	1.47	100	1.93	170	3.39	200	4.00
Very active man	82	1.62	112	2.10	190	3.60	225	4.35
	78	1.52	104	2.01	179	3.44	213	4.14

Thus, if I was figuring the cost of Diet No. 3 for my family, it would be done like this:

Father, moderately active	\$152 a year	\$ 2.91 a week
Mother, moderately active	135	2.56
Boy 7 years old	113	2.16 (more than dad)
Girl, 11 years old	126	2.42
Whole family	\$526 a year	\$10.09 a week

And by the same process, I find that Diet No. 1 would cost us \$269 a year; Diet No. 2 would cost us \$342 a year; Diet No. 4 would cost us \$679 a year.

Now **NEW MILLIONS** can have... *"The skin you love to touch"*

TODAY, Woodbury's Facial Soap invites millions of new users...with its new and generous size 10c cake.

Woodbury's has created this marvelous new value...so that your whole household may now feel free to use it unstintedly...for every skin need.

The 10c Woodbury's brings you the very same quality you heretofore bought at 25c. The same scientific beauty formula of a famous skin specialist.

The identical soap that demonstrated its superiority over other leading soaps in the International Half-face Beauty Tests. Whereas other beauty products in the tests effected no noticeable improvement, Woodbury's brought new radiance and freshness to the skin within 30 days' time.

For years, Woodbury's has wanted to extend its scientific skin care, so that millions more could enjoy it. But we waited until we could give you the famous Woodbury beauty treatment in this 10c size without any compromise in quality.

It's ready for you today! At 10c! At your druggist's, department store and grocer's. The proved formula for "The Skin You Love to Touch."

LA PRINCESSE SIXTE DE BOURBON-PARME
Participated in Paris Beauty Clinic

One of hundreds of women to take these tests, made first in the U.S.A. and Canada. Then in 7 countries of Europe under direction of leading dermatologists. Woodbury's proved far superior to every other beauty aid in bringing new freshness and radiance to the skin.



Woodbury's *facial soap* **NOW** 10¢

© 1934, John H. Woodbury, Inc.




SEND THREE 3¢ STAMPS FOR WOODBURY LOVELINESS KIT

Containing generous trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams, 8 delicate packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder, one of each of the six dazzling shades... (John H. Woodbury, Inc., 141 Alland Street, Cincinnati, O. Or Canada John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.)

Name _____

Address _____



Welcome at the tee but NOT at the table

They'd had a perfectly marvelous game . . . and Mrs. Anderson was each good company. Should she ask her into the club for a hand of bridge? Mrs. Colson decided not . . . the other girls wouldn't like it. They might even snub Mrs. Anderson. After all, there's one thing that others won't stand for. Too bad that Mrs. Anderson, otherwise so gracious and charming, didn't realize it . . .

How do you know, as you read this, that your breath is pure? You *don't* know—you only *hope* it is.

Don't guess about so important a matter. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable social fault. In-

excusable, too, because so easy to correct with Listerine.

This safe antiseptic and quick deodorant instantly conquers odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot get rid of in several hours. It strikes at the principal cause of bad breath (fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush) and then gets rid of the odors themselves.

Use Listerine and Listerine only to put your breath beyond reproach—every morning, every night, and between times before meeting others. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



How's your Breath Today?
Don't Guess Use Listerine Be Safe

DO YOU KNOW?

Onion breath is caused not by onion residue in the stomach, but by bits of onion left on the teeth and gums! This is another of the interesting scientific facts from the files of the Listerine Research Laboratory.

APPETITE SHARPENERS

(Continued from Page 38)

as usual. Or about $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of fresh mushrooms, peeled and sliced, may be used in this recipe.

NEWBURG SAUCE. Use 2 or 3 tablespoons of butter instead of $\frac{1}{2}$ as in the above recipe, and add a few grains of Cayenne. When the sauce is prepared, add 2 tablespoons of cooking sherry and pour the sauce over 1 beaten egg yolk. Sprinkle it with a deeper color is desired, and cook a minute longer. This sauce is the basis to which lobster, shrimp or other ingredients can be added for making various Newburg dishes.

SHRIMP SAUCE. To the finished sauce as above, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of canned shrimps from which all particles of bone and intestines have been removed. Also, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley may be added if desired for the sake of a little additional color and flavor.

A LA KING SAUCE. Use 2 tablespoonfuls of butter and sauté in it 1 tablespoonful of chopped green pepper and $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of sliced canned mushrooms which have been drained; or $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fresh mushrooms, sautéed, may be used. Finish the sauce as usual, then add 1 tablespoonful of canned pimiento cut into small pieces. Still extra butter may be used if a richer sauce is desired.

CHECK HOLLANDAISE. Pour 1 cupful of hot white sauce onto 2 beaten eggs (preferably with dark yolks), then add 1 tablespoonful of butter and, slowly, 3 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Cook just a minute and serve immediately.

DRAWN BUTTER SAUCE

1 Cupful of Hot Water
1½ Tablespoonfuls of Butter

2 Tablespoonfuls of Flour
¼ Teaspoonful of Salt
Pepper to Taste

1. Melt the butter and then add the flour to it, mixing until very well blended; then add the seasonings.
2. Remove the pan from the burner, add the liquid slowly, stirring constantly to keep the mixture smooth.
3. Cook rather slowly until the sauce is thickened, stirring constantly to keep it smooth.

N. B. Drawn Butter Sauce may be prepared over direct heat unless eggs are to be added, but to keep them smooth, cook them slowly.

VARIATIONS OF DRAWN BUTTER SAUCE

CAPER SAUCE. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of drained capers to the Drawn Butter Sauce and heat for a few minutes before serving.

Egg SAUCE. Use cold, hard-cooked eggs (2 or 3 to 1 cupful of sauce) and cut them lengthwise in slices, then add them to the Drawn Butter Sauce, stirring carefully to prevent breaking the eggs into pieces.

PARSLEY SAUCE. To 1 cupful of the sauce, add 1 tablespoonful of very finely chopped parsley and 1 tablespoonful of lemon juice.

SHRIMP SAUCE. Pour 1 cupful of the sauce into 1 egg yolk slightly beaten, then add $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of shrimps from which bits of shell and the black intestinal tract have been removed. Heat for a few minutes and serve.

ANCHOVY SAUCE. To Drawn Butter Sauce add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of anchovy paste (more if desired), blending the paste in until very well distributed.

Another group of sauces resembling Drawn Butter Sauce very closely are the ones made with white stock instead of water.

The stock is usually from cooking chicken, veal or any other delicately flavored meat. Velouté Sauce is made by simply using this liquid in place of water in the above standard recipe for Drawn Butter Sauce. The following are some of the usual and very delicious variations of Velouté Sauce:

SAUCE ALLAMANDÉ. To Velouté Sauce, add 1 teaspoonful of lemon juice and then pour the sauce into the slightly beaten yolk of 1 egg.

BECHAMEL SAUCE. This is midway between a White Sauce and Velouté Sauce, rather highly seasoned. Cook about 1 cupful of stock 15 minutes with 1 slice of onion, 1 small carrot, a small piece of bay leaf, a sprig of parsley and 6 peppercorns. Then strain the liquid, make up to $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful with stock, and add $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of milk. Using this as the liquid, prepare as for Drawn Butter Sauce.

YELLOW BECHAMEL SAUCE. Into a bowl with the slightly beaten yolk of 1 egg (or 2 if preferred) pour 1 cupful of Bechamel Sauce prepared as above. Heat for a minute or two and serve just as soon as possible.

BROWN SAUCE

1 Cupful of Water or Stock
1½ Tablespoonfuls of Butter

3 Tablespoonfuls of Flour
¼ Teaspoonful of Salt
Pepper to Taste

1. Melt the butter in a frying pan, then add the flour and continue cooking with stirring until the mixture is attractively browned. The darker the mixture is made, the richer its flavor. But if it is burned, the flavor will be strong and unpleasant. Add the seasonings.

2. Remove from the burner and add the liquid slowly, stirring to prevent lumps.

3. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly.

N. B. The larger portion of flour used in this sauce is required because flour loses some of its thickening power when it is browned. Three tablespoonfuls of the browned flour will give a sauce of about the same thickness as two tablespoonfuls at the original flour.

VARIATIONS OF BROWN SAUCE

MUSHROOM SAUCE. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of sliced, canned mushrooms which have been drained to the above Brown Sauce. The mushrooms may be sautéed in the butter if desired, then removed while the flour is being browned in it, and added again with the liquid. One-half pound of fresh mushrooms may be sautéed and used instead of canned ones.

CURRENT JELLY SAUCE. To 1 cupful of Brown Sauce, add $\frac{1}{4}$ glass of currant jelly and 2 teaspoonfuls of lemon juice (or more if a tart flavor is required), and mix until the jelly is dissolved.

CHRISTMAS SAUCE. To 1 cupful of prepared Brown Sauce add 1 cupful of chestnuts which have been boiled in salted water, blanched, peeled and mashed finely. Stir until well blended and serve.

SAUCE PIQUANTE. Prepare 1 cupful of Brown Sauce and add to it 1 tablespoonful each of vinegar, minced capers, chopped green peppers and minced onion. If a highly seasoned sauce is desired, add a few grains of Cayenne.

OLIVE SAUCE. Use about half a dozen olives, either stuffed ones or plain ones from which the stones have been removed. Simmer these in water for 5 or 10 minutes, then add them (with a little minced onion, if desired) to the Brown Sauce.

"THE LIGHT-HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER"

who insisted on HOUSECLEANING her house—even behind the ears

Pictured by F. G. COOPER

Wait, Hulda! You're not through housecleaning yet! You still have all the drains to scrub.



Drano
CLEANS AND OPENS DRAINS
KEEPS THEM FREE-FLOWING

SEND ten cents for helpful booklet, "100 Housecleaning Hints." The Drano Co., Dept. 554 Cincinnati, O.

6 Thrifty Recipes... *make them with the richer, faster-setting* New **Jell-O**

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



• RED CHERRY CUP •

1 package Cherry Jell-O 1 cup canned cherry juice
1 cup warm water 2 cups canned red cherries, drained

Dissolve Jell-O in warm water. Add cherry juice and chill. When slightly thickened, fold in cherries. Turn into sherbet glasses and chill until firm. Serves 6.

No boiling water needed... no

flavor lost in steam!

Fruit flavor escapes in every whiff of steam from gelatin desserts which require boiling water to dissolve the gelatin. But with the new Jell-O all the luscious fruit taste stays in the finished dessert.

• PEACH CRYSTAL CUBES •

1 package Orange Jell-O 1 pint warm water
Canned sliced peaches

Dissolve Jell-O in warm water. Turn into shallow pan. Chill. Arrange 3 peach slices in each sherbet glass. When Jell-O is firm, cut in cubes; pile lightly in glasses. Garnish with peach slices. Serves 4.

You can put the new Jell-O in the refrigerator right away... no cooling needed

No more waiting around for a steaming hot liquid to cool sufficiently to put in the refrigerator. The new Jell-O is ready to go in at once, for there's no boiling heat to cool away.



• HAWAIIAN SUNBURST •

1 package Strawberry Jell-O ¼ cup canned pineapple juice
1½ cups warm water 2 slices canned pineapple

Dissolve Jell-O in warm water. Add pineapple juice and salt. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold. Split pineapple slices in half crosswise, and cut into small, pointed wedges. Arrange wedges around Jell-O molds in sunburst effect. Serves 4.

This new Jell-O dissolves instantly in water only slightly hotter than lukewarm

The tiny crystals dissolve instantly... and completely... in warm water, right from the hot-water tap, if you like.



• MANHATTAN SPECIAL SALAD •

1 package Lemon Jell-O ½ cup celery, diced and
1 pint warm water salted
2 tablespoons vinegar ¼ cup broken walnut
½ teaspoon salt ¼ cup tart apples, diced 16 cream cheese balls

Dissolve Jell-O in warm water. Add vinegar and salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in apples, celery, and nuts. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce; garnish with watercress and cheese balls. Serve with mayonnaise. Serves 6.

Just the texture you like in a jellied salad... firm enough to mold, but tender!

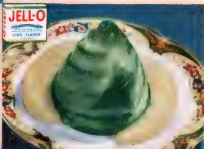
• JELL-O CIRCUS •

1 package Raspberry Jell-O 1 pint warm water
Animal crackers

Dissolve Jell-O in warm water. Pour into molds and chill until firm. Unmold and arrange animal crackers around base. Insert a tiny flag in top of each mold. Serves 4.

The hit of any children's party!

The beautiful bright colors and the rich fruit taste of the new Jell-O give this favorite dessert a still stronger claim on the affections of the younger generation. They never tire of Jell-O—and it's one of the most digestible desserts you can find!



• GRAPEFRUIT DELIGHT •

1 package Lime Jell-O 12 grapefruit sections,
1 pint warm water free from membrane

Dissolve Jell-O in warm water. Chill. Arrange grapefruit sections in mold. When Jell-O is slightly thickened, turn into mold, being careful not to disarrange fruit. Chill until firm. Unmold and garnish. Serves 4.

With no boiling heat to cool away, this new Jell-O sets with amazing speed!

You can allow much less time for setting when you use the new Jell-O. It will be thick enough to add fruit very quickly, and in a good refrigerator, will set so quickly it will surprise you!

Get genuine Jell-O at the new low price. *Jell-O dissolves in warm water!*



Just out! Brand-New Recipe Book! FREE! A book of ideas for children's parties, bridge luncheons, company and home dinners.

General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me your new recipe book, "What Mrs. Dewey did with the New Jell-O."

Name _____

Street or R. F. D. _____

City _____ State _____

Print name and address plainly. If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Cobourg, Ont. (This offer expires December 31, 1934.)



NEW HOMES FOR HALF OF AMERICA

SIXTY MILLION Americans live in tenements and shanties unfit for human habitation. The average income of all Americans was \$276 last year. Against this there stood a fixed charge of \$77 for interest on long-term debts. So their spendable income was \$199. The poorer 60,000,000 of our people could not have taken in more than \$150 per head.

Now a family of three, with as much as \$868 a year, could afford to rent a flat costing \$166 a year, or about \$13.50 a month. This would pay for two rooms at \$6.75 a month each, or three rooms at \$4.50 each. What can you get for such prices? I don't have to tell you.

What can we do about it?

We cannot build new homes cheaply enough. Thanks to the racketeers, graft in materials, wages for labor and financing charges raise costs to impossible heights.

Well, then, why not clear away slums and build model tenements? Many of our New Theorists think this the solution. But they err. For it will never help more than a tiny fraction of our 60,000,000.

Slum owners ask Uncle Sam and the city fathers to buy their runs at fair prices and to tear them down for the sake of the poor. Let us not discuss what a fair price for a slum run is. So much depends on who owns the run! Let us rather ask how the demolishing of dumps abandoned by the poor is going to help the latter.

Bare land is no shelter. But if used as a park or playground, pleasant tenements might face it. Hence the plan to open up blocks for parks, first, then erect model dwellings around the new breathing places. This plan is being proposed and tried out today. But almost every student of mass housing knows it will soon fail and leave the city taxpayers in a worse mess than ever. It must fail, first, because rents will be too high, and because there will eventually be nobody to occupy the tenements, even if rents are scaled down to the point where owners take a heavy loss.

It is an accepted rule of housing that a family of modest income ought not to spend more than one-fifth of its funds on rent. At a pinch it may spend a quarter, but then trouble ensues.

Now here is a family of four—a bookkeeper, his wife and two children. Decency demands at least three rooms and bath. So the cheapest flat in this model development would cost them \$30 a month, while the best would cost \$37.50. So, if the bookkeeper budgets well, he will rent the flat only if he is earning at least \$180 a year—over \$34 a week.

Now, a few bookkeepers do earn this much. But most don't. And of the army of white collars, probably eight out of ten never earn more than \$25 a week. So they are barred forever from these model tenements. All this was learned years ago by the city planners of London, Berlin, Paris, Amsterdam, Hamburg, and other municipalities which wrestled with the crisis of poverty. They found, to their sorrow, that good, cheap accommodations cannot be created on high-priced land, out of high-priced material and by high-priced labor. None is there any way of escaping these high prices in a great city. There are only tricks of hiding them from taxpayers.

In recent months this trick has been turned. Desperate city officials have wheedled the Federal and state governments into subsidizing model tenements in the blighted areas of cities. In a few cases, the subsidizers have put up as much as one-third of the capital investment, which means that Federal and state taxpayers must carry that fraction of the expenses of an unround business in a city. Could all the owners of blighted areas have their way, we

Americans would find ourselves saddled with billions of dollars of useless flats, earning for us a net loss annually. National recovery does not lie in that direction.

Slum clearance and model-tenement projects will fail, too, for another reason. The concentrated centers of population pass. The big city is the dying dinosaur, all body, no brains. Already it is being deserted by men, by machines and by money. During the next ten years our 100 largest cities will surely lose one-fifth of their population, or some 8,000,000 people. And they may lose one-quarter or more. Why?

Because men, machines and money have grown too cheap. Men, because their services are needed less and less, due to the world's huge population increases and to the speed with which machines have taken over the burden of human toil. Machines are cheap because money has been poured into their making, as a result of their enormous productivity. Money, because, for half a century or longer, profits have piled up.

We enter an era of cheap labor, low interest rates and small profits. What have these to do with our proposed model tenements? More than you imagine! High overhead becomes a curse. Heavy fixed charges spell ruin. Be it a department store or an automobile factory or a city or a nation, the law holds inflexibly. Victory rests hereafter with little people, little places, little establishments.

Shrewd manufacturers and business men of the large cities will continue to move out into small towns and into open country. There taxes are much lower; racketeers are scarcer and weaker; land is cheaper; labor is not dominated by the big-town crooks; workers and their families can live in pleasant surroundings, and living can be made easier through subsistence gardening.

As the metropolitan authorities proceed with slum clearance and model tenements within the city, they will but accelerate the exodus. For they will add to the fixed charges which their taxpayers must carry; and no sane business man, confronted with an era of dwindling profits, will linger long under the shadow of higher taxes. And as men, money and machines leave the cities, they will consign some 2,500,000 living quarters to disuse and deterioration. Nobody will move in. Fully \$12,500,000,000 of capital invested in these places will be wiped out.

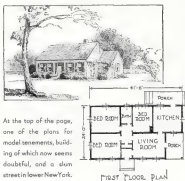
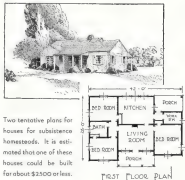
More than 60,000,000 Americans have been struggling along for years far below the American standard. Almost 30,000,000 are taking in less than \$125 a year each. They have no homes of their own, no permanent full-time jobs, no savings. They have learned that half of the workers formerly employed in some major industries will never again find work there. They have tasted the wormwood of the single-track job in the one-industry town.

What can they do to be saved? There is only one possibility. Let them lead a life of simple independence, based upon versatility, plain standards and a home of a sort that makes for self-sufficiency. In short, a well-balanced life.

Who turns first toward the new self-sufficiency? Those whose lives have been most cruelly unbalanced of late. The stranded miner heads the procession. Then come the oil-well drillers, gone useless in a down flooded with petroleum, and the lumberjacks of a dozen states whose money-mad have stripped the hillides down to the last splinter of sapling. This army—perhaps half a million all counted—has literally worked itself out of work and has nowhere to go. The next division contains the stranded factory workers, left high and dry with nobody to claim their services. Nobody can even (Continued on Page 132)

SLUM CLEARANCE IS COSTLY,
BUT SUBSISTENCE HOMESTEADS
MAY SOLVE THE PROBLEM

BY WALTER B. PITKIN



At the top of the page, one of the plans for model tenements, building of which now seems doubtful, and a slum street in lower New York.

"JIM MARRIED A PRETTY GIRL ALL RIGHT... BUT SHE'S NOT A VERY GOOD HOUSEKEEPER."

"I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN! THESE LINENS, FOR INSTANCE."



"Tattle-Tale!" ... "Tattle-Tale!" ... Yes, clothes tell tales when they come out of your wash mangle and gray!

For that gray says plain as day that you didn't get all the dirt out! It's not your fault, of course. For even when you rub and rub, some soaps leave little specks of dirt behind. Before you realize it, your clothes lose their snowy freshness. And other women notice that so quickly...

What to do about it? *Change to Fels-Naptha Soap!* It will wash your clothes so gloriously white that people will praise them—instead of whispering about them.



Fels-Naptha will give you the snowiest, most fragrant washes you ever took off your line. For the *big golden bar* is not one of those "crick" soaps that promise a lot and do little. Fels-Naptha


is good soap—full-of-action soap—golden soap that's richer. And there's plenty of dirt-loosening naptha added to it!

Two cleaners instead of one! Working together, they banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" from your clothes.



Try Fels-Naptha Soap! It's so safe you'll love it for your finest lingerie, silk stockings and dainty woolsens.

It's so mild it keeps your hands nice and soft. It's so willing you can use it any way you wish—in tub or machine; in box, lukewarm or cool water; for soaking as well as boiling clothes.

Fels-Naptha's price is now the lowest in almost twenty years. Get a few bars at your grocer's. Your pocketbook—your clothes—and you—will all thank the day you discovered Fels-Naptha's extra help! Fels & Co., Phila., Pa. 

Everybody notices "Tattle-Tale Gray"
...banish it with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

Design for a Wedding

(Continued from Page 12)

great delight he had soon admitted them, with a mastery of understatement, into the secrets and scandals of the *haute couture*. "Heavens!" she would gasp. "I went to them for years and I never knew that. I certainly never knew that!"

He even told her, one supreme day, who made Queen Mary's hats.

And it was really this which brought Mrs. Dennis to the horrified realization that, though so much was being done to clothe Rosemary's body, nothing whatever had been provided for her head.

M. Roc calmed her. "It had occurred to me," he said.

And Rosemary, who listened smiling, knew that though his delicacy had forbidden his suggesting an added expenditure, hats had never been out of his mind. He shook his head when he heard the name of the milliner to whom they had always gone.

"She is excellent, of course, but very expensive." For a moment he seemed to think, while Mrs. Dennis hung breathless upon his word. Then, "Ah!" he cried. "I have Mrs. Germaine, in the Rue de Grenelle. A small shop, but a delightful taste. If you like I shall go with you."

ROSEMARY, who had acquired a sort of clairvoyance where he was concerned, guessed that they would have had to lock him up to keep him away. And once in the shop, she realized that his knowledge of clothes did not stop at dresses. He had an uncanny flair for knowing precisely how a hat would look before it was put on her head. Unerringly he waved away the ordinary or the unbecoming, but he took a mischievous delight in making her try on the outrageously extreme creations that are to be found at every French milliner's.

"Now this," he announced to Mrs. Dennis, "will make your daughter be of nineteen hundred." He placed on Rosemary's head an amazing affair of black velvet that from a small, one-sided skullcap of a base rose in a series of puffs to a monumental peak on the left. "See," he laughed. "It gives her curves."

And indeed, if Rosemary had stood up at that moment, she would undoubtedly have been lightly crowned.

"She's a Gibson Girl," cried Mrs. Dennis.

But Rosemary, who knew she too should have been amused, found that she resented being laughed at. To her own surprise she snatched off the hat and took another at random. It was a very devil of a little hat. It made Rosemary beautiful and it made even Rosemary vulgar.

"Heavens!" she thought, halfway pleased. "What couldn't I be in this!"

But M. Roc had reached out, and in his turn snatched the hat from her head. "Ah, no," he said, and for once he was stern. "That is not for you. That is awful. Nothing like that for you."

And Rosemary, though she knew her resentment should have been stronger, found that it was completely gone.

VERY seriously, then, they set about picking three hats. The first two they found quickly, but the third was more difficult. At last, with a look of triumph, Mme. Germaine produced a beautifully finished one from the workrooms.

M. Roc swooped on it. "It is perfect," he cried—in moments of excitement the word was a difficult one.

"It is perfect," he cried again when the hat had been placed on Rosemary's head. "Well does, Mme. Germaine! It is easy for us to make an amusing hat, but a distinguished hat, that is rare, that is difficult. This is the hat of a lady, who is still not a prude. This is exactly the hat of Mrs. Rosemary Dennis!" Suddenly he turned to the milliner. "But how soon?" They must be ready in two days. It is urgent."

Mme. Germaine nodded. "In two days. If mademoiselle will give me just two fittings."

Rosemary felt the color fill her cheeks slowly, and slowly leave them. He was thinking of Charley. What was it he had said? "Someone in a corner. How long since she herself had stopped to think of Charley Nesbitt?" It seemed like weeks, like months, but only five days ago she had thought of little else. Since then she had pushed him to the back of her head, and her work had been spinning and spinning to the bidding of M. Roc.

Suddenly she was aware of how completely she had lived in his light, wise cadence. Startled, she considered the joy that she had taken in every fitting, in every conference.

IT WASN'T the clothes—she had always loved clothes, but how she hated to be fitted! Rosemary had a quick vision of herself in her new dresses. Undoubtedly the hat made magic. She knew that he had caught the essence of Rosemary Dennis, the best, the most delightful part of her. She knew that she had never been so beautiful in her life as in these things he was making her, and she guessed that he had found her inspiring. Well, tomorrow they would be finished—all but, the white one. The white one would be ready for Charley. Just forty-eight hours from today Charley Nesbitt reached Paris.

Rosemary refused to think further, she refused to look at M. Roc as he said good-by, but in spite of herself her manner was troubled all the way home. And, as though providence had seen fit to complete her uneasiness, a radiogram waited for her at the hotel:

MEET BOAT LICK DARLING NESBITT

"Oh, how lovely," cried Mrs. Dennis. "How nice of Charley."

"I don't really like it," said Rosemary quietly. "Why should I meet him? It would certainly be throwing myself at his head, and suppose I don't like him when I see him?"

Now that she had voiced her doubts, she found that she was perfectly certain that Charley would ask her to marry him. Any qualm she had had on that score seemed the most utter nonsense.

Her mother, however, had gone completely mad, and said so.

For her own part, Rosemary ordered dinner in bed and spent a restless evening trying to remember what Charley Nesbitt was like. She told herself that he had been clever, a sense of humor and an exciting voice; but do what she might, the sum total of her efforts was a large American who had played football at Harvard.

THE next afternoon, it was in a rather white-faced mood that she went with her mother to try on the completed wardrobe. But M. Roc was throwing off sparks as he sat next at the door, and some of his excitement came to her as the faithful Martine stirred her in sheer violet wool. It was impossible to be morbid in the face of what she saw in the mirror.

The dress came close about the neck, and her face above it could not help suggesting an alond and desirable flower. The hem, like thin silk, clung to her waist and her hips, and then fell in lines so straight that perhaps M. Roc's chief miracle was her being able to walk.

And now the dress came close about the neck. This had been their one extravagance, the only costume that did not fit in with the others. It was made in its own way, with its own cut, its own hat and its own shoes, and so it must have been. It made Rosemary a thing of infinite delicacy, all long, soft lines and subtle pressures. She looked into the mirror and smiled.

(Continued on Page 52)

Now in 2 sizes



**The regular size
that has saved
money for millions**

25¢

Because of its merit—the quick beautifying results it brings—Listerine Tooth Paste has won the favor of America's most critical men and women.

It is a modern formula, delightful to use, safe and protective to teeth and gums, and offered at a common-sense price.

Time and again, users say that if Listerine Tooth Paste cost twice as much, they still would prefer it to the more expensive brands.

If you haven't tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so now. See the improvement in the looks of your teeth after one or two brushings. Consider the savings this dentifrice makes possible. We guarantee you cannot buy a finer formula no matter how much more you pay. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo.



**New Double Size
tube saves you
20% more**

40¢

Here it is—Listerine Tooth Paste's new big brother—a giant tube for you who want to benefit from the added savings which quantity purchase makes possible.

The new Double Size tube of Listerine Tooth Paste contains twice as much as the 25¢ tube. Yet the price is only 40¢—a 20% saving!

We do not believe you will find many tubes as large as this at the same price. For that reason we think this new 40¢ size Listerine Tooth Paste is going to attract lots of folks who now use other dentifrices. Perhaps you are one of these.

If so, try Listerine Tooth Paste. We have confidence that if you use ONE tube—either the 25¢ or the 40¢ size—you will remain a steady user.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE • REMOVES FILM FASTER

... THAT'S WHY WE CAN'T
GET A MAN FOR EDITH!



CRUEL WORDS—yet it was lucky she heard them



AVOID OFFENDING

Underthings absorb perspiration odor. Protect daintiness this way:

Wearing underthings a second day is a careless habit no girl can risk. We all perspire, and the odor clings. It becomes noticeable to others before we're even aware of it ourselves.

But it's easy to be sure of never offending. Just wash underthings through Lux each night—every hint of perspiration odor vanishes.

Of course, Lux has no harmful alkali as ordinary soaps often have, and with Lux there's no cake-soup rubbing to weaken fabrics, fade colors. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux!



LUX for Underthings
Removes perspiration
odor... Saves colors

(Continued from Page 50)
"What a lovely lady!" she said to herself.

Matilde drew the smoky fur of the jacket over Rosemary's shoulders. "Ah, mademoiselle," she said sadly, "I regret that we are almost done. We are so happy working for you. And to tomorrow you are so much a joy. Never, never have I seen him so pleased."

Rosemary's eyes filled with sudden nervous tears.
"Thank you, Matilde," she said hastily, and went out to show herself.

TO HER mother, who had always thought Rosemary the loveliest thing on earth, she was a complete surprise.

"Heavens!" she gasped. "Heavens! I never knew you could look like that! Why, M. Roc, it's wonderful. What have you done to her? Why, it's perfect."

"Yes," said M. Roc, "it is a very nice dress."

But his feet had climbed to the rung of his chair and his arms were clutching his knees. "And now," he said, "we must see the others—even the white one. We must show Mme. Dennis the white one, and she can guess how it will look when we finish."

One by one Rosemary tried them on—the two tailored dresses, one russet and the other blue-green; the tangerine dress for late afternoon; the high-collared brown coat, which went so perfectly over all three; the classic black evening gown, turned by a little jacket into a dinner dress—another dress—just as M. Roc had promised, and finally the unfinished white dress.

Lacking though it was in the best touches, it was undeniably a masterpiece. To the casual eye, the combination of Rosemary and the white dress formed a thing of complete and startling beauty that was vanderbuilt by any obvious trick of style. M. Roc's secrets remained his own.

As Mrs. Dennis herself said later, she simply sighed when she saw it. Rosemary stood away before her, surrounded by a lovely, useless scintillation.

"Ah, cried M. Roc, unable to contain himself, "this dress—this dress is in the spirit of Mme. Dennis!" And as he spoke the spirit of M. Roc was in his eyes.

It was then that Rosemary knew that he adored her.

"I cannot tell you," said M. Roc. "I cannot express it."

"Oh, M. Roc," cried Rosemary, holding out her hands. "I know—I understand."

AT THE last minute, after her mother's approving gaze, she got herself into her violet dress and set out to meet Charley Nesbitt. It had suddenly seemed sensible and fitting to let him know immediately that her old feeling for him had changed. This dim Charley, whom she could remember so faintly, had been known enough. He would know very quickly.

The taxi that Rosemary had so rashly hailed crept along, and gave her more time to think than she could have wished. What would her mother say? Poor darling, how disappointed she would be. But her mother loved M. Roc. Rosemary equipped and unpacked her purse. She knew very well that, as the vaquero of Charley Nesbitt, her mother would love M. Roc not at all. She refused to think of what her mother would say. Until the taxi reached the Gare St. Lazare she sat quietly, thinking absently of nothing. It had taken so long that as she came to the top of the stairs the boat train was already in a panic of haste overtook her, and without waiting to get a ticket for the platform she fled, with a bewildering smile, past the guard at the gate. By Rosemary appeared in her new black dress, and she thought a little bitterly that M. Roc's magic had worked. The next moment proved it.

"Will you marry me?" said Charley. Rosemary felt her heart in her throat. "Oh, I don't"

"Hello, Charley!" cried Rosemary. "Hello, Charley! Hello, Charley!"

He was so big, coming toward her, and his legs were so elegantly long. His funny, attractive face was a girl's ideal.

"What a nice-looking girl you've grown up to be," he said, and kissed her lightly on the left cheek bone.

Arm in arm they walked down the platform.

"Let's celebrate," said Charley. "Let's make the taxi stop at the Ritz Bar and we'll have a cocktail in honor of me."

"Heavens!" said Rosemary. "I'd forgotten the place. I haven't been there in years."

The Ritz Bar was crowded, but as they entered the door a pair of young men rose from a table and with enthusiasm on Charley's neck. It developed that they, too, had played football at Harvard. They looked at Rosemary.

"You must be here," said one of them. "Garçon, two chairs," said the other.

She remembered that Charley never could get away from young men who had played football at Harvard. There must have been hundreds. Charley sighed, half in amusement, and ordered champagne cocktails for everyone.

THE two young men were very gay. Charley was very gay. Rosemary cupped her round chin in her hands and knew herself, with an old delightful sureness, the serious cause of their foolishness.

"This is fun," she said suddenly, and everyone laughed as though she had been deliciously witty.

Each of them had known from childhood the people and places that the others knew, that Rosemary had always known. She leaned forward and joined the chatter. For this moment, at this table, surrounded by these three desirable men, the Rosemary Dennis was not in this long week past. She was that unparalleled thing, a popular girl—a popular American girl. She was having a lovely time.

One of the footballers broke the spell. "When are you sailing for home?" he asked with a flustering interest.

"Why, I don't know," Rosemary stammered. "Why—why, I don't know."

The three men talked on, but for Rosemary the afternoon was gone. Through the drift of their voices, a series of pictures crept into her mind: the Yale Bowl on a big-game day; the Maine coast in summer; New York—dear New York—in spring when the tulips are out in front of the Plaza. All that was gone.

All at once the Ritz Bar was small and smoky and full of ogling people. Rosemary looked at her watch.

"I'll have to go," she said.

He rose quickly. "You're wan," he said. "Come along."

At the doorway their way to the door, an indirect, feminine voice floated after them: "Where do you suppose she got that dress?"

"That?" said Charley, smiling down at her, "means you."

All the way to her hotel she was so quiet that she thought her terribly tired and never for a moment guessed that she was desperately showing him that her feelings had changed.

BY THE time that he called to take her changing, Rosemary had worked herself into that her inexpressible mother-child "horrible state of nerves." Whenever she thought of Charley, she could see nothing but M. Roc's charming, merry face, and when she thought of M. Roc, there was Charley smiling at her from the train window. She was in the awful quandary of a woman who doesn't know her own mind.

Charley didn't help. He started when Rosemary appeared in her new black dress, and she thought a little bitterly that M. Roc's magic had worked. The next moment proved it.

"Will you marry me?" said Charley. Rosemary felt her heart in her throat. "Oh, I don't"

(Continued on Page 54)

Brooksie AND her Pals

Behind the scenes with
America's best-liked Butter



WHAT'S UP? WHERE'S BROOKSIE GOING SO GAILY WITH THIS OLD MEDAL? LOOK OUT, BROOKSIE, YOU'RE DISTURBING OLD BILL GREEN-EYES!



AND HERE'S BLACKIE -- BROOKSIE'S SHADOW. WHERE'S SHE GOING WITH ALL THOSE GARLANDS? GOOD-BYE TO SWEET DREAMS, BILL GREEN-EYES!



BROOKSIE AGAIN -- AND STUMBLING RIGHT OVER BILL GREEN-EYES. HE'S WIDE AWAKE NOW -- AND IS HE MAD! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?



BILL GREEN-EYES LEARNS ALL! BROOKSIE'S STAGING A PEP MEETING ON FINE CREAM! PSHAW, PPT AND BAH! -- THINKS BILL GREEN-EYES. THE SMOLDERING FIRES OF JEALOUSY BURST INTO FLAME.



WHAM! BAM! RIPP! BILL GREEN-EYES IS WRECKING BROOKSIE'S SHOW. A JEALOUS FIEND IS RUNNING AMUCK. HOW WILL BROOKSIE COPE WITH THIS NEW PROBLEM -- THIS THREAT TO HER BELOVED CREAM? WAIT AND SEE....

Brooksie knows FINE CREAM MAKES FINE BUTTER

It is a big job for Brooksie and her pals, producing the wonderful cream for Swift's Brookfield Butter. The extra-good taste of this butter, its special, delicate sweetness have made it famous in every city and village in the country. Next time you're buying butter just think of Brooksie. Ask your dealer for Swift's Brookfield Butter.

Swift's Brookfield Cheese and
Swift's Brookfield Eggs
are extra-good too.



* For years, Swift's Brookfield Butter has been America's largest selling brand.



SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD BUTTER



● Here's a vogue men go for! Pass a trayful of cheeses at a party, or a few kinds at the family's dinner tonight, and see for yourself. They like the help-spirited spirit of the thing; the chance to take their pick. But what they actually do, you'll see, is "sample" all around. "Sample" again and again! Kraft, world's largest maker, importer and distributor of fine cheeses, has put a grand assortment in your nearest up-to-date food store. Do investigate it. There you'll make some delicious discoveries among the many celebrated Kraft varieties.

Suggestions for your CHEESE TRAY

The delightfully sharp Kraft Creamed Old English. "Philadelphia" Brand Cream Cheese, creamy-white, delicately-flavored, and guaranteed fresh! Kraft American, celebrated for its full, natural flavor. Nut-sweet Kraft Swiss. The richly mild Kraft Brick. All these cheeses are pasteurized, like milk, for your protection.

THE WORLD'S FINEST
CHEESES ARE MADE
OR IMPORTED BY

KRAFT



Many Kraft varieties also come in loaf form. If you buy cheese from a loaf, ask to see the name Kraft on the foil wrapper!

Copyright 1934 by Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation

(Continued from Page 52)

"Charley, I don't know."

"No matter then," he said. "No matter, Rosie. Keep it in mind. Where do you want to dance?"

Oh, Charley was sweet. There was no doubt at all that Charley was sweet.

They danced all up and down Montmartre. Charley never would stay in one place. She laughed at him.

"You act just as though Paris were New York."

"You should know by this time that I'm an inveterate New Yorker," he said.

Finally they arrived at Brick Top's, and there in a corner sat M. Roc. He was with a very beautiful woman and two men, one of them an officer in cavalry blue. Rosemary saw him, saw every detail, the moment she came in the door, but it was only when the rose in dance that he saw her. She could feel his eyes following her, but until the music stopped she would not look. Then she turned and met his glance fully. Softly, she smiled at him. M. Roc rose in his place and bowed.

"Who's that?" asked Charley.

Rosemary thought that she could not stop shaking. "His name's Roc. He designed all my clothes. He designed this dress."

"Looks like a nice guy," said Charley. "And he's certainly a swell dressmaker."

"He's not a dressmaker," said Rosemary sharply. "He's an artist."

Well, then, he's a swell artist," said Charley obligingly.

She had never seen M. Roc in evening clothes before, and the black and white suited him far better than his English tweeds.

"If you came in that door," said Rosemary to herself, "you would just naturally think, 'What a distinguished, what a fascinating person.'"

Troubled, she glanced at him again. Quite frankly, he was considering Charley. Rosemary felt herself flush. Of course he knew who Charley was. What was he thinking?

As though in answer, M. Roc's gaze strayed and caught her looking. His eyes crinkled in a smile. It was so warm, so kind and trustful a smile, that Rosemary felt a glow spread in her breast. How could she ever betray that smile? She had given him her hands and cried, "Oh, M. Roc, I know—I understand!" How could she ever betray that?

The wordless sweetness of their relationship returned to her, comforted her. She knew exactly what she must do. She turned to Charley. Quite frankly, he was considering M. Roc. The line of Charley's jaw most surprisingly made her want to cry. Instead of the words she had planned, she said:

"Charley, I've a fitting tomorrow—the last. Do you want to come with me?"

"I'd love to," said Charley.

ROSEMARY fingered the stem of her wineglass. Something more must be said, something definite. This was a bad game to play.

"Charley," she said foolishly, "it's funny about M. Roc. I always know exactly what he's thinking."

Charley patting her cheek. "That's not funny, baby. I always know exactly what you're thinking."

Rosemary gathered her belongings. "Shall we go home?" she said.

The next day Charley and M. Roc met each other very amiably, and seemed to be

pleasantly engaged in conversation when Rosemary appeared in the door of the fitting room. The white dress was finished.

"Good Lord," said Charley, "you bowl me over, Rosie."

M. Roc nodded quietly, and tapped his mouth with a pensive finger. "It is perfect," he said finally. And then he span upon Charley. "Is she not marvelous?"

He demanded. "Is she not most marvelous?"

"Yes, indeed," said Charley.

Rosemary looked from one man to the other. She felt very cool and detached, and so, apparently, did they. She could hardly realize that this was a situation.

"I had forgotten!" cried M. Roc, breaking in on her thoughts. "I have something to show you. All last night I worked—worked just for you, mademoiselle."

He vanished. Rosemary sat down beside Charley. "Don't you like him?" she asked.

"He's a swell little guy," said Charley.

"He just adores me," said Rosemary. Charley grinned. "He just adores you in his clothes," he said. Abruptly he rose and went to scrutinize the fresco on the farthest wall.

"It's like a play," thought Rosemary as M. Roc reappeared with three drawings in his hand.

"The first two I have done these last few days," he said. "I think they will be nice for you sometime. But the third I did last night. Ah, mademoiselle, I think you have given me my masterpiece." He smiled at her. She thought again that he had never seen a smile so kind, so full of sweetness. "I hope," said M. Roc, "that this will make you happy."

ONE by one he handed her the sketches. The first was a traveling costume. The second was a tea gown. He hesitated an instant as he handed her the third.

It was a wedding dress. It was undoubtedly a wedding dress for Rosemary Dennis and nobody else at all. Even the black face above it had the outlines of her own curved cheeks.

Rosemary felt the blood beat in her temples. Mutely she looked up at M. Roc. Gently, gently, she smiled down at her, and then at Charley across the room.

"He is so nice," whispered M. Roc.

For a brief instant Rosemary's world stopped spinning. Then an infinite sharp relief, an infinite fast regret swept over her. M. Roc didn't want her. M. Roc didn't need her. Mrs. Charley Nesbitt. How she wanted to be Mrs. Charley Nesbitt. How she had always wanted to be. It was clear. It was over. She need think no more. M. Roc had given her Charley.

Oh, what a fool she had been. She had never seen what Charley had known in an instant. Slowly she bowed her cheeks. M. Roc had loved a basis for his art—an inspiration. He loved it still, the dance!

Rosemary laughed softly, but her laugh broke in the middle.

Only by being ugly, by being vulgar, could she ever betray M. Roc. Suddenly she saw him as he was—forever light of heart, forever young, and never for a moment hers. The faint sadness within her deepened and sweetened until it grew forever into her happiness. She looked at Charley, whom she loved. She had hurt him. All at once she knew how she had hurt him.

"Charley," called Rosemary, "come here. M. Roc just told me in a wedding dress. What do you think of that?"



COCKER SPANIEL

DR. SAMUEL MELAMET,
noted French specialist, explains:—

*She had poor
appetite—Felt
drowsy after meals—*

Physician-in-chief of the Hospital,
"La Repas." Frequently called in
consultation by other doctors on
diseases of the intestines. Laureate
of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris.

"Patient was growing weaker... I
advised yeast... her appetite and
strength returned very quickly."



"LOUISE P., 19 years old, ate hardly anything. Dr. Melamet relates. 'She was dejected, losing weight, always tired and listless, slept very badly, had poor color. Her eyes were heavy—showed loss of sleep. She was sent to me by another doctor.

"I EXAMINED HER carefully. Made fluoroscope and X-ray tests. I found that her trouble was due to constipation—even though she had *roussines* every day. Her intestines were never really emptied, were poisoning her body. I advised yeast 3 times a day.

"IT WAS MY ONLY prescription. In a few weeks she had healthy color. Her this body became more normal in weight. Her appetite improved... her strength returned very quickly. Once again she was full of energy... cheerful... happy... a changed girl!"

"WHEN PATIENTS SAY, 'Doctor, I feel run-down... I can't eat as I used to, my first suspicion is chronic constipation,' the eminent consultant, Dr. Melamet, states.

"Such symptoms as coated tongue, bad breath, general fatigue, and broken-out skin come from sluggish intestines.

"Steady use of laxatives, I tell patients, only makes matters worse. They give temporary relief at the expense of weakening the intestines. They aggravate the very condition they pretend to remedy.

"If you want lasting relief from constipation, yeast is the natural way to correct it. The intestinal muscles are strengthened... waste is softened, moved out of the system without strain. Yet yeast is not habit-forming."

Instead of giving you energy, perhaps your food makes you feel drowsy... "heavy" inside... often causes you distress. Perhaps your skin is blotchy, rough, broken out. Your head aches. You toss in your sleep. Then, by all means, try Fleischmann's Yeast.

Start eating it right away, and keep it up... for 30 days, at least. Eat 3 cakes a day, just plain or dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ glass of water, or milk drinks. Before meals, or between meals and at bedtime.

You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. In addition to its "corrective" powers, it is the richest of all foods in the group of three indispensable vitamins B, D and G, so often deficient in the foods we eat.

Fleischmann's Yeast has helped millions regain an abundance of energy... keen appetite... good digestion... clear skin... and the happiness that goes with health. It should help you, too! Get some today! The sooner you start eating it, the sooner you'll feel much better.

Works all day—has pep left over now!

"When I started work, I was terribly run-down... tired all the time... had a lot of headaches, too," writes Miss Marthalee Grimes, Columbus, O. (right in photo). "I never wanted to go anywhere. Then a friend urged me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. It had built her up. She looked so well that I decided to start eating it, too. It soon cleared the sluggishness out of my system. My appetite picked up. Now I can work all day, and still have pep for the evenings."



Plan Your Playtime with the Summer Sampler

The flowers that bloom in the spring? scattered on your crepes and cottons— grounds are the most sophisticated. seen the woven designs in synthetic



Have them dark back— Have you fabrics for



summer dresses— for you who prefer plain colors?

On a crepe with white background (synthetic too)

are black



Egyptian figures. Stripes and

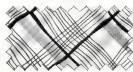
checks

are grand for shirt-waist

dresses, little suits and beach clothes. Plaids

are as popular in organdie and lawn

for the evening as they are for play.



And of course there is the perennial polka-dot— so clean-cut.



Crisp fabrics— taffeta and dimity

and organdie

are definitely here. No summer

wardrobe is

complete without a white woolen

coat of basket-



weave,



or one of the interesting new diagonal woven patterns.



Browse around the colorful, hospitable

yard goods departments in your

stores. And right now send ten cents for the

Summer Sampler to help you plan your summer

wardrobe. Actual samples of 44 cottons and linens!

Reference Library:
Enclosed find 10 cents
for the Summer Sampler

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia

April



A woman's loveliness can be spoiled by the 7 stains on teeth... her charm restored by removing these stains completely.

MEN who "couldn't see me" are all eyes now

"I'M THE happiest girl in America! Yet, just think! A few months ago I was 'that little Roland girl—won't someone—someone—ask her to dance?'"

"Yes, I was 'nobody's sweetheart'... a problem at any party!"

"And then, one day, I overheard the men discussing the girls in our set—which was prettiest. I almost stopped breathing when I heard one of them mention my name. Here's what he said:

"You know, she's pretty enough. But when she smiles... *those teeth!*"

"For hours, that day, I sat staring into my mirror, gazing through my tears..."

"He was right! Though my teeth were even, their color was... well, just plain dingy! Yellowish! It had happened so gradually I hadn't noticed.

"And then, through my head ran

some words I'd read the evening before, 'Food and drink leave seven kinds of stain on teeth. If these stains remain, teeth grow duller and duller, till all the natural sparkle is gone. Use Colgate's—it removes all seven kinds of stains.'

"Today—well, look at my teeth... my smile! I know it's a winner now. And you'd know it, too... if you could see my date-book."

[Banish all seven stains with Colgate's and glory in your smile.]

Would you love to look in your mirror a few days from now, and see your teeth cleaner, more sparkling, more beautiful—than ever before? Then do this:

Get a tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Let its two cleansing

actions remove all food stains—stains that no dental cream with only one cleansing action can remove.

You see, Colgate's has an *emulsive* action that washes many of the stains away. Then a *polishing* action that removes all the more stubborn ones. So don't delay. Try Colgate's. And ten days from now, see for yourself what an amazing difference this two-action

dental cream can make in your teeth.

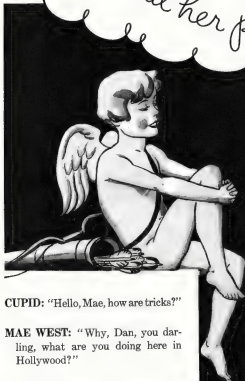
Note, too, how it refreshes the mouth... sweetens the breath. And Colgate's is only 20¢—the most economical of all good toothpastes... the least expensive of all beauty-aids.

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has the two cleansing actions. It gives the same remarkable results, and sells at the same low price.



MAE WEST

and her pal Dan Cupid



CUPID: "Hello, Mae, how are tricks?"

MAE WEST: "Why, Dan, you darling, what are you doing here in Hollywood?"

CUPID: "Came for a holiday—it's the one place I never have to work. All you girls can take care of yourselves."

MAE WEST: "We get our men, all right. But then we've been using Lux Toilet Soap for years. A luscious skin gets them every time."

CUPID: "You do know men, Mae. I find I've lots more spare time since girls everywhere started using your soap. Guess I'll fly over and see Lupe now. Take care of yourself."

MAE WEST: "By-by. C'm up and see me some time."



PARAMOUNT STAR



"MY
GREATEST
ALLY"

Take a leaf out of Mae's notebook! Lovely, appealing skin attracts men just as honeysuckle attracts bees. You can have it as easily as the 9 out of 10 screen stars who use Lux Toilet Soap. Use it yourself every day for the soft, appealing skin men adore!





COSTUMES FOR DANCING DAUGHTERS

DESIGNED BY PEN HUBBARD

Isn't it true that your daughter is never happier than when she has a part in her dancing-class exhibition? Probably she, like all the other girls in the block, has one great ambition—to study stage dancing. For her and all other little girls who take their dancing class seriously, we have selected these attractive costumes from the exhibition of one very successful teacher of dancing.

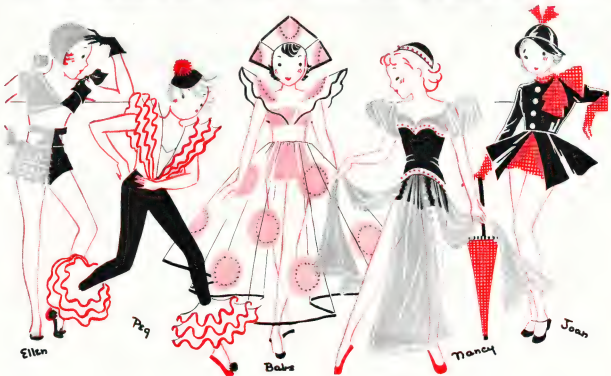
The top row is for little girls, six or so, and the bottom row for twelve-year-olds. Connie (No. A-1158), the little monkey, is all silver and organdie ruffles with coral ribbons,

for her toe-tap dance. Gretchen's saten trunk and top show through her organdie apron (No. A-1159). Betty (No. A-1160) tap dances like nobody, in her velvetreen costume trimmed with silver. Joyce (No. A-1161) is all white starched lace for Cellophane and tulle ruffles; while Phyllis toe dances in tulle skirt and ruffles over a spangled satin leotard (No. A-1162).

Ellen is an acrobatic dancer in her costume of silver metallic cloth and black cord satin (No. A-1163). Peg (No. A-1164) is a tap dancer in black jersey trou and tulle.

Babe is a fairy queen or a Maypole dancer in tulle and silver cloth (No. A-1165). Nancy (No. A-1166) does a musical-comedy kick dance in black velvet and tulle. Joan (No. A-1167) is a modern tap dancer in black oldcloth.

If your daughter is six or so, send five cents in stamps to the Reference Library, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa., for directions for any costume in the upper row. Order by name and number. If she's going on twelve, send for the directions for the costumes in the lower row, each five cents. Diagrams and color suggestions included.



"I find Camels delightfully Mild" —

MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER
OF CHICAGO



■ Mrs. Potter d'Orsay Palmer has all the quick grace and verve of the Argentine—before her marriage she was Señorita Maria Eugenia Martinez de Hoz of Buenos Aires. Educated in Switzerland, she lived abroad until her marriage in Paris a few years ago. Her English is as fluent as her Spanish, French, and German. Now, while she returns to Europe for her summers, she divides the winter between Chicago, where she has a delightful apartment in the famous Palmer House which was originally built and owned by her husband's grandfather, and their winter home in Sarasota, Florida. She shoots, fishes, swims, loves parties and the American movies, and always smokes Camel cigarettes.

"THEY ARE SO NICE AND SMOOTH" . . .

"They are so nice and smooth and have such good flavor," Mrs. Palmer says. "The thing I like most about Camels is that I can smoke as many as I want without getting nervous or jumpy. I do not wonder that so many people smoke them."

More and more women are finding that Camel's costlier tobaccos are easy on the nerves. It's

nice to know that you don't have to watch how much you are smoking when you smoke Camels. And you will thoroughly enjoy their mildness and the smooth full flavor that never tires your taste.

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand.



Camel's costlier tobaccos are Milder



THE SHIRT-WAIST DRESS—SUMMER'S UNIFORM

1282. Shirt-waist dresses—yes, lots of them; but the frock about town is the two-piece one, like that above, in cotton or linen. It's the commuter's special and the business girl's love. Notice the crisp revers, which make a narrow chest look wider, the easy line of the shoulder (easy to fit, if you're an amateur dress-maker), the center inverted pleat and the row of decorative buttons. It is designed for 14 to 18 years, and 36 to 42 bust.

1283. The kind of dress that looks professional on a golf course some sunny morning. Striped seersucker—one stripe darker than the other—will make you look taller and slimmer if you're inclined to be hippy. The slight gathers in front, below the yoke, are easy on the figure too. The collar is convertible, and you can have long sleeves to the dress if you prefer. The dress is designed for 14 to 18 years, and for 36 to 40 bust.

1284. Everybody's wearing shorts to match morning frocks. Slip off your skirt and you're all set for tennis or the beach picnic! These separate shorts give you a flat tummy and are easy to step into. The tab front breaks the line of the blouse, and saves you hours of dressmaker work putting in a vest. The outfit is made of seersucker in a blue-and-white check, and it is designed for 14 to 18 years, and for 36 to 40 bust.

1285. The large woman chooses a shirt-waist dress of this type. It is in a mercerized-cotton fabric, in an almost invisible check, with pin stripes in two shades of blue, forming the larger checked design. Notice how the V line of the vest front seems to make the bust seem smaller, and the way the two side pleats on either side of the front appear to lengthen the line of the skirt. The dress is designed for 36 to 48 bust.

*"Don't worry, honey
... it won't scratch!"*

THE "Hidden Name Test" turned the searching rays of proof on claims of cleanser quality. It revealed the facts about cleansers fairly ... and completely. So definitely did it establish New Sunbrite as the *safest* cleanser ... that even this little miss accepts the verdict. And equally emphatic was its proof that New Sunbrite Cleanser is the fastest, most economical, easiest to use.

For a week, the women who made the "Hidden Name Test" tried the leading cleansers equally ... on pots and pans ... on tile and enamel ... on porcelain and on stoves and refrigerators. There were no brand names on any of the cans. No labels to cause confusion or prejudice. *Results alone counted ... and New Sunbrite Cleanser won first choice!*

This test is convincing. But the experiences of others are never as conclusive as your own. So why not get a supply of New Sunbrite Cleanser ... and compare its *results* with the cleanser you are now using? Forget its low price. Think only of its ease, speed, safety and *long-lasting economy*. Prove to yourself that New Sunbrite *does* more than any other cleanser ... regardless of cost!



New SUNBRITE CLEANSER

Copyright by Smith & Company, 1934

CLEANS EASIER • WORKS FASTER • WON'T SCRATCH

The Grasshoppers and the Aunt

(Continued from Page 19)

We passed an enormous coffee cup with what looked like real steam rising up off of it, and we were just coming to the Hollywood with Rudy Vallée and Fifty Beautiful Girls, and almost across from it the Paradise with Paul Whiteman and Fifty Beautiful Girls, which wasn't my idea of Paradise nearly as much as Rudy Vallée, the divine man, when Miss Hunt took Davy's arm.

"I don't want you children to wear yourselves out," she said, "and I'm wondering if this isn't a good time to go back to the hotel. Tomorrow is another day—"

BEFORE Davy could howl, Mr. Fletcher steered us into a doorway. "Lenny," he said, "you forget the vitality of youth. This is the Paradise, and nobody ever passes the Paradise by."

"Except the mobs of people going to the Hollywood." I thought, giving a yearning look in the direction of Rudy Vallée's picture.

But, all the same I began to get thrilled as we went upstairs and you could hear Paul Whiteman's music somewhere, and a rattling sound. I could feel little crawling feelings in my spine and my soul seemed to have bubbles in it, the way it does when things are going to happen and you are with a handsome man.

We had a table about halfway around the biggest room I ever saw people eating in. There was a dance floor in the center and tables all around three sides, each row of tables a little higher than the one in front, just like a theater. There was the famous orchestra with P. W. in person and colored lights flashing red and green and blue streaks on everybody, and as many people as would fit on the dance floor were on it, though there must have been a thousand more who were just eating and watching.

We noticed that there were clappers on every table that made a noise when you shook them, and of course everybody got feeling very primal making noises in an abandoned sort of way. That is, about one out of every five tables was abandoned. The rest were just eating.

"What's it to be?" Mr. Fletcher said. "Chocolate, vanilla, strawberry—which?"

"But it says," Davy said, peering at the menu, "that the buck and a half includes a full meal."

"Then let's eat a full meal," Sam said. "I'll take scrambled eggs and sausage and pie with ice cream."

MR. FLETCHER looked a little baffled for a moment and then he laughed gaily. "Call your orders," he said. "What shall it be, Lenny?"

"Just lemonade," Miss Hunt said. "Isn't this an amusing place?"

"I'll have a mushroom omelet," I said, "and some chocolate ice cream and rain cake."

"Eggs for me," Davy said, "and sausage and pie without the ice cream."

"I want a Spanish omelet," Pauline said, "whatever that is, and a Welsh rabbit."

"I like Maudie's choice," Mr. Fletcher said. "And coffee for all?"

"Not for me," Miss Hunt said. "I know my limit." She gave him a cool smile.

"Oh, Mr. Fletcher," I said softly, "look what someone left beside you."

Mr. Fletcher took quickly, the way you do when you think it might be something you wouldn't want, and there leaning against his chair was an actual girl with practically nothing on but a peacock-feather crown and some necklaces. Mr. Fletcher made a sound like a hiccup, and before he could take one drink of water the girl ran out on the dance floor, and about twenty more just like her, and we realized for the first time that our table was right by the side leading from the

place where the choruses got dressed—or, rather, ready.

"I always wondered why a show girl was called a show girl," I said dreamily, gazing out over the floor.

"Now you know," Davy and Sam said together.

Mr. Fletcher patted my hand, "Innocence abroad," he said, and if my mouth hadn't been full I would have given him my loveliest smile.

Well, we had a wonderful time. There were a great many acts, with these girls and some people tap dancing and various songs that you couldn't understand the words of, but it didn't matter because everyone laughed anyway. There was an intermission in between the two halves of the program when everyone could dance—that is, if you called it dancing. I don't suppose we would ever have left if Miss Hunt hadn't made us when it was nearly two o'clock.

This is a gala night, children," she said, "but I won't be able to look your mothers in the face if you get sick. Tomorrow we'll all sleep lunchtime."

"Oh, Miss Hunt," I said pathetically, looking at Mr. Fletcher out of the end of my eye, "I might never get back here again for years, and I just can't wait a morning asleep. Wouldn't it be all right if I went to the museum tomorrow morning?"

"**WHY**, my dear," Miss Hunt began, a pleased look spreading over her face, "I never realized—"

"I nominate myself official guide," Mr. Fletcher said, raising like a thermometer when you blow on it. "I consider sleep a waste of time."

"So do I," Pauline said, giving me an expression of poisoned sweetness, "and Maudie and I always love doing things together."

"And so she played the joker," Davy gloated, leering at me. "And it looks like Paul's game."

"When better wise cracks are made," I said to him mildly, "somebody else will make them."

Davy has an annoying way of suspecting my motives whenever there is an attractive man around, and I was desperately afraid that he would cramp my style by deciding to come along on the museum party too. But much as he loves me, he doesn't seem to mind my going on the night that Pauline's being along would protect his interests.

The thing that he and Paulie didn't realize, though, is that I honestly never do sleep late. So the next morning I woke around eight, and of course Paulie was sound asleep, waiting for the clerk at the desk to wake her. I tiptoed out into the sitting room and called the clerk and told him not to wake her, as she needed the sleep. He was very sympathetic. Then I had my breakfast down in the big dining room, where I could look out on Fifth Avenue, and at nine o'clock I was sitting in the lobby waiting for Mr. Fletcher.

HE LOOKED like the Spirit of Park Avenue when he came in, with his derby in his hand and a blue double-breasted suit all buttoned up and a gray tie with a pearl in it and gray socks.

"Good morning, early bird," he said, with his intriguing smile. "You look the worse for wear, in spite of our recent disipation."

"As a compliment," I said, "that makes me sound like an old shoe. Can't you do any better? This is a new hat."

"I love it," he said. "How's that?"

"Very stimulating—for the hat," I said. "But if you said 'I love you in it,' I would really wake up and look around."

Mr. Fletcher laughed joyfully. "Come along, modern child," he said. "You

The cards are
stacked against you,
dear girl!

when you fail to
realize this



AWISE young woman friend of the world said to a young friend in a confidential chat not long ago:

"You can succeed socially without brains. You can get along without beauty. You can do without a sense of style."

"But there's one thing you can't possibly succeed without. That is a quality which everyone, men especially, likes to think of as essentially feminine—the quality of freshness, sweetness, immaculateness of person."

"And I say unhesitatingly that the greatest single enemy to this feminine quality of person is underarm perspiration odor. When you are careless about when you are stacking the social cards against yourself, you're stopped before you've started!"

The one sure way to guard against the ugly odor of perspiration is to give

your underarms regular, special care.

The quick, easy way to give this care is with Mum, the dainty, fragrant cream deodorant.

Mum is so easy to use—takes only half a minute! No fuss, no effort. As simple as powdering your nose.

And if you should forget to use it while dressing, use it afterwards, any time. For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing.

It's soothing and cooling to the skin, too. Indeed, you can use it right after shaving the underarms!

Mum acts simply to prevent the unpleasant odor of perspiration and not the perspiration itself.

When Mum makes it so simple to avoid all trace of body odor, isn't it foolish to take a chance? You can get Mum at any retail counter. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



**TAKES THE
ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION**

"WE COULD NEVER DO WITHOUT MUM FOR THIS, EITHER," women say. On sanitary napkins Mum gives complete protection from all unpleasantness.

A SALON FACIAL with your own hands!



At three preparations in one exciting package, special at \$1.00

● Salon care for your face... all by yourself? It is really possible to give yourself the same daily home treatment that's prescribed for the loveliest patrons of Dorothy Gray's Salon?

Yes... more easily than you ever dreamed. For Dorothy Gray has made her Salon Facial so simple! Do just three things... use just three preparations. And watch how quickly your skin takes on that "salon-care-for" look.

This is the "1-2-3 Facial"

1. *Cleanse.* At night, use Dorothy Gray Cleansing Cream... to float out pore dirt.

2. *Lubricate.* Then, smooth in, and leave on overnight, an emollient... to soften, and help smooth out lines and wrinkles. (Special Mixture for dry skins, Suppling Cream for normal and oily skins.)

3. *Stimulate.* Next morning, cleanse again; then with a lotion containing the pores and put up circulation. (Orange Flower Skin Lotion for fine, dry skins; Texture Lotion for coarse pores and oily skins.)

Each day, for at least two weeks, do these three simple things. Watch your skin grow smoother, clearer, more radiant and glowing.

Special \$1 Package

You can buy the Dorothy Gray prep-

arations for your "1-2-3 Salon Facial" at all better shops. Or, if you prefer, try the special "Salon Facial Package" at \$1.00 a package, grand for traveling and guest-rooms. It contains all three preparations in generous sizes for a thorough trial of the "1-2-3 Salon Facial." One box for dry skins, another for oily and normal skins.

Have you some abnormal skin condition? Coarse pores? Crêpy throat? Winkles! Dorothy Gray has a simple corrective preparation for every skin fault. At leading shops.

DOROTHY GRAY, 651 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.

SPECIAL... AT YOUR FAVORITE SHOP

Dorothy Gray SALON FACIAL PACKAGE

The "Salon Facial Package" contains: 1. Cleansing Cream. 2. An emollient cream. (Special Mixture for dry skins, Suppling Cream for normal and oily skins.) 3. A stimulating lotion. (Orange Flower Skin Lotion for dry, delicate skin; Texture Lotion for coarse pores and oily skins.)

\$1.00

FOR A LIMITED TIME

Dorothy Gray

We have complied with the requirements of the FDA

SALONS IN NEW YORK - WASHINGTON - CHICAGO - LOS ANGELES - PARIS - BRUSSELS - AMSTERDAM

shouldn't be allowed to say things like that to a stranger man." Mr. Fletcher, I said earnestly. "You're just like lots of people I know."

Mr. Fletcher wrung his hands. "Stop it," he said. "Stop it at once. Where's Pauline?"

"She's asleep. I knew she would be and I didn't wake her because Pauline needs sleep to be her best self. But she loves museums, so that I thought it would be kind of men to go without her and I wondered—would you mind if we went on a sight-seeing bus and saved the museum for later?"

"Why—why, no," Mr. Fletcher said, looking for a minute like he was going to have an attack of something.

THE bus, which we had to dash down town in a taxi to get, was a fascinating object, with a glass roof so you could see the tops of high buildings, and very soft leather seats, on the front of which sat a little man with a megaphone in a pale gray hat that had a cockney accent who was our guide.

Riding in a bus is a wonderful experience, because a bus is bigger than anything else on the street except another bus, so things don't get in your way.

"Maude," Mr. Fletcher said, "you are a revelation to me."

"On the left the Empire State Building, the world's tallest building, one hundred and four stories high," the guide said.

"I bet it's scary on top," I said. "Why am I a revelation to you? Don't you know very much about women?"

"The Chrysler Building is sixty-eight stories," the guide was saying; "Radio City, seventy stories—"

"I considered myself quite an expert on the subject," Mr. Fletcher said, "but you make me realize that there are gaps in my education somewhere."

—At a total cost of two hundred and fifty million dollars when complete."

Well, pretty soon we were passing Central Park, which I am partial to say I recognized, and the guide was pointing out all the houses—only he called them mansions—facing it. Millionaires' Row, he called it.

When we came out on Riverside Drive, we could see the river looking very soft and misty below us, and ahead of us a building like a temple overlooking it.

"What's that?" I said to Mr. Fletcher, while the guide told the bus driver where to turn.

"Grant's Tomb," he said, looking at me. "Shall we bother to get out?"

Well, I just stared at him. "If that's a tomb," I said, "it's an honor to be dead. Of course I want to get out."

WE CLIMBED a little hill and went into the tomb, where there was a dim and holy light everywhere except for a guard at the door who was drowning.

"On the left General Grant, on the right Mrs. Grant. All about it in this here booklet for twenty-five cents."

"Wherever you turn, there is unfair discrimination against women," I said, buying some picture cards of the tomb to send to Chi and Bill and etcetera with the message, "Having a swell time, wish you were here."

"Prove it," Mr. Fletcher said. "Just prove it, in this feminist era."

"Well," I said, "you never heard anybody speak of General and Mrs. Grant's Tomb, did you?"

"Why, no," said Mr. Fletcher, laughing. "Why should they?"

"I'm just telling you," I said, "it's a man's world."

We climbed in the bus again and I noticed that Mr. Fletcher said down with a look of relief. I wondered for a minute whether he liked tombs. An older man is a definite challenge, being harder to get into the spirit of things than an eighteen-year-old infant like Davey, I was learning. It worried me for a few minutes.

"Maude," Mr. Fletcher said finally, "woman is a predatory animal."

"On our right the freight yards of the New York Central Railroad," the guide was saying.

"Isn't travel broadening?" I said. "Where else would you see freight yards? What's a predatory animal?"

"A creature who sets out to catch another creature," Mr. Fletcher said, "and isn't satisfied until it does."

"Does it want the other creature?" "Of course. That's why it chases it."

I shook my head scornfully. "You're wrong about women," I said. "It's the chasing that counts, not the end."

"Ah-h! Then you admit the chase?" "Of course they chase," I said. "It doesn't take me to admit it. Anybody with two eyes can see it's so. Sometimes they want the man too. But mostly they just love to go after him, just as if he can be before some other girl does. You know—it's a kind of a *poor le sport*."

"We are approaching Eighth Avenue and West Twenty-eighth Street. The city of New York is the largest in the world. It has three hundred and nine square miles, five boroughs and seven million people."

YOU could see even Mr. Fletcher was impressed. He got out a pencil and a card. "Let me have that mileage again, will you?"

"Three hundred and nine," the guide said obligingly. "Whereas, from, baddy?"

Mr. Fletcher jammed the pencil in his pocket and frowned out the window.

I suppose it was the first time he ever thought of himself as looking like a tripper.

"Fourteenth Street, the bazaar-houses' paragon," the guide was saying. "We are now in the heart of Greenwich Village, the habitat of the artists, where today is

the city of tomorrow and tomorrow looks after itself."

"This 'ere is Trinity Church, built in 1790; in the graveyard the tombstones of Alexander Hamilton and John Jay can be seen. Hamilton is the big white one next the fence. Fulton is the little one next the fountain. With it is the entrance to Wall Street, the best-known quarter mile in the world. It's at a river at one end and a graveyard at the other, which seems a little odd."

We got out at the Aquarium and ran through it like two kids, picking out fish that looked like people we knew—for instance, the green moray in the living image of my Aunt Rachel without her glasses.

Then we took back to the bus and went on through the tenement section, which made me feel ashamed of ever being discontented with my lot, and the Ghetto, which got so crowded they took down several blocks of houses to let the air in, and even then people didn't have any place to put their garbage, so they just threw it out the window at nine o'clock.

Then just as we were taking a last look at a shop where they said wedding dresses which Jewish brides rent for three dollars a day, the guide said:

"We are now in Greenwich, the Bowery, once the center of vice and crime and the 'ang-out-of' characters."

WELL, I fairly fell out of the bus looking at rows of men asleep on benches by the street, and women pushing yelling babies into stores, any of which you could get so crowded they took down several blocks of houses to let the air in, and even then people didn't have any place to put their garbage, so they just threw it out the window at nine o'clock.

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"We are now in Greenwich, the Bowery, once the center of vice and crime and the 'ang-out-of' characters."



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The world's before him

Your boy—dreaming of worlds to conquer—aggressive and shy by turns. A trying time, for him—this period of his fastest growth. Physical changes come so rapidly. Consult your physician about his diet, so that it will keep up with his body's need for the vitamins and minerals to build sturdy bones, strong teeth.

Double your watchfulness about the care of his teeth. Don't let him relax the early habit of brush-

ing his teeth, after each meal, when convenient. At least, morning and night. Your dentist will explain how it should be done, how important it is for his teeth and gums—now and all his life.

Impress on him the need of periodic visits to his dentist. Make sure he uses only a safe and efficient dentifrice.

Into the making of Squibb's Dental Cream has gone all the knowledge that scientific research has

learned about the care of the teeth. It helps in protecting the teeth from decay and preserving the health of the gums—and it cleans thoroughly and safely.

Every member of the family can use Squibb's Dental Cream with absolute assurance of safety.

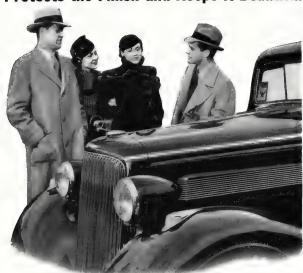
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to the Medical Profession since 1858

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

Always SIMONIZ A NEW CAR!

**Do it Right Away! Simoniz
Protects the Finish and Keeps it Beautiful**



UNSIMONIZED



An un-Simonized car, after being driven a few thousand miles, looks old and worn.

SIMONIZED



If a new car is Simonized right away, it will still look beautiful after being driven many thousands of miles.



Be sure to Simoniz a new car before you drive it very far! That's the advice of thousands of dealers and millions of motorists everywhere. They know that any car must be Simonized if it is to stay beautiful.

There's nothing like Simoniz! It stops weather, dirt and other destructive elements from getting at the finish—so they can do no damage. Harder and more durable, Simoniz gives perfect protection to the finish. Makes it last longer and keeps the colors from fading.

You'll enjoy Simonizing your car. It's so easy! A few quick strokes with the wonderful Simoniz Kleener and a dull car sparkles like new again! Then apply Simoniz to keep the finish beautiful.

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car. Then it will stay bright and new looking for years. The Simoniz Co., Chicago, U. S. A.

Motorists Wise
SIMONIZ

THE SECRET OF LASTING MOTOR CAR BEAUTY

(Continued from Page 64)

"I can think of that anywhere," I said, "and it doesn't help. Is that the Empire State Building again?"

"It looks familiar," Mr. Fletcher—I mean, Roddy—said.

"Do let's get out," I said, smiling pleadingly at him. "I read somewhere you could have lunch on the eighty-sixth floor."

Mr. Fletcher was still smiling intriguingly when we got out, but I thought that he looked a little pale. We hurried in the door and found ourselves in a regular little city all paneled in black marble with rows of little shops with expensive-looking things for sale.

WE STOPPED somewhere and Roddy telephoned the Gotham, while I watched the hundreds of people all rushing about through the glittering black halls and listened to their voices and footsteps echoing in the weirdest way.

"They're just getting the kofers," he said, and I thought there was a little touch of envy in his voice. "And they'll join us here in twenty minutes."

There is a dining room all glassed in on the eighty-sixth floor, with an open terrace around it and people looking over and trying not to wonder what they would look like if they fell over. Miss Hunt and Sam and Davy—looking suspicious—and Pauly—very annoyed—came just as we were asking the guard if anyone ever jumped out, and you could just see a shadow go up Miss Hunt.

"Not often," the guard said in a very bored voice. "But you wouldn't want 'em constant."

"What could you do?" Miss Hunt said. "I'm asking you, lady," he said.

"I guess it's not so bad in the fall as the spring," Sam said with an innocent look, and Pauline bit.

"Why, what difference would that make?"

"Because in the fall people are wearing their light fall overcoats."

"Oh, but it isn't the fall, it's the sudden stop that hurts," I said.

"That wouldn't hurt me; I'm wearing a spring suit." Davy can always go you one better.

Roddy and Miss Hunt looked at each other and shook their heads.

"Have you all gone completely mad?" Miss Hunt asked us.

"Noney, noney," Sam reassured her. "We're just talking for the pun of it."

"PUN my soul," Davy groaned: "let's put on the feed bag while I still have an appetite. I can't stand any more of this pan-isment on an empty stomach."

We went in and got a table by one of the big windows, Roddy and Miss Hunt looking just a little bit doubtful.

Pauly and I ordered cream-cheese-and-olive sandwiches and brandied-peach sandwiches, and the boys had ham-and-butter sandwiches and Davy had three cinnamon buns and Sam had a thing called Governor's Choice. Miss Hunt had hearts of lettuce and a bit of tea, and, to my utter amazement, Mr. Fletcher just had milk and crackers.

"You'll need all your strength," Davy said, sitting at Mr. Fletcher, in a way that you could see Mr. Fletcher didn't exactly like. "We're going out to walk across the George Washington Bridge the minute we can't eat any more."

"Don't be smart, Davy," Miss Hunt said, but Mr. Fletcher laughed gaily.

"We're only young once, Lenore," he said. "Now, what about the Statue of Liberty, sports? Going to pass her up?"

"Forgot about her," Sam said. "What's the first move?"

Well, it seemed that you rode out on a boat and then you went up inside it in an elevator and looked down, which is the chief attraction of so much of New York. But first we went up to the hundred-and-second floor of the Empire State, which is really inside the mooring mast, where the guide shows us where to look down on Mr. J. P. Morgan's house, there being so

few chances for a person to look down on Mr. Morgan.

When we got to the statue—could you believe it?—the elevator was out of order.

The one day we were there.

"I'll race you," Sam said. "It's only a hundred and fifty-four steps, this book says."

"I'll wait for you," Miss Hunt said very firmly. "Will you wait with me, Roddy?"

Mr. Fletcher said yes, he thought he would; and even when I gave him my most magnetic smile he didn't respond. "The sweet thing," I thought; "he feels sorry for poor Miss Hunt, and doesn't want to leave her all alone while he has a good time climbing with me." How could I make him forget his conscience? And then Davy did it for me by making a remark that was meant for my benefit but which Roddy heard.

"Yeah," Davy said, "this is no game for an old man."

Roddy frowned and then he turned to Miss Hunt. "If you'll excuse me, Lenore," he said, "now that I'm here, I really think I should see this old lady. The way he said, 'old' you could see he didn't like the word."

THE stairway was a spiral one, winding around and around, and the horrible part was that when you were on the one hundred and fifty-four step you could see all the way to the bottom practically between your feet. It was a ghastly feeling. Sam and Davy wanted to climb the ladder that goes up in the arm, but Pauly and I said no, and Mr. Fletcher didn't say anything and he looked a little green too. We looked out of the big windows in the gables' crown and saw all kinds of boats and barges hurrying here and there and a big liner standing still with little tags pushing it and everywhere whistles and horns blowing. Then we went carefully down the steps, which was worse than going up on account of your knees shaking after about twenty steps, and if you stopped you just couldn't help looking down and then your stomach shook. I really was quite used up when we got down and Mr. Fletcher seemed to be turning a pale violet and he breathed in gasps.

"We can rest on the boat going back," I said soothingly to Miss Hunt, who was quite worried, "before we go to Brooklyn Bridge."

"To where?" said Miss Hunt.

"Oh, we compromised," I said. "We just thought we'd walk out Brooklyn Bridge a little way, to where people usually jump off, and then it would just about be time to go to the Ambassador Grill."

"Yeah," said Sam. "But what are you going to the Ambassador Grill for?"

"Puncho's orchestra," Pauline breathed. "Do you love puncho?"

"A woman's love," Davy said to Sam, "is like a tectonic baby."

"Don't ask him why, Sam," Pauly said.

"It'll bite on anything," Davy said.

"Keep the change," I said coldly, while Sam roared. "I was once poor myself."

WELL, the one slight blemish on the afternoon was that, when we got back from the Brooklyn Bridge, Pauly and I saw two swish little hats on our way that we swore we couldn't go to the Ambassador Grill, but the boys wouldn't let us stop to buy them, and even Roddy didn't give us any encouragement, so we had to dance in our old ones until it was time to dress for dinner, which Davy said we were having at Sard's, but when Roddy arrived he thought different.

But we went to see the actors and actresses inhaling their spaghetti and all like that, Davy protested. "That's the kinda place Sard's is."

"You must go there for lunch then," Roddy said, "but never for dinner. They have an entirely different crowd at night. Mostly out-of-town trippers."

"Oh, let's don't go there for dinner, then," Pauly agreed. "Everybody there'd be just like us." (Continued on Page 68)

NO PARBOILING!

Swift's Premium
NOW OVENIZED
*is so very mild
and tender*

Bake it this easy way



1. Place a whole or half Premium Ham in a roaster. Add 2 cups of water, and cover the roaster.



2. Bake in a slow oven (325°), allowing 25 minutes a lb. for a large whole ham; 35 minutes a lb. for smaller (up to 12 lb.) hams or half hams.



3. When ham is done, remove from oven. Lift off rind. Score surface and dot with cloves; rub with mixture of $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar and 1 tbs. flour. Brown, uncovered, for 10 minutes in a hot oven (400°).

Notice how Swift's Premium Ham is divided by the brown dot; you will feed on even a single slice.



SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM

It's Ovenized

Cour. 1934 by Swift & Company

NOW SAY farewell forever to a tedious, unpleasant job! *No more parboiling.* Here's a ham so mild and tender that you simply put it in a roaster and bake it!

The ham is that famous brand—Swift's Premium, now made finer than ever by a special method of smoking which follows the unique mild Premium cure.

The Swift method of smoking ham in ovens—*Ovenizing*—gives an unusual delicacy of texture and develops a richer taste.

It produces a ham so marvelously good that, if you always buy Swift's Premium,

you need never parboil again! Merely bake it, according to the instructions at the left of the picture, or fry or broil the center slices without parboiling.

You'll find that with this method you not only save yourself trouble but actually serve more delicious ham!

Don't you think this deserves a trial the very next time you cook ham? Success is certain if you remember this one point: the ham must be Swift's Premium. Every Premium Ham is *Ovenized*. No other kind is. Swift & Company, Purveyors of Fine Foods.

Gaily attractive, and delicious with baked Premium Ham are fried mussels or potato nests filled with green peas and whole-kernel corn in butter sauce.

Mertle Logan



SWIFT'S PREMIUM BACON ALSO IS OVENIZED
NEW TENDERNESS • NEW RICHNESS OF FLAVOR

Cab Calloway's orchestra, playing the most marvelous music I have ever heard, all banded up against one side, and tables around the floor with clappers on them and colored waltzes looking very glad to see us.

"Well, let's do our reading," Davy said, and all we ordered eggs and bacon and coffee and ice cream except Miss Hunt, who had lemonade, and Mr. Fletcher—could you believe it—who said he had a slight headache and would just have a glass of Vichy water. I noticed after a while he took a pill, too, but I forgot about it almost immediately because there was a bowl of grated cheese on the table and Davy was putting it on his ice cream. Davy is quite a pioneer.

Then the orchestra started playing simply delicious dance music, and pretty soon one brave couple broke the ice by going out on the floor, and then in a minute the floor was full of people. Pauline was giving Roddy her most enticing smile and trying not to hear Sam asking her to dance, but Roddy didn't respond, so she had to take Sam.

Davy very politely asked Miss Hunt to dance, but she said she'd sooner watch, and Roddy turned to me and said wouldn't I like to watch, too, or did I want to dance? I imagine asking me such a question! Of course we danced—if you could call it dancing, because all Roddy did was bump into people and belittle about how crowded it was and how hot and noisy and smoky it was and wouldn't it be wonderful if we were sitting out in the fresh air under the stars somewhere—or even more wonderful, sound asleep in our beds—and every so often he would mutter to himself, "So this is pleasure!" so I wasn't able to let the music get me into a really romantic mood like it wanted to, so really I was rewarded in a way when he took me back to our table after the music stopped the first time instead of clapping for an encore. There was an encore, though, and Davy and I danced it, and as we melted together like butter into hot cakes I began to wonder what I had ever seen in Roddy Fletcher.

WHEN the music stopped for good after the second encore and we all came back to the table, Miss Hunt took Paul's and my hands and said we must think of bed.

"Oh, Aunt Lenore," Davy said, "the book says there's a place called Reubens, where every big name in New York goes after night clubs shut up. Could we just drop in?"

"No," Miss Hunt said, and somehow you got the idea that she meant it.

Mr. Fletcher left us at our hotel, and though Paul gulped and dripped sentiment from her merry eyes I knew it wasn't any. He and I had lived that day.

"Good night," he said, and his voice broke a little as he looked at me. That killed whatever love I had left for him; he was smothering a yawn!

It is a terrible thing to have a conscience like mine, though, because if I had a man and then lost interest in him I always feel very unhappy about blighting his life.

At such times as this I always envy girls like Paul, who do not possess my deadly power over men. There she was already peacefully asleep, for instance, without a worry in the world, while I tossed about on a sea of remorse for coming between Roddy and Miss Hunt, only to discover that he wasn't my type after all.

Looking back, I realized that Roddy must have been pretty good of Miss Hunt to come meet her at the train when we arrived, and then I thought of the way she'd looked at him and me a couple of times and little things she'd said that showed how it had hurt her to have him paying so much attention to me. If it hadn't been for me they might have gone down the years together and had children and everything.

It only, somehow, I could undo the wrong I had done, and bring them together again, I kept thinking over and over until I went to sleep and had a nightmare about Roddy and Miss Hunt getting married and me being the maid of honor, and the minister thought I was the bride and insisted on marrying me to Roddy in spite of everything we could say.

WHEN Paul and I woke the next morning we could hear Sam and Davy talking in the sitting room.

"We could take in the Bronx Zoo and Coney Island," Sam was saying, "and wind up at the Roosevelt Grill to hear this Guy Lombardo."

"He's left," Davy said. "Gone for the summer."

"Well, then," Sam said, "what about the Village Barn? Bill and Chi were there last Christmas. They gave it a good write-up."

"Okay," Davy said, "if you like harness for dinner. The point is, we ought to get organized on eight or nine ideas, and where is Aunt Lenore?"

Well, it seemed that no one had seen Miss Hunt, and even when Paul and I were dressed she wasn't anywhere around. We were just trying to figure out what you did when you happened to lose an aunt in New York when the door opened and she came with orchids on her bosom and a misty smile and Mr. Fletcher back of her.

"Why, Miss Hunt!" Paul began, staring at the orchids. "We'd just —"

"Mrs. Fletcher, please," Mr. Fletcher said very coyly. "I am now your uncle. Davy and I expect you to show a little respect for my gray hairs. Put on your hats, everyone, and let's go out and celebrate!"

They were married, if you could bear it.

Well, we all kissed Miss Hunt—Mrs. Fletcher, I mean—and shook Mr. Fletcher's hand in a stricken sort of way, and Paul and I went into our room to get our hats while Sam and Davy went to call a taxi. In the sitting room we could hear sounds like Mr. Fletcher kissing Miss H—Mrs. Fletcher, and then, if you could possibly imagine

it was a bang. Mr. Fletcher said to her:

"It took just two days of those—those grasshoppers to convince me that you were absolutely meant for me, Lenore."

And Mrs. Fletcher laughed and said, "The grasshoppers and the aunt! Do you mind puns, Roddy?"

I couldn't bear what Roddy said, but there were more sounds like him kissing Mrs. Fletcher, so I guess he didn't mind.

Paul gave me a very outraged look. "Did you hear that? He called us Maude," she said. "Grasshoppers. I certainly like that!"

"Oh, I don't know," I said philosophically, looking at my grin in the glass and noticing for absolutely the first time how dark my eyelashes were getting. "what's so bad about being a grasshopper? Don't forget we've got all summer."

Vivacious New York hostess, Mrs. Jay F. Carlisle, Jr., says:

"I prefer the flavor to mayonnaise"

—yet it costs less!



MRS. JAY F. CARLISLE, JR., is noted in smart circles for her table. Her photograph and statement regarding Kraft's Miracle Whip Salad Dressing appeared in New York newspapers.



HARRY: What's the good-looking girl? Isn't that your friend Peggy Carlisle?



CHARLOTTE: And if Peggy Carlisle says so, it's true! She knows her food!

CHARLOTTE (reading): "I prefer it to mayonnaise; says this noted business, after tasting Miracle Whip Salad Dressing..."

HARRY: But even Mrs. Carlisle couldn't make me eat salad... I'll be home in time for the party tonight. By!



MADDE: How pretty your table looks, Charlotte! You're in a big brave girl, too—giving these men salad.



HARRY: I'm after more of that gelatin stuff! Lots of dressing please! What is it, old doc?

CHARLOTTE: I've got a new dressing—Miracle Whip! Men love the flavor—a combination of mayonnaise and boiled dressing.

CHARLOTTE: I say it's salad! Harry, you're converted at last. And Miracle Whip gets the credit this time!

HERE'S THE REASON MILLIONS PREFER IT TO MAYONNAISE!

A totally new and different flavor—that of mayonnaise and old-fashioned boiled dressing combined—characterizes Kraft's Miracle Whip Salad Dressing. It's made of the same quality ingredients as these popular dressings. But the choice egg, oil, vinegar and spices are combined in a skillful new way, whipped to new creaminess in the exclusive Kraft Miracle Whip machine. Miracle Whip Salad Dressing gives you many extra deliciousnesses. Try a jar!

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THE LARGEST SELLING SALAD DRESSING IN AMERICA

"Hush-a-bye, my baby..."



"Hush-a-bye, my baby . . . close your little eyes and sleep." And, ever so gently, like a lilac spray in the zephyrs, your new-found couch will rock you to the heart of slumberland. . . . For the bad, bad seats that pitched and tossed, and made it so very bothersome for little folks to sleep, have gone away for a year and a day—and they'll *never* come back any more. . . . For *Cadillac*

built some new-type springs for the new streamlined La Salle. And, La Salle *now* rides, on *any* road, like a down-filled trundle-bed! There's never a jounce, and there's never a bump—no matter *where* you may drive. The very *meanest* and *roughest* roads smooth out like a boulevard. . . . So, mother, don't worry—and, mother, don't fret—for when you arrive, he'll be slumbering *yet!*

Designed by Cadillac **LA SALLE** FROM **\$1495** Built by Cadillac
FOR DETROIT

LET'S GO PRIMROSE



BY ELIZABETH MACRAE BOYKIN

If you are in the doldrums, bored with home, husband, family and neighbors, don't go to the movies and have a good cry. That's old stuff. Go look at furniture. There's no woman alive so deep in the blues but would perk up at sight of the new furniture, draperies and accessories. For this spring, home decoration has taken the primrose path in earnest. It's all brightness, gaiety and light. And as for comfort—well, sink in for yourself!

The massiveness, the bulkiness of the old era is past. If you have ever taken off pounds and watched your new self arise from the mist of superfluous avoidpoups, light, sprightly, young, innocent, you will understand what has happened to furniture this spring.

How has it happened? Well, for one thing, frames are smaller and simpler—though equally strong as the old-timey ones. Upholstered pieces have discarded dark, drab shades. They have dressed themselves in new checks, smart plaids, gray prints, cloths of interesting weave, novel texture and bright color. The materials themselves are lighter in weight and consequently the pieces they adorn seem smaller. The woods that are used are lighter in color. When the dark woods are used their richness is doubly attractive,

because it is emphasized with decorative paths of gleaming chromium, burnished copper, glass and ivory. Much of the wood is painted. Early-American maple appears in charming new designs of old-time inspiration. Even stern metal has adorned itself with canary-colored paint and sparkling bands of chromium.

The clear bright colors in drapery fabrics may be a bit of a shock to you. Then you will wonder how you ever tried to make your home hospitable and cheerful without them. They are so good natured, these clear blues, Chinese reds, lemon yellows. These browns in every shade of red-dish chocolate to café-au-lait are so friendly. And white. And blue. These two colors are the big discoveries of the year.

Never have the synthetic fabrics been more challenging. And they open up such grand adventures in decorating. Their washable surfaces make it possible to introduce, practically, many light, bright colors you would otherwise have to forgo.

If you don't believe me, look at the photograph above. There you see a group of the new wall papers, new linoleum wall coverings and new synthetic upholstery fabrics being swished with auds. See how one twist of the wrist removes the soil and they bloom as fresh as daisies!

And if this season's new furniture doesn't make you squeeze the budget to fit up a recreation room in your attic, cellar, garage or inclosed porch, then you are immune from the spirit of play. Poor thing!

Rugs? These are the true advance of the year. In quality, in design, in wearability they are superior. They are so styled that they will lend themselves to act as foundations for the most finical of contemporary color schemes or amiably take their place beneath your favorite companions of years. And a vote of praise is due home decorators because they are seeing the wisdom of the rug cushion and buying it of better quality and more frequently than ever before. It would take pages to tell about the interesting effects now being gotten with linoleum for both floors and walls. This material is really coming into its own. Watch it!

Among the new decorative accessories, lamps will surely take the lead in your shopping (or snooping) list. Oftentimes they are old-time bases modernized. That is, degewgawed. Many times they are made of gleaming chromium or glowing copper combined with cubes and spheres and cylinders of clear glass. They wear simple shades of plain stretched silk, moire and parchment. Sometimes a circle of metal comes around the edge of a white shade repeats the metal note of the lamp base.

Though a medley of furniture and home accessories and draperies will greet the shopper and the window shopper, there are a few really outstanding "numbers"—let's be professional and call them as they do in the trade.

There's a painted modern bedroom group of lustrous off-white enamel trimmed with turquoise, jade, beige or whatever your favorite color may be, that boasts of a little bedside table that is a miniature pagoda.

Look at a few of the new dining-room groupings, especially the one of light wood with lacquer-red bases and trimmings, and you will realize that there's a heap to be done for dining rooms around the land. They, too, are to be lifted out of the realm of the stodgy, dull and flat.

Notice the desks! They are exciting. The flat-top ones with shelves for books decoratively ranged about their sides. You no longer shove them back into the corner. The new way is to place them at right angles to wall or window—some gay-colored accessories there, then you seat yourself to typewrite your club paper in a truly professional manner.

Among chairs, small tables and occasional pieces you will find many interesting little numbers. These are not cheap in comparison with the larger furniture pieces. In fact, they may seem rather high by comparison, but they are wise purchases. They will do for a room what an expensive hat or a good fur will do for a plain costume.

If you are one of those fortunate people known as the "buying public," you will have a grand time shopping this spring. Even sleepless nights, deciding whether you will buy that gay perch set or a new painted bedroom group, that marine-blue linoleum for the kitchen or crystal lamps for the living room, will be joyful. For American designers have granted home decorators new ideas. And a gay deal it is. So let's decorate and go primrose.

Night-time is bargain time

for telephone visits out of town



FRIENDS may be separated by miles, but friendships can be kept alive, easily and inexpensively, by telephone. Every evening, at 7 o'clock, many station-to-station rates drop about 15%. After 8:30 P.M., they are about 40% less than for daytime service.

Is somebody having a birthday? Are members of your family away from home? A telephone call would mean a lot to them, and bring you the genuine pleasure of hearing their voices.

Try it tonight. After 8:30 P.M. you can make a station-to-station call of 75 miles for about 35c, 130 miles for 50c, 275 miles for 75c.



9 hours on a "Rest Robber"

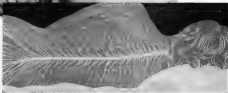
FACE AND BODY... weary



She got NINE hours' sleep. But her face is drawn, her body slack, her disposition irritable.



(Right) Every Nerve and Muscle Must Relax... more than two million sleep observations proved that the Beautyrest adjusts itself perfectly to every position... allows complete relaxation of every nerve and muscle. Only this complete relaxing sleep can bring fresh loveliness to a woman's face and body.



PERHAPS you slept nine hours last night. But that doesn't mean necessarily you had nine hours of real rest.

9 hours of sleep may give you only 3 or 4 hours of the kind of rest you need.

For if your sleeping body has to fight a poorly built mattress all night, you can't get refreshing, revitalizing rest, no matter how long you stay in bed.

No wonder there are so many nervous, tired-looking people in the world! Tense nights spent on lumpy, cheap, rest-robbing mattresses are one sure cause of deeper lines on their faces—slowly but surely they help destroy nerves, looks, courage.

7 Hours enough if it's REAL sleep

To awake fully rested—with plenty of energy for the day's work—what you need is not long sleep, but *restful* sleep. For most people, seven hours on a Beautyrest is actually enough.

The Beautyrest gives gentle, buoyant support to every inch of your body. 837 springy coils—each in its own cloth pocket—allow every nerve and muscle to relax. The daytime tension of your mind and limbs is relaxed. You sleep—and you rest.

You need Vigor of Body, Freshness of Face, these days

If you want to keep ahead of the listless, careworn crowd—if you want to avoid those premature lines that spell defeat—you must get real sleep—Beautyrest sleep—every night.

Isn't that important these

7 hours on a "Beautyrest"

FACE AND BODY... *radiant*



Her face is alive, her body rested, her disposition happy. And she slept just SEVEN hours!

days? More than ever before, women must look their best and men must be "on their toes." Nobody can afford to be tired or look tired. Yet an inferior mattress can sap the energy of the strongest man—rob really lovely women of their beauty.

It's a real Beauty Treatment

Get yourself a Beautyrest today. In return for the \$39.50 it costs, you will get years of really restful nights. You'll get back your lithe, straight carriage—your natural good looks and good temper.

There is no more effective beauty treatment than this deep, refreshing sleep. Men, women, growing children—every one can profit in health and energy from Beautyrest sleep.

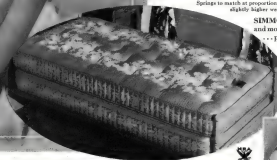
The Simmons Beautyrest Mattress is used in the homes of Mrs. Henry Taft, Mrs. Howard Linn, Miss Anne Morgan, Miss Amy du Pont, Mrs. Edward F. Swift, Mrs. Morgan Belmont.

BEAUTYREST—choice in over 1,500,000 homes. In green, tan, rose, blue, and orchid damask . . . \$39.50
DEEPSLEEP, \$24.50 SLUMBER KING, \$19.75

Springs to match at proportionately low prices. All prices slightly higher west of Denver.

SIMMONS BEDS—in new and modern styles and colors . . . priced in a wide range.

837 COILS—each in cloth pocket—give instant body adjustment. No other mattress has the construction of the Beautyrest.



SIMMONS *Beautyrest*

BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF BEDS, MATTRESSES, SPRINGS AND METAL FURNITURE

Life and Gail Anderson

(Continued from Page 13)

volume of them each year or eighteen months and creeping into more and more anthologies.

But about two years later she had a letter from the editor of a different type of magazine. It was a magazine of large circulation, exceedingly well known and popular. There were great names upon its title page, and new names, too, which later would become great. The types of stories it published were not Gail's type; they were the stories which perhaps she had described in speaking of her husband's taste—they had gaudy and dramatic action, sentiment and humor. . . . and were widely read. The editor, however, had never sought to standardize the magazine. He was always on the watchword, sweeping the horizon for new or unusual talent. And he had been, he wrote, interested in Gail for a number of years, and wondered if she would care to become one of his contributors. . . . So she began her series of small-town stories for the magazine.

Because plot was demanded in this series, these stories more nearly conformed to the accepted short-story technique than the others. But their bitterness persisted. "I do not believe," she wrote me anxiously, "that I have sacrificed my integrity in accepting this offer. I have had to make some concessions, but in form only. Mr. Whitman understands."

SHE had sacrificed nothing, to my way of thinking. Her work, as Whitman published it, was less tenuous, much more substantial. You could get your teeth in it. It was as hard as a bone and as salty as the sea, but it had substance where before it had been merely a clever and elusive shadow.

I wrote and told her so. And I remember that she replied:

"I'm glad you feel that way about it, so do I. I owe what I think is an advance in my work to Kirk Whitman. The others have been content to take the work as it came, but he has wanted to develop it. I can't tell you how patient he has been, and how helpful."

Curiously enough, she wrote for Whitman for a year before meeting him. He came to New York once in that interval and I saw her, but Whitman did not. He had had to go to Europe quite suddenly on a brief business trip and Gail had returned home long before he came back. So I met Kirk Whitman before she did. Whitman was a very remarkable man. Remarkable in appearance and mentality. He was a little too tall and a little too slender and his fine-drawn face was extraordinary for the most vivid and living eyes I have ever seen. I remember also very clearly his long and expressive hands, his quick clipped speech, and his burning enthusiasm, first for life and next for the imitation of life we call fiction.

I KNEW a little about him. His very early, quite unsuitable marriage had been terminated by the death of his young wife, and since then he had been, people told me, rather shy of women. This shyness, too, I must say, a contradictory form, for by no means withdrew himself from the feminine society. His name was always being coupled with this or that glamorous person—an actress, a writer, a society woman, a professional swimmer. But he displayed no intention of entering into a second marriage.

Then, some months after his European trip, he met Gail. I did not see her on that occasion, and so have pieced the story together from things she told me, very much later. For she wrote me nothing save, "I am sorry you were away when I came to New York. I hope you enjoyed your vacation. I was in town only a few days; it was insufficiently hot and I had to get back home. Junior's off to boarding school in the fall, you know, and there is so much

to attend to. By the way, I saw Kirk Whitman and he spoke of you."

They had lunched together. She had gone to the office to meet him and he had risen from his chair at the flat-topped desk and come forward to meet her as she followed his secretary into the room. He was at that time perhaps forty-eight years old and Gail was thirty-five.

I don't know what each of them saw. I do know that he said to her, a little later, across a luncheon table, "It's been a fatality, our not meeting before. And I think it's a fatality, our meeting now."

SHE thought so, too. It was just as sudden as that. Just as amazing. Sitting there in some hotel, the name of which she never was able to remember afterward, and looking at a man she had known for perhaps less than half an hour and knowing that she had deni desperately and passionately in love with him.

Well, there was nothing they could do about it. They met each other every day, every evening for the remainder of her stay. She said to him—twisting, I think, her small strong hands—"But what is there to do, Kirk? Dave loves me. More than that, I suppose, he needs me. Yes, I know he does—although I've been preaching in print for years that no one really needs anyone, that no one is indispensable."

"You've preached a lot of things," he told her, compelling eyes on her own, "that aren't true. Only seem true, on the surface, you know."

"Then," she reminded him, "there are the children."

They talked it out, argued it out, back and forth, interminably. All her writing life she had written of the futility and the futility and tragedy of love, the misery of human relationships and human ties into which we enter as an insurance against loneliness and death. And now she was deceived by our craven desire to forget how brief is life, how ephemeral are the pleasures of the world. She had stood for the independence of the human being, the virginity, so to speak, of the soul. And now, in this curious crisis, there were no phrases except the old ones which she had publicly deplored as outworn, as signsposts to cowardice.

NOR could he alter her. He could not persuade her to let the children, "almost grown now, Gail, making their own lives," go their own way, to let David go his—after all, you can't live forever on the memory of something that happened to you fifteen years ago. He couldn't persuade her because he knew that basically he believed, and had always believed, the things she had once denied, but which she now found she dared deny no longer.

In the end there was one thing to do. You didn't have to wreck several innocent lives to find your own. You could wreck your own and keep still about it, couldn't you, if you were decent human beings? You could put aside temptation by putting as many miles between it and yourself as possible. You could ponder on the meaning of the word "renunciation"—and you could once seem to do it, if you were Gail, a pretty word, and a rather stupid one. Now you knew it was real and heavy and had the sound of death in its syllables. She said, telling him good-bye, "This is good-bye, you know. But—I've learned something. I can't do anything for you, Kirk. There's nothing to do but go back and work—and I shall work—and that much I can give you. I'll put it all in words. Kirk—everything we've learned together."

There's not very much more to tell. You will remember how certain critics stormed and raved about when Gail Anderson suddenly denied what they thought of as her birthright and gave them what they (Continued on Page 76)

Lines start Dryness comes in your outer skin . .

Each Skin needs its own Cream

THE APPLE TELLS HOW WRINKLES COME



THE TRUTH IS—lines and dryness have nothing to do with each other. Each has an entirely different cause. And each starts in an entirely different layer of your skin.

The outer layer—the one you see—is very thin. Heat, cold, wind, even make-up, dry the moisture out of this skin.

And that is where Dryness comes. You can avoid it with a cream made just for this Outer Skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream guards the surface of your skin—and puts moisture back into it.

It's a greaseless cream. You can use it by day and at night without fear of oiliness.

But Lines have their cause deep down in the under skin, when the oil glands there fail to pour out beauty oils. (The apples in the illustration above show you how.)

To keep this under skin full and firm, you must use a deep penetrating oil cream—Pond's Cold Cream. This soft melting cream is a wonderful cleanser. And it supplies the under skin with just the oils it needs.

The way to use these Two Creams

the Red-Blue-Green in

HERE are powder shades actually mixed with the amazing colors found in the loveliest skin!

Flaming red . . . Bright blue . . . Green as brilliant as grass. Through a color filter you can actually see these colors in lovely skin.

And Pond's have analyzed these colors—recorded them by scientific measure.

They have measured these color secrets of the six most beautiful types of skin. And given them to you in these six wonderful shades of powder.

If your skin is dull or sallow, see what a transformation the right shade of Pond's powder will make in it.

Pond's powder is extraordinarily finer than by microscopic test than expensive French powders. It spreads as an invisible film that seems like your very own color.

Yet Pond's powder is not expensive! It sells for only 55¢ in a glass jar that contains as much as most \$1.00 boxes. There is a big \$1.10 jar. Ten and twenty-five cent boxes in the five-and-ten and variety stores.

Send for Samples of all 6 shades

To tell for yourself which of these scientifically measured Pond's powders is the most flattering to your skin, send for samples of all six shades. See how even a tired, dull skin looks fresh and radiant under the actual life tints measured from beautiful skin.

below the surface in your under skin

is called the Pond's Two-Skin Beauty Treatment.

Here it is, as Miss WHITNEY BOURNE describes it . . .

"*Last thing at Night*, I cover my face with this luscious Pond's Cold Cream. It picks up every particle of dirt and make-up. I use Pond's Tissues to take this first coat of cream off. Then I do the same thing all over. Sometimes I change off and use Pond's Liquefying Cream . . . it's new. But the Cold Cream is my steady diet.

"*After that*, I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream, and leave it on overnight to soften my skin.

"*Next Morning*, and during the day, I cleanse my face well with my Pond's Cold Cream and then put on Pond's Vanishing Cream. I put it on my neck, arms and hands, too. And it's an excellent foundation. Powder stays for hours."

Isn't it simple? And logical? One cream to guard the surface of your skin. Another cream to go deep and help the under skin. If you have been



trying to get along with one cream only, just try this Two-Skin Method for a few days—and see your skin grow soft and fine—smooth.



Miss Whitney Bourne
of New York . . . accorded the most beautiful girl of last winter's brilliant social season. She guards her exquisitely fair skin with Pond's Two Creams.



FOR YOUR UNDER SKIN
Pond's delicious oil-rich Cold Cream. Or, the quicker melting, new Pond's Liquefying Cream.



FOR YOUR OUTER SKIN
Pond's Vanishing Cream, greaseless. Corrects dryness. Holds powder.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
Dept. E, 38 Hudson Street
New York, N. Y.

Enclose (to cover postage and packing) for samples of all Pond's Creams.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

lovely Skin...hidden in these amazing Powder Shades



LIGHT CREAM—ivory tint, beautiful with the pale lavenish of Miss Charlotte Young's skin.



NATURAL—the delicate shade chosen by Miss Whitney Bourne for her fair skin.



ROSE CREAM—a youthful coloring adorable with Miss Lilla Platt's pink-and-white skin.



BRUNETTE—a soft, too-dark shade, enchanting on Miss Mary Weld's creamy white skin.

Send for samples—try all six shades... See your own skin look transparent... alive!



ROSE BRUNETTE—a glowing shade—perfect with Mrs. Edward Burns' brunette beauty.



DARK BRUNETTE—all women, ideal with the dark skin of Mrs. Frederic Bellinger.

*Actually
a \$3.00 Powder*
only 55¢



POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, DEPT. E
38 Hudson Street, New York City
I enclose (to cover cost of postage) for samples of all six perfect skin tones of Pond's new Face Powder.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

YOU WOULDN'T BE VERY PROUD TO DRIVE THIS

OLD RELIC



YET you still hang on to that obsolete old range

No doubt that old "bus" was a fine car in its day. Even now it will get you there and bring you back—maybe. Still you wouldn't be proud nor pleased to drive it today.

Yet in many a home today there's a range that has outlived its usefulness. The housewife takes no pride in its possession and no joy in its performance. Old-fashioned and inefficient, it mars her kitchen and wastes her time and patience.

In these times when kitchen modernization is uppermost, why not have a kitchen that is as modern as your car, your clothes or at least as up-to-date as any other room in your house?

Here's the first step. Replace that obsolete old range with an automatic Magic Chef, the gas range of today. It will modernize your kitchen and open your eyes with its vast improvement over ranges of only three or

four years ago. It has interesting modern features found in no other range—features of convenience and efficiency that make Magic Chef the most advanced cooking appliance you can buy.

Go to your gas office or the Red Wheel dealer's store and see Magic Chef in its many models, with its wide range of sizes, finishes and prices. Ask to have it demonstrated. Note how it lights itself, how it does away with oven watching, how it saves time and steps.

Ask for a copy of the new book, "Broiling Simple as A, B, C," or write us direct. Address American Stove Co., Dept. F-205, Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
World's Largest Manufacturer of Gas Ranges
 Adams • New York • Philadelphia
 Boston • Cleveland • Chicago
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Magic Chef
 THE AMERICAN GAS RANGE

The Gas Range of today



LOOK FOR THE RED WHEEL

WHEN YOU BUY A MAGIC CHEF

Consider the **ADVANCED FEATURES THAT MAKE MAGIC CHEF THE OUTSTANDING COOKING APPLIANCE.**

Magic Chef Top Burner. Gives a thousand even heats. Will not clog. **Magic Chef Automatic Top Burner Lighter.** Sanitary High-Burner Tray.

Red Wheel Luminous Oven Regulator.

Fully Insulated Oven. Keeps kitchen cooler. Saves fuel.

Grid-Pan Broiler. Modern type with removable grid and pan. Porcelain enameled.

Automatic Time Control Clock. "Telephone" self-starting.

COOK WITH GAS the Modern Fuel FOR SPEED, SAFETY, COMFORT, CLEANLINESS, CONVENIENCE.

Where gas main service is not available, Pyroflex tank gas service may be obtained anywhere east of the Rockies. Flamo gas service on the Pacific Coast.

(Continued From Page 74)
 called a mess of popular potage. But after a few years had gone by they changed their piping tuners or were silent. Popular, yes, the novels she turned to after that meeting with Kirk Whitman. Popular because they had in them, as all of you know who have read them, the very heart of truth. All the old virtues—love and loss, birth and death, struggle and aspiration—they are in her books, and her books will endure because of them.

She has not written short stories since. But on my shelf, as I said, is the row of autobiographical volumes. Each bears the same dedication: "To Life."

Life was, of course, Kirk Whitman. Meeting Whitman, Gail Anderson had met life and faced it; and the fact that she never saw him again for ten years does not matter.

What happened to Whitman in the time intervening is common knowledge. Just as Gail's world turned upside down, so did his. The things he had believed in failed him, as the things in which she believed had failed her. He had believed in love and fidelity and happiness and togetherness. She hadn't. But converting her, without violation, he had lost faith. He married, some time later, even more unsuitably than he had as a young man. He drank, far too much. He lost his editorship. And became, not so long ago, an assistant editor of a magazine which was humble and obscure and a little cheap. And even this position he was in danger of losing until the day Gail Anderson came to New York and went to his office and once more, in a rather different setting, faced him across a desk.

"I had to see you," she said. "I wrote you I was coming. You didn't answer. Why not?"

You know why not," he told her solemnly.

There was a streak of pure white through her hair. But her face was unlined, and her eyes very tender. She asked, "Is there anything I can do to help?"

"If you'll love me," he said, shaken.

"I did love you," she said—and, as he leaned across the desk, his wrecked face illumined by no one knows what hope, she said in a way—the best way. Do you know what loving you is and letting you go—has taught me, Kirk?"

HE DIDN'T KNOW. All he knew, one supposes, was that she was a tremendously successful woman, a woman who was still very beautiful, who was poised and cool and gentle. All he knew was that she was unshaven and miserable and unhappy, racked with the pain that not long after was to destroy him.

There she sat, and he was responsible, he must have thought fully, for her success and her joys and everything that was Gail Anderson in her second incarnation. For the first of her novels had been published in that great magazine he had once edited.

She said, after a time. "It's hard to explain. I left you, believing that my world had come to an end. I put you out of my heart. I wrote you out of my heart. I set down all the things at which I had once laughed, in ink. I set down that fidelity, masters, and charity, and decency. That love is stronger than death, that the

courage of the commonplace is far above any heroism. And I grew to believe these things. And that is why," she said gently, "I am so very happy today, Kirk. I met I found my children all over again, and I found David. I had really lost them for years, but I didn't know it. I waited years for all them. Years I might have spent in loving and being beloved, instead of spilling them in ink, which fades, and in words, which are forgotten."

That was the truth, although he looked at her as if she had spoken some great lie in a language outside his. Falling in love with Kirk Whitman after the emotionally empty, cerebrally occupied years, she had discovered that compulsion in her blood which forced her to renounce him, for the sake of the husband she had not considered for years, for the sake of the children she had wished to be independent of her. And so she had written it all out, and believed in it, and then turned back to the living evidence of that belief—David Anderson and his children. And now sat looking at Kirk Whitman, a happy woman.

THERE isn't much more to tell. She went, after leaving Kirk, to his supervisor, in the office to ascertain her past novel in the magazine, for their customary price, which was about a tenth of the usual sum paid for a Gail Anderson novel. And the editor, believing for once in miracles, accepted. It meant not only an enormous increase in the magazine circulation, but Kirk's job. And that he held until his death, not very long ago.

But Gail has stopped writing. "Why then," she asked, when I saw her at her home, "I've said all there is to say. I have made more money than I deserve. Dave's doing awfully well in his profession—you know he will probably succeed on the Court bench long here, didn't you? And I've the new grandchild to spoil and entertain. I've said," she said, "a marvellous thing. It's had time to sink in and make room for the youngsters."

But when I told her I wanted to write her book, she said, "I've had some moments, of course—she looked at me in amazement. "Your fiction mind runs away with you," she said. "There isn't, of course, a story in it."

But when I had persuaded her that I was quite serious, she said what I repeated earlier in this story. She said, "Why not? It might be a warning."

"A warning?" I asked.
 But she only shook her head and laughed. David Anderson came in just then, and she looked up at the massive bulk and height of him, the shock of gray hair and youthful eyes, and smiled. He dropped his big hand on her shoulder for a moment before foraging off for something to eat. "You're always starved," she told me plaintively. I thought, "Not any more, Gail, not any more." And I asked someone what she had meant she said gaily. "Oh, I've forgotten." She said it's hard to get away from just making phrases. "She was playing with the grandchild then, and getting rid of the worst of it. I looked down on her tousled black head with the broadening stretch of silver hair, and determined to set down in paper the story and the warning. Here it is. Someone will understand."

TIME TO GARDEN

Solve your planting problems this spring with JOURNAL GARDEN booklets and leaflets. Check the ones you want, inclose the correct amount and sign your name and address:

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YOUR KITCHEN CAN'T BE MODERN WITHOUT A MODERN GAS RANGE

"DON'T YOU EVER RUN
OUT OF ICE CUBES?
HOW DO YOU MANAGE?"



"MY DEAR,
YOU MUST BE THINKING
OF OLD-FASHIONED
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS..."

Ours is a Frigidaire '34"

● The Frigidaire '34 makes it utterly old-fashioned *ever* to run out of ice cubes.

How? Because it makes so many cubes at one freezing, (as many as 208 cubes—26 pounds for some models!) and because it freezes them so fast.

In fact, the Frigidaire '34 makes yesterday's notions about electric refrigerators seem entirely out-of-date. No longer must you remember to turn on the current after defrosting. The Frigidaire '34 has automatic defrosting. No longer must you limit your food supply to enough for one day only. The Frigidaire '34 has unusually large food space with extra room for tall bottles. No longer need

you waste shelf space with eggs and small packages. The Frigidaire '34 has the new "Utility Basket."

And you'll find, in the Frigidaire '34 line, models that have lifetime porcelain, inside and out; double capacity Hydrators, to keep all your vegetables fresh and plump; shelves that are adjustable up or down, to make room for large articles; and the new "Frigidaire Servashelf" that's so convenient when rearranging things.

If you haven't seen the Frigidaire '34 you really can have no idea what's happened in electric refrigeration. Why not visit your Frigidaire showroom immediately and see why everyone's talking about the Frigidaire '34?

Everybody's talking ABOUT THE FRIGIDAIRE '34



"Why, I always thought it was an awful hassle to get ice cubes out."
"Perhaps...with an old-fashioned refrigerator. But, remember, ours is a Frigidaire '34!"



"...Until next week! Why, how do you expect to keep a steak that long?"
"My dear—the Frigidaire '34 has a cold storage compartment!"



"Don't you hate the bother of defrosting?"
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You can win a lot of nice compliments for being an inspired hostess if you have plenty of Underwood Deviled Ham sandwiches on hand for your party.

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Taste it for yourself. Send 10 cents in stamps for a regular size can of Underwood Deviled Ham and a brand new collection of cocktail canapés.

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*Branded with the Devil
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Wm. UNDERWOOD CO., Watertown, Mass. 1-2
1 cent for 10 cents in stamps. Please send one a regular size can of Underwood Deviled Ham and the new folder Cocktail Canapés of Distinction."

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Address _____

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My grocer's name and address _____

ACCENTS EASY TO MAKE

Take a circle of organdie and a few minutes of your time—and presto! A crisp jabot. Felt, yarn and a bracelet make a bag and belt, in a bright red or navy blue for your white outfit.

Why not crochet a pocket and a belt out of string? It's work that zips along. The roomy bag with the slide fastening has gay-colored bracelet handles to slip over your arm, and a tiny matching change purse.

The fish-net scarf is of coarse crochet and the loop-the-loop scarf can be worn as a headband, or have a headband to match. It is four simple loops, in contrasting colors, joined by sleight of hand.

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BATHASWEET

Try this
modern luxury and
beauty-treatment . . .
FREE

THERE was a time when a bath was just a bath. But there was also a time when even to discuss the body was considered improper. Now, dresses are designed without backs, and bathing suits are made without much of anything at all—so that we simply must notice the bodies of others and have them notice ours.

Nowadays, therefore, the bath should be more than a rubbing—it should be a beauty treatment. That is why the Bathasweet bath has become a habit with so many women.

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Bathasweet not only makes the bath as fragrant as a flower garden, but more important still, it softens the water so that it cleanses the pores more perfectly. Bathasweet enables water to dissolve the impurities in the pores and to keep them dissolved. How well it does this is indicated by the fact that no "ring" remains around the tub when Bathasweet is used. As a consequence, skin-imperfections disappear, and the body takes on that glowing smoothness which is the height of loveliness.

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FREE A special gift packet sent free, anywhere in U. S., if you mail this coupon with name and address to C. S. Welch Co., Dept. L-14-E, 1907 Park Avenue, New York.

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by "Good Housekeeping Bureau". . . .
these popular brands of delicious ice cream



Now, for the first time in history, Good Housekeeping Bureau has awarded its coveted seal of approval to ice cream. American women know the stringent requirements a product must meet before it is eligible to wear the star and seal of Good Housekeeping.

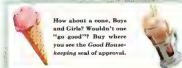
Here, then, is an additional assurance of purity, cleanliness, strict laboratory-control, freshness, and quality of ingredients . . . an extra reason for you and your children to enjoy these excellent ice creams often.

Good ice cream, you know, is not merely a festive dessert for special occasions. It is a pure food,

appropriate and appreciated at all times. It is stored with the body-building vitamins of sweet cream, fresh from sparkling dairies; the quick energy of pure sugar; the nourishment of fresh fruits and meaty nuts; and the tongue-teasing appeal of pure flavors.

Herewith are the approved brands, produced under a single standard of excellence and stamped on the carton with Good Housekeeping's official seal of approval. Listed also are the communities in which they are already favorites. Find your local brand, look for the safety-seal . . . in the store, on the carton.

ALLEN'S ICE CREAM
Rockford, Ill., and Monroe, Wis.
ARCTIC ICE CREAM . . . State of Michigan
BREYERS ICE CREAM . . . Philadelphia and
Eastern Pennsylvania, Metropolitan New York,
New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia,
Southern Connecticut, and District of Columbia
CASTLES ICE CREAM . . . Brooklyn and
Staten Island, N. Y., and Northern New Jersey
CHAPELL'S ICE CREAM
Metropolitan Chicago, Ill.
CLOVER FARMS ICE CREAM . . . Memphis
and Western Tennessee, Eastern Arkansas, and
Northern Mississippi
CLOVERLEAF ICE CREAM
Des Moines and Northern Indiana
CREAM CREST ICE CREAM
Louisville and Lexington, Ky.
THE CREAM OF PITTSBURGH
Greater Pittsburgh, Pa.
CREME-FREEZE ICE CREAM, Boston, Mass.
DETROIT CREAMERY
VELVET BRAND ICE CREAM
Detroit and State of Michigan
ECOMA ICE CREAM . . . Erie, Pa.
FRANKLIN DUBLEX ICE CREAM
Kansas City and Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma,
and Southeastern Nebraska
FRECHTLING'S ICE CREAM
Metropolitan Cincinnati and Hamilton, Ohio
FRO-JOY ICE CREAM . . . New England States,
New York State, Northwestern Pennsylvania,
and Northeastern Ohio
HARDING'S ICE CREAM
Eastern Nebraska and Western Iowa
HOFFMAN'S ICE CREAM
Allentown, Easton, and Bethlehem, Pa., and Cum-
berland, Md.
HYDROX ICE CREAM . . . Metropolitan New
York, Metropolitan Chicago, Greater St. Louis,
Southwestern Missouri, and Southern Illinois
JERSEY ICE CREAM . . . Lawrence and
Eastern Massachusetts, and Schenectady, N. Y.
KENT'S ICE CREAM . . . State of Vermont
KIMBALL'S ICE CREAM . . . Malden, Mass.
LOCKWOOD'S ICE CREAM . . . Utica, N. Y.
LUICK ICE CREAM, Milwaukee and Wiscon-
sin, Northern Illinois, Upper Peninsula Michigan
MANCHESTER DAIRY ICE CREAM
South Manchester, Conn.
MILLIKIN'S ICE CREAM
Youngstown and Warren, Ohio
MOGLIA'S ICE CREAM
Northern New Jersey
MOORE'S ICE CREAM
Metropolitan Chicago and Franklin, Pa.
PLYMOUTH ROCK ICE CREAM
Southeastern Massachusetts
RICK'S ICE CREAM
Greater Pittsburgh and Western Pennsylvania
ROGERS' ICE CREAM . . . Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
ROZELLE'S ICE CREAM . . . Central Illinois
SAGAL-LOU ICE CREAM . . . New Haven, Conn.
ST. LOUIS DAIRY ICE CREAM . . . Greater St.
Louis, Illinois, and Southern Illinois
SANITARY ICE CREAM . . . Canton, Ohio
SOUTHERN DAIRIES ICE CREAM
District of Columbia, Maryland, Virginia,
West Virginia, North Carolina, South
Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Florida,
Alabama, and Mississippi
SUTCLIFF ICE CREAM . . . Philadelphia and
Eastern Pennsylvania, Southern New Jersey,
and Delaware
TELLING'S ICE CREAM
Ohio and West Virginia
THOMPSON'S ICE CREAM
Metropolitan Chicago, Ill.
UNION ICE CREAM
Middle Tennessee and North Alabama
VELVET BRAND ICE CREAM
State of Michigan and Toledo, Ohio



How about a cone, Boys and Girls? Wouldn't one "go good"? Buy where you see the Good Housekeeping seal of approval.

Good ice cream improves a soda or a milkshake. Be sure it's the brand Good Housekeeping approves.



Don't forget the carry-over of a sundae, made with ice cream approved by Good Housekeeping.

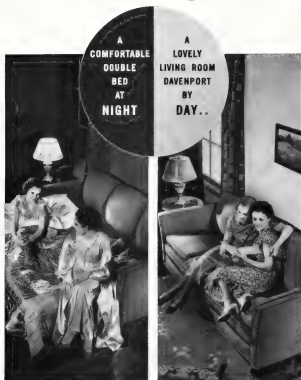
LOOK FOR THE "GOOD HOUSEKEEPING" SEAL

. . . in the store . . . on the package . . . on the carry-out carton. It's really quite important. Here's why: You want the best ice cream your money can buy. Naturally! Ice cream as wholesome as it is flavormous. Ice cream from plants and stores as clean as your own kitchen. Such ice cream is made under the brands listed above. Find your brand, and enjoy it regularly . . . in factory-dilled pint packages, in bulk (packed by your dealer), in cones, sundaes, ice cream sodas, and special forms. As an extra guarantee of goodness, be sure you see the Good Housekeeping seal of safety. These brands are the first to secure Good Housekeeping's approval . . . and you can get them NOW . . . in all popular flavors.



SAVE RENT—SAVE SPACE SAVE MONEY

with this smart new *Daven*○



The new Kroehler Daven-o is the best and most economical answer to the need of added sleeping space in every home. Superbly styled, this modern, double duty davenport gives an extra bedroom at no increase in rent.

By day, it is a luxurious davenport with soft, comfortable cushions. By night, one simple operation transforms it into a full-size bed with mattress in place. So artistically has the bed section been included that none would guess its presence when the davenport is closed.

Superior quality is built into the Kroehler Daven-o—inside as well as outside. Its famous flexible web under-construction will not sag or break down. Its kiln-dried hardwood frame will not warp and is firmly glued, dow-

eled and corner-blocked. Its filling materials are clean, new and sanitary.

FULL-SIZE INNER SPRING MATTRESS

You'll marvel too at the sleeping comfort of the Daven-o. Resting on its full-size inner spring mattress is like reclining on a billowy cloud. Sound, refreshing sleep is assured.

Investigate this trim, modern Daven-o today. See it at your furniture or department store. Test its comfort. You may choose from many coverings of exquisite beauty. Write for handsomely illustrated booklet, Kroehler Manufacturing Company, Chicago, Ill. World's Largest Furniture Manufacturer.



GET OUT AND WALK



WALK for your health! Walk for fun! And walk in comfort! For low heels, so easy on your feet, are now the smartest heels for wear with tweeds, and in Paris they go with tweeds right into the drawing-room. This sincere walker wears a tweed suit designed by Clare Potter, in a lovely tan, with blouse of blue satin. The matching topcoat is lined with the satin. With it she would wear any one of these grand, walk-manlike shoes. The top shoe is of light-colored elk with brown calf. Its rubber sole is plain for walking, or with knobs for golf. The brown-calf shoe next is of the clay color which is lighter, and distinctly new. Its perforations are very "stream-line." The pebbly-looking ghillie is of a medium-brown grain calf, which gives two-tone effect. The tongue is modestly fringed, the heel is moderately low. Learn again the joy of walking—for pleasure. Get on to your stride!



KROEHLER *Daven*○

LIVING ROOM—DINING ROOM AND BEDROOM FURNITURE—LOUNGE CHAIRS—DAVEN-OG

On the Road to Mandalay

(Continued from Page 25)

crochery immediately in front. A lithograph of a trotting horse, advertising last year's state fair, a slot machine, chewing gum and chocolate drops, and an antiquated clock, are its only artistic adornments. Here, against the south end of the room, the six little Boggies were arranged in a row, each furnished with a large and very sticky "everlasting" to induce quiet.

"Now don't any one of you dare to move until the train comes in!" ordered their mother. "And whoever is quietest may get—although I don't promise—an ice-cream cone or something nice."

Minerva had reserved their sleeping accommodations earlier in the week, and she now helped Abigail take them up and buy the tickets of Jephthah Moran, who united in his good-statured and ample person the functions of station and freight agent, telegrapher, baggage smasher and general utility man.

"Now don't you stay any longer, Minerva!" protested Abigail, as Jephthah counted out the tickets. "You've done enough for me already, without waiting here an hour and going without your supper. If you're as tired as I am you're simply dead. You go along home, dear, and bid me good-by right now."

MINERVA could not deny being tired. She had been getting Abigail and her family off for Burma ever since nine o'clock that morning, and she was leaving Caleb to eat supper alone by himself. Abigail was certainly able to herd her children onto the train, particularly with a steady, reliable man like Jephthah Moran in charge.

"Well," she answered, "perhaps I'll start along, just on account of Caleb. I don't expect you'll have any trouble getting on the train." She turned to the station agent. "You can't get me, Mrs. Boggs can't possibly afford to lose the New York express, because it's the only train that'll take her to New York in time to catch the steamer for Marseille. If she missed it, she'd have to wait heaven knows how long there and in Ceylon and in Rangoon."

"She don't need to worry a mite, Mrs. McCann!" the agent assured her, as he stamped the tickets with a series of loud bangs that delighted the children. "She won't miss it! It's always on time, and, anyway, it stays here five minutes. You could load on a herd of steers in that length of time!"

"I don't know anything about steers, but I reckon that is as bad as bad!" "That'll be all right! Just leave 'em to me, Mrs. McCann!"

REASSURED by Jephthah's interest, Minerva patted the six heads, tearfully kissed her friend good-by and, promising to write her every fortnight and give her all the news, drove back to the McCann mansion. A great load was off her mind, even if she had promised that she would look out for the Boggies herself, and she sat down to supper with a more than ordinary hearty appetite.

"Did you get 'em off?" inquired the judge.

"Practically. I didn't wait for the train because they were late about a minute."

"Ain't you takin' something of a chance?" he asked.

"I don't see how anything can happen to 'em now. Jephthah Moran is going to put 'em on the train himself."

"You can't ever tell in this world!" he remarked dryly. "As I said once before, if there's anything humanly possible that can happen to anybody, it would happen to the Boggies. Jephthah and Abigail don't register same way as other folks. When does the train go?"

"Six-thirty. What time is it now?"

Caleb pulled out his heavy, old-fashioned gold watch. "Six-thirty-seven."

Minerva gave a small sigh of relief. "They've started, then. Nothin' more to worry about! I may say I can breathe more freely!"

Just then the telephone in the front hall gave a sustained staccato scream, like an agonized call for help. Minerva turned pale. Caleb started to get up, but Mrs. McCann was already halfway to the door. An instant later he heard her snatch up the receiver.

"Merciful heavens, Abigail! What on earth! . . . How awful! . . . Yes, indeed—just as soon as I can get there!" She hung up with a crash, and the judge joined her in the hall.

"They've missed the express!" she gasped.

"Sufferin' Moses!" he ejaculated. "How'd they ever manage to do that?" "I can't imagine! But they have, and it's the only train they can get for New York until tomorrow morning! They'll miss the boat. Hurry and tell Patrick to bring around the car!"

"What for?"

"We must go right down there and do something."

"What can we do?"

"I don't know—yet. Anyway, they can't spend the night in the station. They've got to sleep somewhere!"

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Caleb. "Must we put 'em up here? I'd rather send 'em to the Athlete House and pay the bill myself. Well, I'll go and tell Patrick, while you put your things on."

FIVE minutes later they were slithering over the rails toward the Junction, where they found Abigail, a discomfited figure surrounded by her frightened brood. Awaiting them on the platform, with Jephthah Moran a few paces in the rear.

Minerva took the little woman in her arms and tried to calm her, since comfort would have been impossible.

"But how did it happen, Abby, dear? Didn't Jephthah tell you when the train came in?"

"I sure did!" interposed the ticket agent. "That is, I tried to find her, but she isn't in the waiting room and I didn't know where to look for her. I couldn't send off all those kids on the train without her. And she didn't turn up until five minutes after the express had gone!"

"I just stepped around the corner to buy Zebadiah's ice-cream cone," wailed Abigail. "The children were all so tired that most of 'em went right off to sleep, and I was so worn out myself that I guess I must have taken a few winks myself. Then Zebadiah woke up and said I had to get him the cone because I'd promised."

"I tried to put him off, but he began to cry and say that he hadn't uttered a sound—because it was true enough. I had a quarter of an hour before the train started, and I knew Marshall's wasn't over fifty yards away, so I told the children not to move till I came back, and hurried off. I wasn't gone five minutes and although when I came back I had, as I thought, over ten minutes to spare, there was Jephthah running up and down the platform all howling that the train had gone!"

"THAT'S queer!" declared Minerva. "I can't understand it. Say you saw how fifteen minutes?" She went over and looked through the waiting-room window. "What time do you make it, Caleb?"

"Six-thirty!"

"But that clock in there says only thirty-five right now! It must be fifteen minutes slow! What do you know about that, Jesse?"

Jephthah shrugged. "The darn thing's always slow. The works must be getting rusty, I guess. I keep a-settin' it, but it don't do no good. It's the oldest bad that Mrs. Boggs."

(Continued on Page 83)

"With Pyrex Ware I can bake at lower temperatures..."



"ON TOM'S SALARY, SAVING MONEY ON FUEL MEANS SOMETHING THAT'S WHAT MY PYREX DISHES ARE DOING FOR US!"

Pyrex Ware's unusually rapid heat absorption lets you use lower oven temperatures and save money. Baking Powder Biscuits, which usually take 20 minutes in a hot oven of 400° F., are baked in the same time in Pyrex Ware in an oven of 400° F. Tested and checked by the Corning Test Kitchen—oven heat saving 50°!

Women have won new hours of leisure by using Pyrex Brand Ovenware and the fast-cooking Special Pyrex Menus. The photograph shows Macaroni, Ham and Cheese baked in a Pyrex casserole in 30 minutes. Dishpan time is saved—and in serving, there is no transferring of food, no jumping up from table.

"WHEN I WANT MY AFTERNOON OFF FOR BRIDGE, I USE ONE OF THE QUICK PYREX MENUS. A MERE 20-30 MINUTES BEFORE WE EAT IS TIME ENOUGH TO START COOKING DINNER—WITH PYREX DISHES."



"I NEVER HAVE COOKING FAILURES NOW THAT I BAKE IN PYREX WARE. THE HEAT IS SO EVEN—AND I CAN SEE WHEN ROOFS ARE DONE."

Pyrex Ware bakes more evenly. At left, see Chocolate Cake with whipped cream frosting, baked in Pyrex Ovenware. Sparkling, transparent—Pyrex is sanitary, economical. Casseroles 40¢ to \$1.65. Pie plates 40¢—65¢. Custard cups 5¢. Other dishes \$1.00 and less. Equip your kitchen at present low prices.

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FREE—Beautiful 12-month menu calendar 1934-1935. With new, delicious recipes and menus that shorten kitchen hours—save fuel, save work, save pleasant. Send today!

If you have any questions regarding the use of Pyrex Ovenware, write the Corning Test Kitchen, Corning Glass Works, Department 6203, Corning, New York.

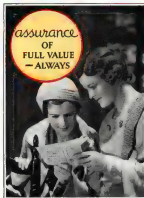
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The past three years have left DEL MONTE Quality unchanged—as high to-day as ever in its history. You can buy DEL MONTE Foods with confidence—serve them with honest satisfaction.



There's a tempting DEL MONTE Product for almost every menu need. Over a hundred delicious varieties—ready to bring fresh appeal to appetites. Let the list below help your menu-planning.



The same care that has made DEL MONTE Quality possible also brings you "vitamin-protection". Safeguards everyday foods against loss of essential vitamin values. Why miss it?

Del Monte Foods
FULL VALUE FOR
YOUR MONEY—always



AND GET THIS ADDED PROTECTION!

Foods may vary in vitamin values, just as they vary in flavor. DEL MONTE protects vitamins—by special care in selection, by extra speed in canning, by cooking away from fire.

Following are some common sources of the most important vitamins—all "vitamin-protected" by DEL MONTE. Plan your meals with this list. Be sure of the health-essentials your foods should have.

Product	Vitamins	Product	Vitamins	Product	Vitamins
Apples	A, C	Peaches	A, B, C	Salmon	D
Asparagus	A, B	Pears	B, C	Sardines	D
Blackberries	C	Pears	A, B, C	Sauerkraut	C
Corn	A, B, C	Pineapple	A, B, C	Spinach	A, B, C
Cherries	A, B	Pineapple	A, B, C	Strawberries	A, B, C
Corn	A, B	Pineapple	A, B, C	String Beans	A, B, C
Fresh	A, B	Pineapple	A, B, C	Sweet	A, B, C
Prunes	A, B	Pineapple	A, B, C	Tomatoes	A, B, C
Grapes	B	Pineapple	A, B, C	Tomato Juice	A, B, C
Grapefruit	B, C	Pineapple	A, B, C	Tuna	D
		Raspberries	C		

(Continued from Page 82)

missed the express, but I don't know what to do about it. There ain't another New York train goes through here until ten o'clock tomorrow. If there was only more time they could motor over the mountains to Olympia and try to catch the Flyer. It leaves there at eight o'clock, but they couldn't do it in less than two hours and a half. I reckon there ain't nothin' can be done."

"Well, I'm going to do something!" asserted Mrs. McCann in righteous anger. "I never heard of anything so outrageous! I ain't blamin' you so much, Jephthah. I s'pose you're so used to that old clock that you automatically correct it in your own mind. But it's the company's fault and the company's got to make amends." She turned to her husband. "Can't we make the company do something?"

"I DON'T believe so," he replied. "It's possible—although I never heard of a case of the sort—that a railroad might be held liable in damages, up to a limited amount, for failing to furnish the correct time to its passengers. But I doubt it. A railroad can change the hours for the departure of trains without giving notice, and this is much the same thing."

"I don't think it's the same thing at all!" retorted his wife. "It's not Abigail's fault she missed the train. It's Jephthah's, and Jephthah represents the company. I don't care whether you ever heard of such a case or not. You may have been twenty years on the bench, and all that, but neither you nor any other judge knows all the law, by a long shot. I'm going to order a special train and the company can pay for it."

"Suppose they won't?"

"I'll make 'em," Jephthah, how long will it take you to put on a special train?"

The station agent gaped at her. "I haven't any authority. I've been here twenty years. Mrs. McCann, and there never was a special train started from here yet."

"Well, there's a gin to be one start tonight. Who's the traffic manager?"

"Mr. Tugmore," Jephthah said. "He's in his office now."

Mrs. McCann thrust a five-dollar bill into Abigail's hand. "You take the children around to Marshall's, Abigail, and give 'em a good supper and all the ice cream they want. Now, Caleb, you go along home and look up the law on this subject, so that if I telephone you'll have it ready for me. I'm sure you can find it in one of those big books in the library. I'm going right over to see Mr. Tugmore!"

THE divisional traffic manager, a harried-looking man wearing spectacles, who also acted as passenger agent, was busy at his desk trying to finish his monthly report when Mrs. McCann, panting, her face flushed and her hat awry, came in. Although he knew her by sight, he hardly recognized her. Patrick and the judge, who were glad to escape any fuss, were already on their way home.

"Mr. Tugmore," exclaimed Minerva, "I'm Mrs. McCann, and I'm here on serious business! Your company's got Mrs. Pellatiah Boggs and her six children into a terrible mess and it's got to get 'em out! I want you to put on a special train at once to take 'em through to New York!"

"What's the trouble, Mrs. McCann? I'm sorry if there has been any mistake."

"Mistake! That old clock over there in the waiting room is all wrong, and Mrs. Boggs missed the New York express because of it. You must know the Rev. Pellatiah Boggs, who married Abigail Turner that was? Well, the Board of Missions is sending him and his family out to Burma—that's where they're sending him. The boat sails from New York for Marseilles tomorrow noon, and connects there with another boat for Ceylon, and that connects with another for Rangoon, and so on and so on, until they get to where they're going, up near China somewhere. If they lose the boat tomorrow

they're stuck, because the other connections won't connect, and it'll take weeks and weeks more than it ought to for them to get there." She stopped for breath. "Abigail and the six children came down to the station an hour ahead of time. I know, because I was with them. Abigail wanted to get something for one of the children to keep him quiet. The waiting-room clock said quarter-past six. The train wasn't due to leave until six-thirty, so she slipped around the corner just for a minute, and when she came back, in almost no time, the train had gone while she was away. The clock was fifteen minutes slow!"

"How do you know it was?" inquired Mr. Tugmore.

"Because my husband's watch said so, and because Jephthah Moran admitted it. Anyhow, when Caleb and I got there twenty minutes after the train had left, the clock only pointed to six-thirty-five."

Mr. Tugmore rubbed his chin. "What'd Mrs. Boggs go out for?" he inquired suspiciously.

"An ice-cream cone."

"And because Mrs. Boggs went out and bought an ice-cream cone, you expect the company to give her and her kids a free ride to the city!"

"I do!"

"Sorry, but it can't be done!"

"Why can't it be done?"

"IN THE first place, the company isn't responsible for every old clock that happens to get out of kilter. It's up to passengers to know the correct time. Second, even if it was liable in some sort of damages, it would only be for what she'd spent on her tickets. Thirdly and lastly, the Interstate Commerce Commission wouldn't allow the company to run a special even if it wanted to."

"Wouldn't it?" snarled Minerva.

"Suppose I wanted to hire a special train to take me to New York tonight—how much would it cost?"

"One hundred and twenty-five fares, plus the charges for the equipment."

"What does that amount to?"

"Between twenty-five and twenty-six hundred dollars."

"How long would it take you to get the train ready?"

"An hour, maybe."

"When would it get to New York?"

"It ought to arrive there around ten o'clock."

Mrs. McCann took a step forward.

"Kindly order one at once!" she directed.

Mr. Tugmore stared at her. "Do I understand that you propose to pay for this special train yourself?"

"I certainly do not! The company's going to pay for it."

"But I tell you that the railroad isn't permitted to run a special train unless it's fully paid for. It would be contrary to the regulations of the Interstate Commerce Commission."

"Don't they ever make exceptions?"

"I've never known 'em to make one. It's absolutely against their policy to allow a railroad to furnish any sort of transportation for a cent less than the regular rate. That's what they're for."

"I bet, if they knew about it, they'd make an exception to take me out of this! How long would it take to find out?"

"I'd have to write to Washington."

"Couldn't you telephone?"

"I suppose I could, but the office would be closed at this hour. Anyhow, there'd be no one there in authority. They don't act except as a board. They'd have to take it up in the regular way. You wouldn't hear from them inside of five or six days."

"Five or six days! And what's going to happen to Abigail in the meantime. I'd like to know! And what would happen, even if they said 'yes,' after the boat had sailed? It's a calamity!" She was the picture of righteous indignation.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. McCann. But those are the rules, and I can't break 'em."

"Who can?"

"Nobody." (Continued on Page 85)

5 THINGS EVERY GROWING CHILD NEEDS

for a strong, sturdy body

1. **CARBOHYDRATES** are needed by the body as active power for vital energy.
2. **FATS** are needed, in easily digestible form, for reserve energy and for weight.
3. **PROTEINS** are needed for the development of solid flesh and strong muscles.
4. **MINERALS**, such as calcium and phosphorus, are needed for strong, straight bones and sound, even teeth.
5. **VITAMIN D**. Vitamins are needed, particularly Vitamin D which helps to utilize efficiently calcium and phosphorus in the development of the bones and teeth.

THIS DELICIOUS FOOD-DRINK GIVES YOUR CHILD THESE 5 ELEMENTS

COCOMALT mixed with milk provides the 5 elements a child needs and gives power to grow strong, straight, sturdy, with properly formed bones and teeth. Not far and so carbohydrates alone—but proteins, minerals (food-calcium and food-phosphorus) and, most significant of all, Sunshine Vitamin D.

Prepared as directed, Cocomalt adds 70% more food-energy to milk. Thus every glass of Cocomalt and milk your child drinks is equal in food-energy value to almost two glasses of milk alone. No wonder children thrive so on this delicious, easily digested food-drink!

Rich in Sunshine Vitamin D

The rich Sunshine Vitamin D content of Cocomalt has been added at special prices under license by the Wisconsin University Alumni Research Foundation. Every cup of glass of Cocomalt, prepared according to simple label directions, contains not less than 500 ADMA units of Sunshine Vitamin D.



Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. It is composed of: whole milk, selected meats, lard, and vitamins A, B, C, D, E, and K.

Manufactured and sold exclusively by Vitamins D.

Prepared as directed, adds 70% more food-energy to milk.

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Prepared as directed, adds 70% more food-energy to milk.

Just 1½ minutes to make your own *fresh* mayonnaise

● Biscuits are just biscuits. And mayonnaise is just mayonnaise. But *home made* biscuits! And *home made* mayonnaise!

Well, that's how it is. After all, that home made flavor and honest-to-goodness *freshness* has to come out of your own kitchen. Home made mayonnaise has that fresh taste because it is fresh.

Thank goodness, it's so easy to make the new quick way. The new Wesson Oil Mayonnaise Maker whips it up in a

minute and a half. And it's perfect, smooth, firm mayonnaise *every single time*.

You will find it at your grocer's . . . the new jigger and a pint of Wesson Oil, packed in a neat box with a recipe folder. If your grocer hasn't one yet, you can get the same package by writing to the Wesson Oil People, Dept. J-5, New Orleans, La. They will send it to you for 65¢, which includes packing and shipping costs.



● HERE'S ONE DELICIOUS RECIPE FOR HOME MADE MAYONNAISE

1 fresh egg
1 teaspoon each of
mustard, salt
and sugar

2 tablespoons lemon
juice or vinegar
Dash of pepper
1 pint Wesson Oil

Mix the egg, the lemon juice or vinegar and the seasoning in a deep bowl. Then whip it well, a little at a time, the pint of Wesson Oil.

Or with the new Mayonnaise Maker you can whip with one hand and pour with the other. And the mixer's pop-top lets the oil in at just the right speed, so you don't have to pour slowly. Perfect mayonnaise every time! Better get one. They're good.



W E S S O N O I L
for making good things to eat

(Continued from Page 83)

Minerva clenched her small fists. "Suppose I could prove to you that your old railroad company was absolutely liable for all damages resulting to passengers from misinforming them as to the time, and that Jacob's failure to keep that clock right was going to cost it thousands and thousands of dollars—would that make any difference to you?"

"How could it cost us thousands and thousands of dollars?"

"I'll tell you!" she replied defiantly. "There's only one way that Pellais and Abigail and their six children can catch the boat for Ceylon at Marseilles if they take the Exeter tomorrow morning, and that is to take one of the fast mail steamers on the northern route for France and then go by train from Paris to Marseilles. They could just manage to make it, because the Exeter stops at Fayal and Gibraltar. But do you know what that would cost them—even if they had the money, which they haven't? Just about two thousand dollars minimum fare! Add to that their expenses in New York while waiting over, and their damages for mental anxiety and suffering, and the company would be lucky to get out of it for five or even ten thousand dollars! Besides, what would folks think of any railroad that ran its clocks fifteen minutes slow? Suppose you was stranded in Ceylon, Mr. Tugmore! Particularly with six children all under eleven, liable to all sorts of tropical infections, twelve hundred miles from where you was going across the Indian Ocean, wouldn't you suffer?"

MR. TUGMORE, who had five kids of his own, was obliged in all honesty to admit that he would. He was impressed in spite of himself. The theory, if made public, certainly would show up the railway as a one-horse road, all right! But even if it were liable—which he felt sure it wasn't—to put on a special train would be utterly out of the question.

"Of course I sympathize with Mrs. Bagg's," he temporized.

"Sympathize! I should think you would sympathize! Your company will have to do more than that!"

"But I tell you that the Interstate Commerce Commission won't allow us to run a special train!"

"Not even if you were going to get soaked ten thousand dollars in damages?"

"We're not going to get soaked ten thousand or one thousand or five hundred, but they wouldn't even then! The party would have to sue and let the courts decide the matter."

"How do you know you're not liable?" she asked.

"Because I know it! I never heard of such a case!"

"Do you mind if I use your telephone?"

"Certainly not! I let it all you like." Mr. Tugmore handed her the instrument on his desk, and Minerva called up her husband.

"I WAS just going to ring you up," said Caleb, on the other end of the wire.

"Rather to my purpose I find you're quite right. The company is liable for all damages which can be proven to have resulted from misinforming a passenger as to the time, whereby the latter misses a train."

"Hurrah!" trilled Minerva. "What did I tell you?"

"What is it?" inquired the agent.

"My husband has been looking up the law and says the company is absolutely liable."

"You mean Judge McCann?"

"No, Judge Caleb McCann."

Mr. Tugmore's expression changed. If ex-Judge Caleb McCann, of the Supreme Court, said that the railroad was liable, it put a different face on the matter.

"Ask him if he's got any decisions," he said.

Minerva spoke into the receiver again.

"Mr. Tugmore wants to know if you have any authorities?"

"Sure!" answered her husband. "Does he want to hear 'em?"

"He certainly does! You read them aloud to me and I'll repeat them." She listened attentively with her eye fixed on the agent. "Caleb says that there's an Alabama case directly in point where the station clock was wrong and a passenger missed her train, and the court gave her heavy damages for the inconvenience she suffered as well as for her mental suffering. It's Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company versus Clark, 98 Southern 37, 14 A. L. R. 695, also Sears versus Eastern Railroad Company, 14 Allen 433, 92 American Decisions 780. He's got a whole lot of other authorities, including a leading English case, where a man on his way to transact business at a distant point found that his train was not ready owing to the fact that the engineer had neglected to fire the engine. He ordered a special train, but it got there too late, so that he lost his market, and the court compelled the company to pay for the special and to make good his business losses besides. That's Buckmaster versus The Great Eastern Railroad Company, 23 Law Times New Series 471. There are several cases in this country, Caleb says, where the railroads were obliged to reimburse passengers for special trains ordered under similar circumstances—such as Hayes versus Wabash Railway Company, 150 Michigan 174."

"WELL, that's news to me!" ejaculated Mr. Tugmore. "And I guess it will be to the Interstate Commerce Commission!"

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in most people's philosophy!" agreed Minerva. "All right, Caleb! You stay right on the other end of the phone until I get through here."

Mr. Tugmore had the highest regard for Judge McCann's wisdom and knowledge of the law, and on more than one occasion had retained him as counsel for the road. That the judge should even thus informally and, so to speak, ex parte, give it as his opinion that the company could be held liable to the Rogges for all damages resulting from the inaccuracy of the station clock gave a marked impetus to his natural desire to help the unfortunate family as much as he could, and to remain in the good graces of such prominent citizens as Judge and Mrs. Caleb McCann. If the railroad would ultimately have to settle for more than what it would cost to put on a special train—an amount obviously less than the one hundred and twenty-five fares prescribed by the tariff rates—it would be far better to stretch a point now than to fight the matter through the courts, with its attendant publicity. Why the devil hadn't he put in a decent clock?

"THERE'S something in what you say," Mrs. McCann, he admitted.

"Your friend certainly has had a tough break and, irrespective of the actual extent of the railroad's liability, I'd be glad to help her out all I can."

Now the laws against rate cutting or tariff reduction, which are made to prevent favoritism and thus to protect the public as well as the stockholders of a railroad, which all general prohibition, often severely hamper the management in individual instances. This could hardly be called rate cutting. They would not be getting any compensation for the extra train at all. They would be putting it on simply as an act of self-protection. How, then, could they be accused of an act of discrimination by giving "special services" to persons belonging to the same class of passengers?

Mr. Tugmore opened a heavy paper-bound book entitled Regulations of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and studied it.

"Perhaps we can work it, after all," he admitted. "Suppose I call up the general passenger agent."

"May I make a suggestion?" interpolated Minerva. "Why don't you order

Easier than fudge, new Quick brownies

• You know those luscious chocolate squares, halfway between fudge and cake, called "Brownies" or "Chocolate Indians." You can make a batch in a jiffy. Wesson Oil, you know, is the quick, convenient thing to use when any recipe says "melted shortening." Wesson Oil makes a delicious shortening. Good-to-eat as butter. No melting down. No re-measuring. No greasy pan to wash. You simply pour Wesson Oil into your measuring spoon... the same measure you'd use of melted butter. But just try this Brownies recipe under the picture, and you'll see why we say "Use Wesson Oil when any recipe calls for melted shortening."



• QUICK BROWNIES . . . A SIMPLE, DELICIOUS RECIPE

6 tablespoons Wesson Oil
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt
2 squares melted chocolate

1/2 cup flour
1/2 cup molasses
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 eggs

Beat together the sugar, eggs and Wesson Oil. Add the melted chocolate. Add the flour, salt and vanilla. Stir in molasses last. Use shallow pan and bake immediately in rather slow oven (350 degrees F.) for 20 to 35 minutes.



WESSON OIL
for making good things to eat

Howdy!



LOOK at those dimpling cheeks and sparkling, dancing eyes—the pearly teeth so surely evening out—the friendly, responsive smile! Such perfection doesn't come by chance. It's the result of the thoughtful care that dates far back into the very early months of the baby's development.

Building straight, sound bones, and bounding energy, and developing the power to resist all the things that threaten health, depends on food. And since, in early childhood, proper food—for the large part—means proper milk, it is necessary to be certain that the milk is the very best.

Pet Milk is the very best of pure whole cow's milk, which has been reduced in volume, by removing part of the water natural to all cow's milk

and which has then been sterilized in hermetically sealed containers. It contains an abundance of all the health-building properties which milk is counted on to supply—the minerals—the vitamins—the butterfat—all the valuable food elements of extra-rich, high-grade milk. All of these are in more readily digestible form than in ordinary milk and Pet Milk is always pure, safe milk. It costs less generally than ordinary milk.

Whether you have a tiny baby to care for who must have milk from a bottle, a growing child who needs his quart of milk a day, or grownups to feed who present a problem by refusing to take the milk you know they ought to have, the booklets offered free on the coupon below will be of service to you. Send for them.

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the special first and call him up afterward!

Mr. Tugmore smiled at her almost affectionately. "Mrs. McCann," he said, "I see that you—and perhaps I—in the words of the late great Theodore Roosevelt, are 'practical men.' I'll do it."

It was exactly eleven minutes past eight o'clock when an engine, to which was coupled a single Pullman sleeper, backed alongside the platform at Athens Junction. As Minerva had foreseen, Mr. Tugmore had been unable to get his superior officer on the telephone and—for once in his official existence—had decided to take a chance. The unfortunate plight of the Boggs family, stranded in New York while the Easter sailed for the Mediterranean, their lack of funds to counteract the difficulty by taking passage on a faster boat and traveling by rail from Paris to Marseilles, and the long delays to which they would inevitably be subjected—even should the transport company be willing to honor their tickets on its next steamer without extra charge—filled his heart with pity and his mind with apprehension. A jury—particularly an Athens jury, composed of religiously minded citizens interested in missionary work—might render a verdict in their favor, based on mental suffering, for a staggering amount.

WHEN, having heard him give the order for the special over the telephone, Minerva knew that he had capitulated and that her victory was complete, she sent for Patrick and the car and drove home as fast as she could.

"Caleb!" she called through the library door as she hurried upstairs. "Mr. Tugmore's agreed to put on an extra train to take the Boggses to New York. It'll be ready in about three-quarters of an hour. I think the least we can do is to go down there and see that they get safely off."

Caleb, relieved from the overwhelming menace of a visitation from seven Boggses, readily agreed that it would. Minerva was gone upstairs quite a long time, and afterward held a whispered conversation with Patrick, which resulted in his surreptitiously carrying a bulky object down the back stairs for her and placing it underneath a robe beside him on the front seat. The special was waiting when they drew up at the station but, except under Minerva's personal supervision, Abigail had stoutly refused to get aboard with her offspring, who now, replete with hot dogs and pancakes, and

sticky from ice cream, slumbered soundly in a row beside their respective suitcases and suitcases.

"Shall we really make the boat?" asked Abigail when Minerva explained the situation to her.

"Barring flood, riot, earthquake or acts of God!" replied Mrs. McCann confidently.

"Well, I call this an act of God!" answered Abigail. "Wake up, children! The railroad company is going to send us to New York!"

A colored porter, assisted by Mr. Tugmore, Judge McCann and Patrick, carried the infant Boggses aboard and deposited them in their respective sections. Their baggage followed, including the valise hidden on the front seat of the car.

"CALEB," said Minerva, "I wish you'd go to Abigail's compartment and make sure she's got all the necessary tickets to Blooms. Now that I've assumed so much responsibility I don't want to have any slip-up."

While the judge obediently examined the contents of the eight claret-colored little books, Minerva stepped to the platform and spoke earnestly with Mr. Tugmore.

"Well!" he grinned. "I guess I might as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb!"

"Let her go, Tim," Judge McCann, realizing that the special had started, hastened down the aisle, only to be confronted by his wife in the middle of the car.

"We're moving, Minerva! We must hurry and get off!"

"There's no hurry, Caleb!" she answered calmly, planting herself directly in front of him.

"No hurry? What do you mean?"

"Here, perjury! Stop the train! Let me off!"

"It's too late, Caleb, dear!" she laughed, and her laugh reminded him of the old Irish days when she was such a cut-up.

"We're on our way to New York. We're going to put the Boggses on the boat tomorrow morning and then have a real good vacation in the city, gallemin' around. I'm going to all the theaters I want, and the opera, and, as I told you before, I want to see the inside of some of those speakeasies! I've got all your clothes in the big valise. And Mr. Tugmore let me have a hundred dollars in cash money. You better go back and set in that end compartment, Caleb. Here's your tobacco. Just put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

Girls—Have the Joy of Earning!

HUNDREDS of happy girls are "dressing up" . . . in lovely sports frocks, attractive hats, slipping on wrist watches.

They're especially happy because they've earned these pretty things themselves in The Girls' Club!

And have plenty of money besides for treats, trips, picnics and parties!

Ethel M., an up-to-date girl in an old-fashioned dress (see picture) loves to earn in the Club! And she adores the wonderful prizes and surprises!

"My earnings have started a bank account," she writes, "and bought gifts! Now there's a lovely little suitcase I'd like to earn."

A Trip to Camp!

Della D. is another girl who thinks the Club is an easy way to dollars!

"I've earned \$12.00 toward camp," she tells us.

How much would you like to have? Send a note with your name, age and address for full details of our Club plan. No expense to you, of course. Address:

MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB
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Without an *anti-soggy* brush teeth simply cannot stay white!

MOTHER, YOUR TEETH LOOK DIFFERENT SOMEHOW. THEY'RE ALL SHINY WHITE NOW.

YOUR TEETH LOOK WHITER TOO, SONNY. THAT'S BECAUSE WE THREW AWAY OUR OLD TOOTHBRUSHES, REMEMBER HOW LIMP YOURS USED TO GET WHEN YOU WET IT? DR. COREY SAYS **SOGGY** TOOTHBRUSHES CANNOT POSSIBLY KEEP TEETH CLEAN.

• Everyone wants them—brilliant, sparkling-white teeth. But observe for yourself how rare they are. Most people have teeth that are *dull-white*—in spite of conscientious brushing. Too often, soggy toothbrushes are responsible for these *dull-white* teeth. Toothbrushes that grow limp and flabby when wet—cheap or worn-out brushes.

brushes with a poor grade of bristles. Remember this: it is *utterly impossible* for a soggy brush to keep teeth really clean. Stop wasting your time with one. For really white teeth, get a toothbrush that's protected against soggy: Dr. West's famous *water-proofed* brush at 50c or, at the very least, Dr. West's new Economy brush.

New! Dr. West's Economy brush

29¢

MADE IN U.S.A.

THOUSANDS HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR this medium-priced brush that really cleans—Dr. West's new Economy brush. It gives greatest protection against soggy-ness possible at its price. But it is not water-proofed and its bristles do not possess the quality nor afford the thorough cleansing of those in Dr. West's famous 50c *water-proofed* brush. This new Economy Brush is, however, superior to many brushes sold at higher prices. Famous Dr. West's design. Six beautiful colors.

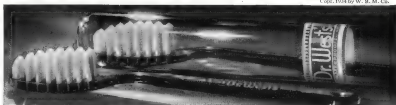


Dr. West's famous Water-proofed brush

50¢

MADE IN U.S.A.

WATER-PROOFED AGAINST SOGGINESS! America's largest selling brush. Keeps teeth brilliant-white more effectively than any other. 60% better results in cleaning. Bristles are hand selected from the world's finest stock—then *water-proofed* harmlessly. Cannot get SOGGY. The small size and correct design of this brush make it easy to clean every surface and crevice. Sealed in glass, this is the only brush that reaches you surgically sterile. 10 gem-like colors.



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MAKE SURE YOUR TEETH ARE BRILLIANT-WHITE!

ALSO USE DR. WEST'S DOUBLE-QUICK TOOTH PASTE—ABSOLUTELY SAFE, EXTRA-FAST DENTIFRICE

"I lost that ugly bulge in two minutes"



Alone—note the paunchy abdomen. To the left—the same young woman is shown in the Spencer which we designed for her. Note the smooth, firm lines of her figure.

She was so attractive, but she had one figure fault that marred the lovely line of her frocks. Relaxed abdominal muscles had caused an ugly bulge.

As soon as a Spencer was designed to lift and support these fatigued muscles the bulge disappeared. It was not merely concealed, it was corrected. All the lines of her figure were restored to their natural loveliness. "Why," she exclaimed later to a friend, "I lost that ugly bulge in two minutes."

Spencer designers discovered years ago that these fatigued muscles could be so lifted and supported by an individually designed Spencer that the muscles would recover their youthful tone. As soon as a woman began to wear a Spencer she experienced a wonderful renewal of energy. Incorrect carrying, on the contrary, presses down upon the abdomen increasing the strain upon these muscles and the danger of displacements.

Have a figure analysis—free

Have you ever had a trained Spencer costume make a study of your figure? At any time most convenient for you an intelligent woman, trained in the Spencer designer's methods of figure analysis, will call at your home. Do not delay.

A study of your figure will cost you nothing and may save you expensive experiments with unsatisfactorily designed corsets. Spencer prices are surprisingly low!

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If some special figure fault troubles you, check it on the figure at right.

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Do You Want to Make Money?

If you are a business woman, or would like to be one, let us train you to become a Spencer Corsetmaker. Click here —>

SPENCER
Individually designed
CORSETS

Hit and Run

(Continued from Page 27)

Tuttle might be going to die. They decided to railroad Slater. "He paused. "And yet, Miss Ommond, I wouldn't think that your father would stand for a thing like this—his own secretary —"

"He wouldn't, sergeant. But he wasn't here. He went to New York in the morning and he won't be back until late this afternoon." She let all that go and changed her tone. "You asked me a moment ago whether Dick Slater was anything to me, she said, "and I didn't answer directly, because I don't know. All I know is that he seems to me the most generous and honorable man I ever knew, and I won't stand by and see this done to him."

"There's a lot I don't understand yet," said the sergeant. "Come inside, and we'll see what can be done."

THE conference lasted a long time. When it was over Letty drove back to her own house and there picked up Morgan, the family chauffeur, who had been with them since she was a child. The winter before, just after Slater came to her father, Morgan had been ill in a hospital, and she remembered that Slater had been her father's delegate more than once at Morgan's bedside. She had an impression that Morgan felt grateful to the secretary. They drove to the McNeil's place. All the McNeil family, like so many country lovers, had gone to New York bright and early on Monday morning. Letty sent Morgan to the McNeil's garage, while she herself interviewed Simpson, the butler.

"You know there was an accident in the village yesterday morning, Simpson?"

"So I heard, miss."

"I wonder if you could tell me the exact hour at which Mr. Semmes left here after the party."

"No, miss, I really couldn't. I didn't notice the clock. I remember the sun was up."

Simpson was not very cooperative, but Letty's quiet, amiable persistence finally began to wear him down. He did at last remember that the band had stopped playing at five o'clock. Mr. Semmes himself had offered them twenty-five dollars to go on for another half hour, but they were firm—"rather independent," Simpson said; they insisted they must catch the 5:50 train back to New York, in order to play at a wedding on Sunday; they wanted their breakfast first. They finally left without too much time to catch their train, but they had caught it. It took ten minutes to the station—they must have left, therefore, before 5:45. Mr. Semmes was still there when they left. Simpson recalled that there had been what he described as "a little difficulty" about moving Mr. Semmes' car, which was parked so that it interfered with the bus getting up to the side door to take on the musicians' instruments. Would he be willing to sign a statement to that effect? He hesitated. He had a wise man's distaste for signing anything, but he saw it was his only hope of getting rid of Miss Ommond, and he signed it.

MORGAN, at the garage, had been even more successful. The McNeil's chauffeur, who had been on duty all night, recalled a dispute that had arisen between visiting chauffeurs as to the hours of sunrise in connection with daylight saving. Watches had been compared—someone was willing to swear that it was a quarter to six as Semmes drove away.

Letty felt exultant. She returned to the sergeant with her information, and a few minutes later Meigs, jumping quietly along the main street, was surprised to see the sergeant pass him, going at the rate of seventy miles an hour. Presently he returned even faster. Yet there was no speeder or evidence on the horizon.

King flung himself on his motorcycle beside the car where Miss Ommond was

waiting. "You're right," he said. "It's absolutely impossible that Semmes could have left the McNeil's at 5:45, driven to your house, and that Slater could have taken the car and got back to the village in time to run down Tuttle. It must have been Semmes on his way home."

"It was," said Letty. "Wasn't better go there. Then I'd better call up the district attorney, and we'll go round and see him."

A MOMENT later King came quickly out of the lodge again. "The D. A.'s in court," he said. "Wasn't better go there. May I go in with you?"

"You mean we may be too late?"

"There's no use waiting time. She herself had never thought of such a thing. She supposed the law always delayed for months. . . ."

They drove the short distance to the town in complete silence. The courthouse was set in a little park—a red-brick building with two wings, in one of which was the jail from which Letty had been so recently excluded. They did not mount the front steps under a pillared portico, but went in through a side door and entered a long, bare room where a group of judges were standing at a table in the center. Meigs was there; a man whom Letty recognized from newspaper headlines was peeling from telegraph poles, as the district attorney; a white-bearded, spectacled man writing in a book, who looked as if he ought to be the judge; and a round-headed man, not a day over fifty, who obviously was the judge, was sitting on a raised platform. A few strangers watching the proceedings utterly without interest were scattered about among the walls.

Letty was surprised at the air of informality. She supposed that all judges were white-haired and wore nothing but black-silk robes. As they entered, the judge, bare-headed, came forward, and Letty felt a faint pang to the district attorney.

"All right," he was saying, "if you're sure this is a case for the grand jury—if Tuttle is unimpaired." He looked at Dick. "In sentencing you," he began, "for a crime peculiarly cowardly and inexcusable in a man of your education and . . ."

At this point King touched the district attorney's elbow, and at the same second Dick turned and saw her. It was not a mobile face—it rarely expressed more than he meant it to express—but now Letty saw it for an instant broken by the strength of his emotion at the sight of her. She felt very happy; everything was going to come out right.

THE judge stopped his speech and said irritably, "What is the meaning of this interruption, sergeant?"

"Your Honor," said the district attorney, "Sergeant King has come to tell us that there is grave doubt whether the prisoner was the man driving the car at the time the accident occurred."

"He isn't guilty," said Letty in a loud, ringing voice.

She had the sudden feeling that comes once or twice to most women in the course of their lives, that the routine of courts and armies and conferences by which man rule the world is all a silly, muddled process desperately in need of a little feminine common sense.


"Who is this young woman?" said the judge. He was a just man, and wanted the truth to prevail, but he could not help feeling annoyed, as anyone does who is surrounded a speech and is blocked in the middle of it.

"This is Miss Ommond, Your Honor, the daughter of Slater's employer."

The judge nodded. He knew all about the Ommonds, of course. He leaned forward to see Letty. (Continued on Page 90)



Old Dutch does more square yards of *scratchless* cleaning per penny of cost because it's made with pure "SEISMOTITE"

"Seismotite" (pronounced sis'-mo-tite) is a perfect cleaning and polishing material of volcanic origin. That's why Old Dutch cleans quicker, cleans more things and doesn't scratch. Seismotite particles cover more surface because they are flaky and flat-shaped, like this . That's why Old Dutch goes further and does more cleaning per penny of cost.

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utensils and floors, windows and mirrors, refrigerators and washing machines, stoves, painted furniture, walls and woodwork—in fact, for any surface on which water may be used.

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OF THOSE MOTHS

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THEM. I KNOW HOW
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● Don't go halfway in this moth business. Find out the truth before you buy. It's hopeless trying to frighten away mothworms with black pepper or cedar shavings, with bad-smelling moth balls or flakes. You can't discourage them that way because they haven't any sense of smell. And it's a waste of money trying to lock them out of bags or boxes.

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Ask your druggist to show you Larvex. He will tell you it is a scientific triumph and there is nothing else like it. Department stores, The Larvex Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y. (In Canada: The Larvex Corporation, Ltd., Sainte Therese, P. Q.)

LARVEX
ONE APPLICATION
MOTHPROOFS FOR A WHOLE YEAR

PREVENT MOTH DAMAGE

(Continued from Page 88)
who was so small as to be almost obscured by his high desk.

"Do you know of your own knowledge that the prisoner is not guilty?" he asked. "Indeed I do, judge—Your Honor," answered Letty, correcting herself in the manner of one willing to call anyone anything if it would help a good cause. "I was talking to Mr. Slater myself, at the very moment that the accident must have been taking place in the village."

"At what hour was that?"

"A few minutes to six. I heard the clock strike as I left the room."

The judge nodded with approbation. He was a fanatical advocate of early rising. In his opinion, no one who lay in bed after eight could ever amount to anything. His own daughters were rarely stirring before nine. He looked with benevolent approval on the daughter of a rich man who rose before six.

"Would you care to state the subject of your conversation?"

"Yes, indeed. I was telling Mr. Slater that I was worried about Mr. Semmes. Mr. Semmes was spending the week-end at our house, and he hadn't come home yet."

"Hadh't come home at six o'clock in the morning?" said the judge, looking very severe.

"Now, judge, don't be silly," said Letty; and then seeing that in the opinion of her small but attentive audience this was not the best way to address a judge, she added quickly: "I mean that lots of people hadn't. We had all been at the McNell's party—their party after the wedding, you know?" (All the countryside knew about the wedding, but the judge wasn't going to admit it.) "Still," Letty went on, "I did think six o'clock was rather late; so I asked Mr. Slater if he wouldn't find out whether anything had happened to Mr. Semmes."

She paused; she had imagined that in a court it would be necessary to speak formally, reasonably, to the point, but her nervousness had made her take the first words that popped into her mind, and now she suddenly realized that this was much the most effective way to speak; that the judge, though he would not have listened to an illogical man, preferred an illogical woman to a logical one. She had no intention of being illogical, but she saw that a certain informality—a sort of voluntary incoherence—would secure her a hearing to the end.

"You see, Your Honor," she said, looking up at him wide-eyed. "I was concerned about Mr. Semmes, because I am—well, at least I was—in a way—a sort of way—engaged to Mr. Semmes."

THE judge sat very slowly, almost painfully, as if his lips were unaccustomed to the motion. "I do not know," he said, "that the Court can take cognizance of a sort of engagement."

"Oh, but you must," answered Letty, "because —"

"May I interrupt, Your Honor," said Banerman. "In order to explain—" "No, counselor," replied the judge, not even glancing in his direction. "I prefer to hear this witness without interruptions." But he added, apparently reminded of his duties, "Clerk, swear the witness."

An instant before Letty had been thinking that the whole thing was exactly like the court in Alice in Wonderland, and that the clerk was the image of Bill the Lizard, but she was brought to a more serious state of mind by finding the Bible thrust under her nose, and hearing his

voice saying rapidly: "Do you solemnly swear that you will tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you God?"

"Consigne, Miss Osmund," said the judge; and seeing that she had lost the thread of her narrative, he asked gently, "Why was it you thought the fact of your engagement had an important bearing on this case?"

"Oh, yes," said Letty, "of course; I was saying that I had told Mr. Slater about my engagement, and I suppose that put it into his head to be noble—to save Mr. Semmes from being arrested on the very day he was going to speak to my father. . . . If I'm making it clear, which I don't suppose I am."

"You make it perfectly clear—perfectly," said the judge. "But one question: Where is Mr. Semmes?"

"Ah," said Letty, "you do put your finger on the important points, judge. I must say, Mr. Semmes sailed for France this morning."

He smiled? He left the country? Why did he do that?"

"Well, he told me that he had to go because his mother was ill—dying—in Paris and had sent for him. But that wasn't true. His mother was never better in her life."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I telephoned her."

"You telephoned to Paris?" said the judge, who of course knew that such a thing was possible, but had never happened to speak face to face with anyone who had done it.

"YES," said Letty, quite unaware that she had done something surprising, "and she answered me herself, and said she had never felt better—those were her words. That was what made me feel sure the whole thing was fishy—I mean, Your Honor."

"I understand you," said the judge. "You seem to be a young lady of action, and she answered me herself, and said she had never felt better—those were her words. That was what made me feel sure the whole thing was fishy—I mean, Your Honor."

"Wouldn't you do the same thing, if you thought that someone you respected and liked was being railroaded to prison?"

"Your Honor, I object," Banerman began, but the judge waved him away. "Presently, presently," he said, and turned his shoulders squarely toward Dick. "And what have you to say?"

He asked, "Why didn't you immediately give us the course of the story?"

"I was silent—on advice of counsel," said Banerman. "Your Honor."

"Did you tell your father or other relatives that you were innocent?" the judge asked.

"I did, but without apparently changing his opinion."

"Tell the court exactly what occurred," said the judge.

Dick told his story—lost of his conversation with Letty; of Semmes' arrival not absolutely sober, of the misstatement as to the extent of the accident, of the fact that had led to Meigs' wrong identification, of his own error in saying that he had been drunk the night of the accident. As a story should be told in court—terse, logically and without emotion. It did not, of course, make half the impression that Letty's testimony had made, but the combination of the two was conclusive.

The judge turned to Banerman: "Did you, counsel, Miss Osmund?"

"Briefly," answered Mr. Banerman. "I think I should tell you, Your Honor," said Dick, "that my attorney told me that Miss Osmund was reluctant to testify."

(Continued on Page 92)

BOSTON TERRIER



MADAM, THESE

Plain FACTS

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BEFORE you ever again make a gelatin dessert, ask yourself whether a fact can give gelatin a strawberry flavor as good as real strawberries—or whether “factory-flavored” gelatin, tastes as good as plain gelatin flavored with real oranges—and whether “factory-flavored” gelatins contain vitamins and minerals such as you get when you combine real fruits or vegetables with Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

Knowing the type of woman who reads *Ladies' Home Journal*—we are sure you will find the answer easy. Just one taste, for instance, of this delicious Grapefruit Snow Pudding will decide you. Real fruit with real gelatin does taste so much better!

Grapefruit Snow Pudding

(6 Servings—uses only $\frac{1}{4}$ package)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup grapefruit juice and pulp
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot water	(canned or fresh)
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange juice
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt	1 tablespoonful lemon juice
	2 egg whites

Four cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatin on top of water. Add hot water and stir until dissolved. Add sugar, salt and fruit juice (cut grapefruit sections in small pieces—*if fresh grapefruit use $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar*). Mix thoroughly. Cool, and when jelly begins to thicken, beat until frothy and then fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into mold that has been rinsed in cold water and chill. When firm, unmold and garnish with grapefruit sections, cherries or strawberries. Serve with a custard sauce made from the yolks of the eggs.

DID you notice that the recipe called for only $\frac{1}{4}$ of a package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine—whereas had you tried to make the same dish with “factory-flavored” gelatin you would need a whole package? Not only does plain gelatin make dishes your family enjoys more—but it goes four times as far. The recipe for Prune-Orange-Cheese Salad also calls for only one of the four envelopes that every Knox package contains—and yet the quantity is ample for serving six people. And how they will enjoy it!

Prune-Orange-Cheese Salad

(6 Servings—uses only $\frac{1}{4}$ package)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt
1 cup hot water	6 prunes (cooked until tender)
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar	6 slices orange
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange juice	2 tablespoonful lemon juice
	$\frac{1}{4}$ pound cottage cheese

Four cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatin on top of water. Add sugar, salt and hot water and stir until dissolved. Add orange juice and

lemon juice. Rinse flat pan in cold water and pour in jelly to the depth of about one-half inch, and allow to congeal. On this jelly place six slices of orange (or small pieces, all skin and partitions removed). On top of each slice of orange place a prune stuffed with cottage cheese. Cover with remaining orange jelly which has been cooled and allowed to congeal somewhat. Chill, cut in squares and serve on lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise.

AND it is not only in giving variety to fruits and vegetables that you find plain gelatin useful. Here, for example, is a perfectly delightful way of serving exalted salmon, tuna fish or crabmeat. This way you have a delightful main course at slight cost—and there is no “factory-flavoring” to interfere with the delicate flavor of the fish. Some day when you expect to be out in the afternoon, prepare this dish in the morning and put it in the ice-box until night.

Crabmeat, Tuna Fish or Salmon Salad

(6 Servings—uses only $\frac{1}{4}$ package)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cooked salad dressing or mayonnaise
1 cup crabmeat, tuna fish or salmon	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup celery, chopped	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful paprika
$\frac{1}{4}$ green pepper, finely chopped	1 tablespoonful mild vinegar
2 tablespoonful olives, chopped	Peppercorns, cayenne, if desired

Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatin on top of water. Place bowl over boiling water and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Cool, and add salad dressing, fish separated into flakes, celery, pepper (from which seeds have been removed), olives, salt, vinegar, paprika and cayenne. Turn into individual molds that have been rinsed in cold water and chill. When firm, remove to nests of lettuce leaves and garnish with slices cut from stuffed olives, diamond-shaped pieces cut from green pepper, celery tips and watercress.

UNFORTUNATELY, this page is not big enough to give you all the good news about the good things to eat you can make so easily once you have discovered plain gelatin. Why not telephone your grocer now and ask him to send you a box of Knox Gelatine so you can try this delicious Strawberry Chiffon Pie?

Strawberry Chiffon Pie

(Filling for 9-inch pie—uses only $\frac{1}{4}$ package)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water	1 cup strawberry juice and pulp
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot water	1 cup sugar
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar	1 tablespoonful lemon juice
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt	2 egg whites
	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cream, whipped

Crush strawberries, add sugar, and allow to stand about half an hour. Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatin on top of water. Add salt and hot water and stir until dissolved. Add strawberry mixture and lemon juice. Cool, and when it begins to thicken, fold in whipped cream and the stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into previously baked pie shell, and chill. Just before serving garnish with whipped cream and strawberries.

STRAWBERRY CHIFFON CAKE DESSERT

—Instead of turning strawberry mixture into pie shell, pour it on sponge cake, that has been baked about 1½-inch high. When the mixture is firm, spread with a smooth layer of whipped cream and serve.

BUT even if we are at the end of the page, you are far from being at the end of the story of all the delicious salads, desserts and frozen dishes you can make easily and inexpensively with plain gelatin. Mrs. Knox's new book will be the most interesting reading you have had in many a day—it is just full of more good recipes like these. Really, it is fascinating and we know you will like having it. We will be glad to send it to you **FREE**, if you will just write your name and address on this coupon. Why not mail it today?



Grapefruit Snow Pudding



Crabmeat, Tuna Fish or Salmon Salad



Prune-Orange-Cheese Salad



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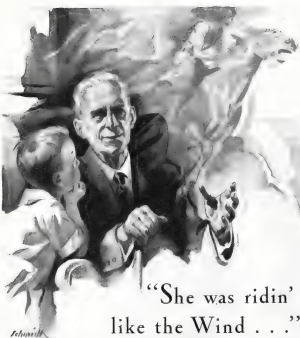
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upon the same natural law that guards the men in a diving bell on the bottom of the ocean.

To prove that it is absolutely waterproof, each CLARK Custodian is critically tested under 5000 pounds of water. Even a pinhole leak is discovered by this test.

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end of every genuine
"CLARK" METAL Vault

CUSTODIAN

(Continued from Page 90)

Letty gave a cry that echoed through the room. "He said that? Why, judge, it isn't true!"

"If I misunderstood you—" began Bannerman, but no one paid the least attention to him.

Letty went on: "I went and told him that I had been talking to Mr. Slater a few minutes before six, and they said—someone said—that the study clock was wrong, but it wasn't wrong. It never is; it hasn't varied thirty seconds in fourteen years. I have the testimony of M. Victor, who has always had charge of it, and who would it that very day. No, Your Honor, they didn't want me to testify—they wanted to save Ralph Semmes at the expense of Mr. Slater."

"I REALLY must protest, Your Honor," said Bannerman, smiling as if the utter confusion of a small court and a country judge were really beneath his notice. The judge turned back to Letty: "Let me see those statements you have, Miss Osmond."

There was silence in the court during the few seconds that he was glancing through them—while Dick and Letty looked at each other with the sort of solemn, blank wonder with which people stare at great works of art. When the judge had finished, he looked severely at Dick and said:

"I order the case dismissed and the defendant discharged." Then, turning to Letty, he said, "I wish to thank you, Miss Osmond, for the courage and disinterestedness with which you have behaved in this matter. You have averted a grave miscarriage of justice, for I may tell you that I should have imposed a prison sentence on the facts given me. If more citizens had your courage and sense of civic duty, the law would be better administered. You, too, sergeant. As for you, counselor"—and here the judge made a terrifying pause, as all eyes turned to Bannerman—"I consider your conduct ill-advised, irresponsible and open to the gravest suspicion."

"Next case," he said. "My explain, Your Honor," said Bannerman, but the judge interrupted.

A few minutes later Letty, forgetting that she had brought the sergeant in her car and was now abandoning him four miles from home and without his trusty motorcycle, forgetting that Mr. Bannerman, her father's guest, might find himself obliged to walk to the railroad station

and was most unaccustomed to physical exercise—forgetting everything except that Dick was free, invited him into her car, and was presently driving him back to the house.

She felt profoundly excited—more excited than when she had been starting her case in court—more excited than ever before in her life, and so she tucked down her chin, looked ahead of her, and appeared to be attending rigidly to the task of guiding the car through the main street.

When they were clear of the town, Dick said in a voice not absolutely steady, "I can never tell you what I think of you—no courageous, so honorable, so—"

"Oh, that's all right," said Letty, interrupting, as people so often do, the one sentence in the world she wanted most to hear.

"No, you must let me speak," Dick went on, "because I am the one person who knows what it must have cost you to do what you did. I only hope you haven't ruined all your own chances of happiness."

"If you mean you think I will want to marry Ralph, you're very rude."

"Whether you want to marry him or not—and I must say I hope you don't—"

"And why do you hope that?"

"Because I don't think you'd be happy with a man who has behaved as—"

"Is that all?"

"What I'm trying to say is that I know you must have suffered."

ITTY was silent. For the first time she suspected that the trial she had not suffered cruelly; in fact, she had hardly suffered at all.

"You may think me a horrible girl," she said, "but the truth is I haven't suffered so much. It wasn't as much of a shock as perhaps it ought to have been, when it finally dawned on me—that Ralph had done, I mean. I suppose deep down in my heart I had always known what sort of a person he was. I was triumphant and dazed—I thought how everyone would envy me, and how proud my father would be, but I never came to it when Ralph actually asked me to marry him at once and go abroad with him—well, believe me or not, I didn't want to do it. I wanted very much not to do it, in fact."

"Perhaps," said Dick, "a girl like you would feel that way toward anyone who suggested an immediate marriage."

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"I can't say about that," answered Letty. "for no one else has—to date."

"A lot of people would—every man in the world, I should think, if they knew that besides being lovely and young you are brave and good and clever."

"Did you say every man, Dick?" asked Letty.

"Every man who is free."

A vision of Mary, black-browed and handsome, rose before Letty. She said, "How do you mean, 'free'? What do you think of men who go about kissing girls, if they are not free?"

"I think their emotions were stronger than their sense of duty."

"I'd rather have them that way than the other way about." She felt herself somewhat hampered—a motor car on a highroad on a bright summer afternoon—but she reflected that they were nearly at home, and that the study was always unoccupied at this hour. She said sternly, "Dick, are you engaged to your cousin?"

"TO MARY? Good heavens, no! When I said I wasn't free I meant that I have no money and now I have no income. I don't really like this job, Letty. I was intended for a lawyer. I'm going back to Boston to my old position."

"Dick, won't you please admit by your expression that you know perfectly well that I am asking you to marry me?"

"Letty, darling, you mustn't think of it. You'd be wretched."

"And maybe you think I wouldn't be wretched if I didn't."

"Your father wouldn't hear of it."

"He likes you very much—more than perhaps you understand."

"You couldn't possibly live on the best I can earn for the next ten years."

"I could live on my old salary."

"My dear, you forget—I once balanced your check book."

"It's a great lesson to a girl."

"To be more economical."

"No, to balance her own check book."

They were turning in at the gates of the Osmond place now, and Letty said, "I could live on anything—on nuts, like a squirrel, because I love you so much—but as for cold cash, I have a little money of my own from my grandmother; and you needn't mind taking her money—she was just like you: an old New England woman in a cap and shawl who once did all her own work, and put pennies in a savings bank—... well, you know what I mean. But of course if you don't love me—"

"You know very well that I do."

"You're awfully stupid about it."

They drew up before the hall door, got out and went without a word into the study. Dick closed the door and took Letty in his arms, as if someone else—not he—had been urging arguments against their union.

THEY had stood thus with their lips pressed together for some seconds when a faint exclamation made them turn. Mr. Osmond was sitting in a deep chair, contemplating them with an expression of detached amusement that told Dick instantly he was not an enemy.

Letty was not in the least embarrassed. "Well, father," she said, "I hadn't an idea you were there."

"I guessed that," said Mr. Osmond.

"Are you very much surprised?" asked Letty.

"Am I surprised?" returned her father. "Am I a fool? Of course I'm not surprised. When a girl who has never opened her eyes before noon telegrams me at seven a.m.—when a girl who has never lifted her hand stands the police and the law courts on their heads—when, in short, my daughter appears to me in an entirely new aspect, I have sense enough to say to myself that this is love."

Letty gave a faint laugh and came over to kiss him. "You're wonderful, dear," she said. "I had been thinking it was all my executive ability."

(THE END)

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And that is when you can rely on Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37—the modern antiseptic that many great hospitals are using in cases of throat and nose irritation, and in open wounds.

This effective antiseptic is even stronger in germ-killing power than any usable solution of carbolic acid. Yet it is safe to gargle with—safe even if accidentally swallowed.

Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37 spreads more rapidly and more deeply than many other antiseptics into the crevices of wound tissue and kills all bacteria it touches.

Give yourself and your family the daily protection of this antiseptic that hospitals

use. Gargle with it at the first sign of throat irritation. Pour it freely into scratches, open wounds. It will not sting or burn. If throat irritation persists or wound tissue is slow in healing, consult your doctor at once.

Buy a bottle of Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37 at your druggist's today. The 50¢ bottle is now a whole 75¢ bigger than before, and you get the large size for only \$1.00 instead of \$1.25. Prices slightly higher in Canada.



... Even diluted three times Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37 retains its antiseptic power



- Stronger than carbolic acid in any usable solution
- Yet safe even if swallowed
- Doesn't sting or burn in open wounds

HEXYLRESORCINOL SOLUTION S. T. 37
MADE BY SHARP & DOHRM

Harriet learns the Golden Rule of Rug Buying

Look for the Gold Seal



YOU can see from Harriet's experience how easy it is to recognize real Congoleum. The big Gold Seal is pasted on the face of all genuine Congoleum, whether rugs or "by-the-yard."

Why take chances with an unknown brand? What if it is a few cents cheaper than real Congoleum—you may be sacrificing many months of wear to save those few pennies.

Play safe. Buy genuine Congoleum—the money-saving, labor-saving floor-covering that has proved its durability in millions of America's homes.

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Scotch Linoleum and Scotch Wall-Covering

IN CANADA:

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Here's Harriet getting friend husband's opinion of her purchase. "You certainly are a wonderful little manager," says F. H., "getting a swell rug like this for so little money." Harriet's rug is the "Egyptian" pattern, Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 651. Room decorated by Gishel Bros., New York.

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Gold Seal Rugs

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The "Dishes" pattern, Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 585—adapted from a priceless Oriental carpet.



This charming French pattern says it with flowers—"Pierced," Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 671.

ROUNDAABOUT GIRL

THE SUB-DEB

BY ELIZABETH WOODWARD

CAST your good eye around this page and you'll see in pictures, a round dozen, what goes to make up an all-round personality.

Did you ever watch an artist chipping away at a cike of soap? Smoothing off the rough edges, chopping away here, rounding out there. And all of a sudden an exquisite little statue shows up. Well, that's what is happening to your own personality, only no one is chipping away at you—you're doing the job yourself.

You're growing up, standing on your own two feet, being somebody. You want people to like that somebody. You want them to find you interesting. And every day you're learning a new trick about getting along with people, and another way to make yourself more interesting. In other words, you're developing your personality.

Variety is the spice of personalities. Everyone is so different from the next. That's what makes people so much fun.

There's Ida. She's lovely to look at. Takes ages fixing her hair, and spends hours over her clothes. You would love to look at her. But her personality stops right beneath her skin. There's nothing else there. She rides roughshod over people. Doesn't care about anything but her own good looks. She chills folks. Her face is her fortune—but she won't live long on that.

Ella is just the opposite. She has her nose in a book all the time. Cares nothing about clothes or parties or people, and wonders why she is allowed to stay at home night after night without a date. Her thoughts are so ingrown they've taken root.

But Dot is one of the most popular girls in town. She loves clothes, and looking nice, and parties and books, and being with people and going places. And she has plenty of chances. Dot has an all-round personality. She's not lopsided. Not too much of one thing and not enough of another. She's a Roundabout girl. And that's what I want all you Sub-Debs to be.

So grab your mixing bowl. Let's whisk together a personality. First, your hair, well cared for, done up in a way that does you good. And your make-up put on discreetly and expertly. And clothes just right. Weeping-willow bends before breakfast to make you graceful. Stir in lots of sudsy hot water to keep you clean and sweet. Stir gently but firmly.

Add some twosome sports that you can play with the boy friend. And brain food to make your chit-chat sparkle. A parlor trick or two—jazz, card tricks, reading fortunes, talking pig-Latin French. A little toe-talk for use on the dance floor. And a private line. Then poise—having yourself under control all the time even when everybody's watching you. Doing the right thing at the right time. Finally add a downright sincere interest in people. Put this personality away in a quiet place to jell. Serve liberal portions. Like fruit cake, it improves with age.

If you want to develop this all-round personality—and I'm sure you do—keep this page stuck up by your mirror. Check it off each day. A perfect record—no blank spaces—will make you a Roundabout girl!

FOLLOW THROUGH: If what you need is a swish new hair-do: A-1116. FRIZZ, FUZZ AND FURBELOW'S. 3 cents.

How and where to put on your make-up: A-598. LET MAKE-UP MAKE YOU OVER. 3 cents.

The correct clothes to wear, and to enjoy wearing: A-1083. CAMPUS CLOTHES. 3 cents.

Save five hints to make you a beauty: A-533. SUB-DEB'S BOOK OF BEAUTY. 3 cents.

Tee talk, how not to be a wall flower. How to dance: A-1056. FROLICKING FEET. 3 cents.

What to talk about: A-1106. PRIVATE LINES AND PARTY CONVERSATION. 3 cents.

Do you know all the modern answers? A-1181. SUB-DEB'S ETIQUETTE BOOK. 3 cents.

Games for your dates: A-1024. NOTHING TO SPEND BUT THE EVENING. 3 cents.

Secrets of making the girls—and boys—like you: A-1022. HOW TO BE POPULAR. 3 cents.

Men WILL do these things



THAT'S WHY YOU NEED 4 REFRIGERATORS

HUSBANDS will be hospitable—and bring guests home for dinner, sometimes without a moment's notice. But, with "4 refrigerators" in the kitchen—with a Kelvinator—you are always ready for them, always the gracious hostess.

The pictures show the four separate "refrigerators" you get in the Kelvinator De Luxe models. At the top of the page is the Iso-Thermic Tube Tray. Here you get World's Fastest Freezing Speed. You freeze ice cubes in about 80 minutes, which is hours faster than ordinary freezing speeds. And there are no dials to set, because it is fully automatic.

The next picture shows the spacious food compartment with the new Kelvinator Food File. On the left is the Dairy Basket for butter, cheese, eggs, etc. In the center, the Kelvin Crisper where vegetables keep fresh indefinitely. And on the right, the Thrift Tray with its three porcelain containers where left-overs are stored for future use.



In the "third" refrigerator, large quantities of delicious frozen salads and desserts are made quickly and can be kept for days.

And in the Frost Chest, another exclusive Kelvinator feature and the "fourth" refrigerator, you keep meat, fish, game or extra ice cubes just as long as you care to. Here, the temperature is below freezing, and it, like the other three, is fully automatic.

Naturally, "4 refrigerators" mean 4 times the advantages—and conveniences and you can get them all in one, for the price of one, in a Kelvinator.

We suggest that you see Kelvinator's 20th Anniversary models, the refrigerator with a place for everything. And let the Kelvinator dealer show you why it is wise to buy the finest in electric refrigeration—on the ReDisCo Monthly Budget Plan, if you wish. . . . KELVINATOR CORPORATION, 14250 Plymouth Road, Detroit, Michigan. Factories also in London, Ont., and London, England.

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THERE WILL BE PLENTY OF ICE CUBES"



"THERE'S ENOUGH FOOD HERE
FOR HALF A DOZEN EXTRA PEOPLE"



"HERE IS PLENTY OF FROZEN SALAD
AND DESSERT ALREADY MADE"



"THANK GOODNESS,
THERE ARE PLENTY OF LAMB CHOPS"



KELVINATOR 4 REFRIGERATORS IN 1

Consult your Classified Telephone Directory under "Refrigeration—Electric" to locate your nearest dealer

Impersonation of a Lady

(Continued from Page 15)

to live on the money from old Mr. Riessler's chain stores."

I caught hold of his arm. "I know how you might be able to swing that. Are you any good at disguising your feelings?"

"Well, I've masqueraded in this case." "First! Why don't you carry it farther?" Now that Kitty's divorce is absolute, go to your mother and ask her to settle a definite income on you, letting her understand, if she cares to, that it's so you wouldn't have to be dependent on your wife. Then if she refuses—and I suppose she would—try to get some agreement by which she'll settle the income on you if you don't marry Kitty!"

"I think I'll run home and tackle mother right this minute!" No, darn it, she's got a late hospital-board meeting. Probably trying to figure out how to get rid of those payment tickets. . . . But I'll go after her at dinner! I can never thank you enough, Irène!" Just as the door into the hall opened, he bent over and kissed my forehead. "You're a darling!"

I turned, to find Kate staring at us. "Mr. McLean wants to speak to you on the telephone."

I hurried to the pantry extension. From the kitchen, I heard Kate's excited voice. And when I went in, he was kissing her, and calling her "darling!"

"I must," I reflected, "check that story pretty quickly!" Then I spoke to Desmond.

XII

"IRÈNE, a terrible thing has happened!" he said. "I've just been at the costume-er's and they haven't even started our things! The manager says the clerk made a mistake in the date and put us down for January thirty-first, instead of December. And they're working night and day on the costumes for that preposterous pageant, they refuse to take another order, until after the holidays."

"Of course the clerk didn't make a mistake! This is deliberate!"

"Well, does that help us any?"

"N-no, I suppose it doesn't." I thought hard. There was no other place in town where The Amateurs could get either clothes or wigs. I sighed. "I suppose the only solution is for me to go to New York and get something."

"You're a tower of strength, Irène! When can you go?"

"The day after tomorrow, I suppose." Then I warned to the subject. "Desmond, I think Joe Gruener will let us have some marvelous costumes! I'll ring him up tomorrow and see. They'll be a hundred times better than any local producer."

"Right! But if you're going to be away, we'll have to speed up rehearsals!" "I don't see how I can wedge in a moment. . . . I tell you. Come out for dinner tonight, and bring Louise. She can write another story about our getting things in New York. And anyone else you think necessary can come in later."

I TURNED away from the telephone and entered the kitchen by the swinging door. Ellie was alone in this immaculate large room, filled with savory odors.

"There'll be two extra for dinner to-night," I told her. "Where's Kate?"

"She had to run over and see her sister for a moment."

At I returned to the library. I thought, "So by this time Mrs. Wyckoff's housekeeper has a distorted version of my 'carrying on with Mr. Francis.' And as soon as his mother returns, she'll get an even more exaggerated one."

Our guests, I discovered, had gone. Don said, "Thank heaven, we've nothing to do tonight! I've been looking for that day to a quiet evening. Honestly, I think this will be the first time we haven't gone out, or had people here, for over a month!"

I picked up the receiver and called Desmond's number. There was no answer.

"What are you doing?" Don asked. "Trying to cancel a last-minute invitation. But I'm afraid it's too late."

He would have been amply justified in especially resenting the intrusion of these two, neither of whom he regarded as completely sympathetic, but he said, "I'm sure you'll be more amused by having them here than by just being with me."

I sat down on the sofa next him, and held him tightly. "It isn't that! I adore being with you, Don. But something unexpected came up."

"Don't explain," He stroked my hair. "So long as you're happy, Irène, nothing else counts. . . . Anyway, we'll have three quiet evenings next week. I looked up your calendar last night. Not a single dinner, from the twenty-sixth, until Sir Arthur appears on the thirtieth."

"I could not tell him I would be away then. I got up. 'I think I'll change. But you don't need to.'"

"Then I won't. I've got some papers to go over."

MAGGIE had laid out not a ten gown of the pasted tints I usually wore, but a delectable garment of dahlia-red velvet. After she had slipped it over my head, I declared that her judgment had been excellent. The gown was a French dressmaker's version of a medieval design: the neck was cut in a deep square in the front; the sleeves, light to the elbow, fell in rippling folds to the floor, where they became part of the train.

I descended downstairs, eager for Don's praise. He was bending over a document headed "Last Will and Testament." He consulted his watch. "Heaven, I didn't realize it was so late. I'd expected to run over to Mrs. Wyckoff's before dinner."

"You can. We'll wait for you. . . . How do you like my dress?"

For the first time he looked directly at me. After a definite pause he said slowly, "Well, Irène, I like it."

I rewarded him for this extravagance, but a moment later, brushing the powder from his cool forehead, he continued, "I'm not joking, Irène. What can I offer someone like you?"

Then Pierre showed in Louise and Desmond, and it required concentrated effort on my part to keep the conversation on neutral topics. I succeeded until, while coffee was being served, Desmond's outburst: "I had prayed I might prevent."

"I think it's simply magnificent, Irène, that you're going on the twenty-sixth to get those props for Joe Gruener."

DONALDSON'S eyes implored my denial. When I did not speak, he put down his cup, took up the brief case into which he had put his papers, and without glancing at me, told the others good night.

With characteristic self-absorption, Desmond said, "You'll talk to Gruener about my play, won't you, Irène?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, tell him I'll put up fifty per cent of the costs, if he'll produce it. I'll put up the whole amount, if necessary. But I'd like his name as sponsor—for if a playwright openly finances his own show, it looks as if no producer had faith in it."

"But, Desmond, it would cost a tremendous lot to put this on, properly! How could you do it?"

He smiled magnificently. It was the same expression with which he had told me, weeks before, that if my suspicion were correct, and Ruth Wyckoff were clinging to membership in The Amateurs because of a personal interest in him, it might solve all his monetary troubles.

"I'll upsize. . . . Well, I had planned the theater with just this end in view! I had believed that Mrs. Wyckoff would forbid Ruth's participation in any performances given under my roof—as, indeed, she apparently had, for no part was



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In fact, Stokely's Honey Pod Peas can make a menu festive any time they're served. You see, they're the finest of a special Stokely-grown strain, picked and packed immediately—right where they are grown. Moreover, they're prepared just as you prepare fresh peas in mid-summer—all sizes together—so that the special flavor of each is blended into a delicious whole. Then into the golden lined cans they go—exactly as they come from their crisp green pods—abundantly rich in flavor and food value. The golden lined cans protect their garden freshness—keep Stokely's Honey Pod Peas and each of the 28 Stokely's Vegetables free from specks, spots and discolorations.

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ASK YOUR DOCTOR

"Rain and Hail swept through my house"

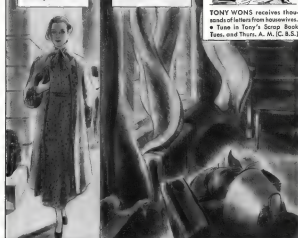
1 "One bright summer's day I waded my furniture and floors, and started out for a walk, leaving all my windows wide open."

2 "Suddenly a thunder storm broke loose—wind, rain and hail! I remembered my open windows and knew that my rooms would be drenched."

A TRUE STORY,
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TONY WONS receives thousands of letters from housewives.
• Tony in Tony's Story
Tues. and Thurs. A. M. (C. B. S.)



3 "When the storm subsided, I dashed home, sick at heart, to find tables, chairs, piano and floors soaking wet. I hurriedly wiped up the water, and to my amazement, discovered that no harm had been done. The water had not been able to penetrate the wax polish. It took only a few minutes to go over everything with a soft dry cloth and soon my room was in perfect condition again."



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The easiest way to keep furniture and floors

beautifully polished—protected from scratches, dirt and wear

● Give your floors and linoleum, your furniture and woodwork a glowing shield of protection with genuine Johnson's Wax. Use it on leather, metal and enamel surfaces, also. Immediately your work will be easier. A Johnson waxed surface collects only half as much dust as an unwaxed surface. Finger smudges cannot cling to it. (Think what this means to light woodwork—door frames, window sills.) Genuine Johnson's Wax gives a longer lasting polish to your floors. Once it is on, it stays on, giving the wood new life and beauty, protecting the surface from footmarks and wear. A Johnson waxed floor is the easiest of all floors to maintain.

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assigned her in the opening plays. I had Louise's testimony that Ruth still continued her daily visits to Desmond's flat. What other interpretation could his sudden absence have, then that, as I had hoped, Ruth's interest had been quickened to a decisive point?

I was relieved when Marie Keller, who was cast for the leading role in Desmond's play, came in, followed shortly by Carl and Kitty Rossler. I led the way, through the covered passage from a French window in the drawing-room, to the rear wings of the theater.

While Desmond's apartment with the lights, the others went down in front. I stood for a moment on the deserted stage, looking out at the rows of comfortable chairs, then up at the high, charmingly decorated walls. The whole effect was harmonious and dignified. I was well pleased.

Kitty's voice startled me. "You look like Lady Macbeth!"

"Give us some Shakespeare," Carl urged.

"You're drenched for it." Desmond switched off all but the footlights. "Do recite something. Let's see how good the acoustics are."

UNWILLING to repeat any lines I had ever spoken in a professional rôle, I began, automatically, a speech of Juliet's. At the back of my mind, an uncyclical notion was knocking for admission. As soon as the girls had gone up to consult Desmond, I said to Carl: "Assuming Wyckoff is a town in Italy, some centuries ago, the Risslers and the Wyckoffs are the Montagues and the Capulets."

He was serious, as he looked toward Kitty. "You have an uncanny sense for discovering people's hidden motives. When Kitty was a youngster, just about the time our vendetta started, she read Romeo and Juliet for the first time. Ever since then, I think she's dreamed of marrying Francis, as the most dramatic revenge possible on his mother. . . . I suppose you know she's free now?"

"Yes," I added that I must see about something in the dressing rooms, but I went in search of Louise.

"She's in the house," Marie told me. As I entered the drawing-room, Louise and Francis moved quickly apart. She turned a flushed, tear-stained face toward me, and implored me not to go. "We need your advice."

Never had I felt so culpable, as when I learned that Kate's gossip had deflected my stratagem. Ignorant of this backstairs communication, Francis had started his propaganda, according to schedule, only to find an adversary in the most unexpected quarter. Ruth, who usually took no part in these acrimonious family disputes, seemed the implied deceiver. She had not suspected he was in love with Louise, but had accused him of being enamored of me! This surprise attack had caught him off guard, and he had denied violently his sister's allegation, proving its falsity by the declaration that all his loyalty was centered in Louise.

"So at this moment," he concluded, "mother is adding credits to her will so that even she should die, I'll not have a decent income until I get my inheritance."

In the few hours since I had last seen him, Francis seemed to have aged, and even a sense of responsibility he had never before possessed. He begged me now to persuade Louise to marry him, anyway.

"I'll go to work," he said. "And I'll never miss the fleshpots."

"I'll take her upstairs," I answered. "Tell Pierre to give the others, when they're finished, anything they may want to eat or drink, and make my apologies. I won't come down again."

I felt drenched with energy, but after I had stretched out on the chaise longue in my room, I tried to be a competent advocate. Francis ought to go to work," I told Louise. "It's high time he did."

"Oh, my dear, I'm the last person to deny that! But the job he ought to have is right in his own palm! That, she won't allow. She's afraid of losing her own power if he steps in. And with that cloud to him, what is he fitted to do? At best, he might become a customers' man in a brokerage office. Try to cash in on his rich friends. You know how he'd hate that! But even suppose he tried it—our combined salaries wouldn't be enough for us to live on, decently."

"It depends upon what you mean by 'decently.'"

"Don't be resistant, Irene! You know that I can get along in two rooms, and like it. But think of the way Francis has been brought up. He couldn't be contented, working all day at some unconsoling task, then coming back to a tiny apartment with one maid-of-all-work."

"That you're forgetting the compensation! You'd make up to him for all those material things."

"YOU don't understand! 'Material things' can be terribly important. Not luxuries, but comfort. I've seen it at home. We weren't even rich, but before Francis's accident we were never pinched for money. And since then we've had to count every cent. I've seen father and mother squabble then coming back to some dish, so the other could have it! Not to mention giving up the theater and concerts and buying new books. Now they have to figure carefully before they can ask two friends in for dinner and bridge. I'm not theorizing. I know what skimping and scrimping mean."

She did, indeed. I learned, accidentally, that every week she sent home a substantial part of her salary check, which was much smaller than she had her family to believe. I knew too that the very clothes, inspired though they were, which she had bought to go out with Francis, had necessitated the laundering of her own garments, and cooking her own meals, while still . . . (Continued on Page 100)

CHECK UP ON YOUR LOOKS

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COMMUNITY CHINA: 6 Dinner Plates, \$7.00

COMMUNITY CRYSTAL: 6 Goblets, \$7.00

COMMUNITY PLATE
LEADERSHIP IN DESIGN AUTHORITY



(Continued from Page 98)
carrying on an exacting profession, and in addition writing fiction.

When the door had closed behind her, I went into Don's empty room. Across the roof of the theater, the lights streaming from the Wyckoff windows seemed to mock me. "And what good does all your comfort do you?"

XIII

THE afternoon of the twenty-sixth, Don put Marie Keller and me on the train for New York. I not only disliked leaving him for three days, but I hated to have our first separation occur when we were already so far apart in spirit.

I had, indeed, decided to cancel the trip, regardless of the cost to the play's success, when certain aggressive moves on the part of my antagonist recalled me to the need for reinforcing the position I had already attained.

The first, and least consequential, was revealed when the leading caterer of the town declared he could accept no further orders for New Year's Eve. As Mrs. Wyckoff had engaged his services for a far more elaborate menu than usual. The same obstacle confronted me when the orchestra, which we had expected to have play between the acts, and later, for dancing, said they had been hired to alternate with the orchestra which in previous years had furnished the sole music for her ball. Of the most sinister of her onslaughts, I learned only on Christmas Day.

Every time the doorbell rang, Don waited tensely for Pierre's return. Not until we arrived at the Youngs' for tea, however, did I realize for what communication he had been vainly yearning. Then Helen took me aside to exhibit a card, embossed with a crest, and bearing in engraved letters the open sesame to Wyckoff's highest honor. "Mrs. Wyckoff requests the pleasure of—"

"So this," I thought, "is what poor Don hoped again here we'd get!"

Helen said, "Look down in the corner."

I read there, "Fancy Dress."

"Do you suppose," she asked, "that's so the paget crowd won't have to change?"

"Perhaps it's so the audience at my house will have to leave early, to change."

"I never thought of that! But you wouldn't mind if we all came in costume, would you?"

"Not a bit. It always makes things go well."

I SCRUTINIZED the card again. "Isn't half past eleven rather late?"

"She's always set that hour. Personally, I suspect that at the last moment she ever attended, some forty years or so ago, in Boston, must have given her the example for this. It's always done the same way."

Nothing much ever happens until just before midnight. Then everyone lines up for a grand march. Led by her and her old friend, Sanford, her cousin. The moment the bells begin to ring the old year out, the band strikes up Auld Lang Syne, and off we all go. . . . You can get there any time between eleven and five minutes of twelve. But then the ballroom doors are closed, and the butler has been known to send people away who were late."

She broke off. "What are you smiling at, Irene? Won't your play be over by that time?"

"Indeed it will be! I'm glad your association with me hasn't caused you to be stricken off the list, anyway."

"It's a queer thing about that list. I got my invitation this morning, just before we went out to deliver some presents, and everyone I've met all day has been asked. Including a lot of people who've never been asked before."

"Who are some of them?"

Every person she mentioned was on my list. If they all went to the ball, only a handful of men and women would remain at our house! I had left the paper containing those names in plain sight. Kate must have copied them for her! At last her spy had been of service!

My suspicion was confirmed when we dined at Judge Keller's, and Marie told me that all the debutantes who were either members of The Amateurs, or were coming to the play, had been included.

"Has she asked the Rinslers, too?" I asked Francis, who was also dining there. "Look! She'll like their being your friends. It's only the 'insiders' she can't bear to have nice to you."

"After everyone's gone over to your place, we'll be a lively party," I said. I counted on my fingers. "Carl, Kitty, Louise, Desmond, the Clarks, some of my artistic friends, and—"

"And me!" Francis interrupted. "Oh, yes, and Sir Arthur Scofield. A pretty choice lot, I think." Suddenly he grinned. "Look, Irene, if you want more people to stay, here, if you have a hitch in the performance? Or simply turn back the clocks! So not one of the hundred and fifty can possibly get there in time for that old grand march!"

I shook my head in emphatic disagreement. "Never!"

BUT the first shop I entered in New York, the morning of our arrival, was bound up with a cup which I hoped frantically might insure the same end.

Marie exclaimed, rapturously over the gold-and-enamel vanity cases, the gay scarfs, the evening bags and crystal bottles of scent, which I ordered in dozens.

"I'm going to have a cotillion," I explained. "They're great fun."

"When are you going to give it?"

"New Year's Eve."

"Irene Morrell Carr, you horrid creature! Do you mean I'm not going to get any of those heavenly things?"

"You can't get any cake and have it."

"Yes, I can, too! I never thought of it before, but the only possible reason to go to Mrs. Wyckoff's ball is people won't think you weren't asked! Well, I'll frame my invitation, so no one can say that. And I'll stay at your hotel!"

At Joe Gruener's office, one secretary was told to inform all callers that he was out of town, and another conducted Marie to the wardrobe room. Then Joe and I sat down to talk.

He cut short my apologies for having given up at the last moment the part he expected me to fill this winter. "No! No! The past is past. You had some good reason. Tell me what's worrying you now?"

"My marriage," I said.

"Fallen out of love with your husband?"

"No!"

"Convincing! Absolutely convincing! I won't ask if he's fallen out of love with you. No man could. Well, then, what's it all about?"

His affectionate concern melted all reserve. "He—he doesn't think I'm important, compared to certain other people."

"Come! I take it?"

"Y-yes."

Joe tilted back in his swivel chair. He said, "I can read that. He said he didn't think you were important, either. Irene, compared to certain other actresses. What did you do that caused me to change my mind?"

"Worked like a dog!"

"Exactly!"

"Wm. I've been working now! That's why I'm in New York. That's why I gave up that part. But it doesn't seem to do any good!"

JOE regarded me speculatively. "As a confirmed bachelor, over sixty, I could tell you lots of things you're not now in the mood to accept, Irene. But I'll do this: I've got a scrip I want you to read. I think you'll like the part. You can do it in the late spring, if you did. You take this back with you to your jerk-water town. Then if you decide that you want to go back to your own field, call me long distance and say so."

I told him of Desmond's effort.

"Um." Joe said. The dialogue would have to be pretty sparkling to put it over. It's the Pygmalion theme, of course, with a new twist. I'll (Continued on Page 103)

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—no more of that
scratchy stuff!"

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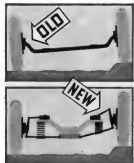
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Write for Illustrated Leaflet
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(Continued from Page 100)
read it. Tell him to send it along after he's seen how it acts."

Despite the protests of both spectators, Joe went with me to select Marie's dresses. "Got to find something spectacular to give that girl the right illusion," he said. "She's pretty enough, but she isn't any glamour! These modern girls' looks are so obvious. I could take someone with much less regular features, and do a lot more with her, if she had an ethereal, other-world look. It's not what a woman's face is, it's what it suggests!"

IMPATIENTLY, he rejected the first costumes she tried on. "No, no, it's got to do more for her than that! . . . You see, Irine, the climax will only be effective if she's colorless and drab throughout the first act, and only a little better in the second, but comes out in the third so breath-takingly lovely that it really will seem like magic!"

At last he himself dug out the most delectable gown I have ever seen. It was of fine, soft velvet, the blue of the sky on a summer's day. The long, full skirt, skillfully stiffened, was composed of tiers of ruffles, touching the floor all around. The bodice hung off her shoulders, yet although the general effect evoked romantic pictures of the old South, it was not dated, but could be worn at any time.

"Too bad her hair's short," Joe said. "However, properly made up, she'll do. The dress is a knock-out! Look how graceful she seems when she walks and it swirls around."

Marie herself was so fascinated by her transformation that she would not put on her own street clothes until we had chosen all the other costumes.

In the morning, when I went into her room, she was still in bed. "I've hardly slept all night," she said. "I'm afraid I've got whooping cough! My little nephew hid it when I was there two weeks ago."

She looked so ill that I summoned a physician. "There's no doubt that's what it is," he stated. He advised her going home at once, in the seclusion of a convalescent, and warned me against the danger of contagion.

I could not isolate myself from her, though, for she suffered less from the paroxysms of coughing than from the knowledge that now she could not act in the play and wear the heavenly dress!

After I'd secured our reservations, I telephoned to Desmond. He was far less upset than I. "It's not an unmitigated blessing. I've got a study underway."

HE WOULD not disclose her identity, but assured me she'd be able to wear anything Marie could, and I was not to worry.

I went straight from the Wyckton station to the apartment, and there found Mrs. Wyckoff and Ruth.

"Irine!" Desmond cried. "You've come at just the right moment! You know Mrs. Wyckoff, of course. Do tell her that the part is entirely come to its fall."

"What part?"
"The lead. Ruth has learned every word of it. I've been giving her private lessons all winter, in walking, and placing her voice, and acting, generally. She'll be marvelous—take my word for it!"

I said distinctly, looking only at him, "This is something you and I must discuss in private, Desmond. The full rehearsal is to be at my house, tonight. We can decide then who will take Mrs. Mayer's place!"

Mrs. Wyckoff rose majestically and addressed Desmond:

"I understood that The Amateurs was an association formed before this—ah—private theater was even thought of. Certainly my daughter has paid dues to it for a number of months. As its paid manager, I am, of course, or I may be, authorized to decide which of its members will appear in its performances?"

Desmond flinched. "Miss Morrell is helping me in every way."

"I fail to see what Mrs. Carr has to do with it." She still avoided my eyes. "If

she does not wish Ruth to wear the costume bought for Marie Keller, I can have the local customer make one, overnight."

"I doubt that," Desmond retorted.

"He told us he had a free moment," "He wouldn't tell me that!" "He moved toward the hall. "Come, Ruth! . . . What time are you rehearsing?"

"Eight, sharp."

"My daughter will be there."

For at least five minutes I savored the emotional luxury of telling Desmond exactly what I thought of his high-handed, arbitrary actions, and of his egotistical, selfish disregard of my feelings.

When I had finished, he said, "I will say, Irine, you have a genius for invective! But you do that girl an injustice, Irine. She's got more cluck and persistence than all the rest of this company put together. She came to me this fall and said, 'I'm an actor's failure! If it weren't for my family's position, no one would look at me. I'm like a ghost. But I want to be real. Can you teach me?'"

"Very touching!" I said. "When did she say that? After I got here?"

"Yes. About a week afterward."

So that was her game! She'd lost Don, and now she was trying to get him back!

"You'll see, Irine, when she rehearses tonight. . . . As a matter of fact, I got some of the play, from trying to develop her. That's why it's so perfect, having her in it." He chuckled.

"The funny thing is, that until you came, and so plainly didn't want Ruth to act, her mother was saying that under no circumstances would she let her. It was really your opposition that did the trick!"

XIV

"I MEAN to say, it is quite all right. Isn't it?" Sir Arthur persisted.

"Quite," I lied, my heart pounding at the realization that again I had been out-generalized by Mrs. Wyckoff.

The novelist had just returned from lunching with her, which, in itself, had disturbed me. But know that the English theory of hospitality differs from ours. I had given no sign of being disturbed when, after his lecture and my dinner in his honor the night before, he had mentioned how awfully kind it was of my next-door neighbor to have invited him today to meet just the local nabobs who had interested him most, when he had stayed with her last year.

These provincial millionaires are a unique type," he had said. "They are less the product of any one race than of a point of view. Mrs. Wyckoff, for example, is a swifly like certain countrywomen of mine—and in France one finds her counterparts. In Germany, too, in the old days."

I had not liked this generalization, for it seemed to impart more weight to her character than my summary of her, as an unscrupulous, narrow-minded individual.

But when Sir Arthur now informed me that she had urged me to drop in at her ball tonight, it was time for the grand march—"She asked me to take her daughter home, when the play was finished."

I repeated briefly not having informed him the day before that in this country a guest does not accept invitations which he does not include his lady, and so he left. "I thought," "This is the time when trying to be cosmopolitan hasn't paid!"

AS IF he had read my mind, the Englishman went on, "I'm sure, in one way, I'll enjoy your party more, Mrs. Carr. I mean to say, you do things so awfully well. But, if I make myself clear, those jolly people you asked last night were rather the same sort one sees in New York and London, aren't they? But Mrs. Wyckoff, in her ugly big chateau, overcrowded with tapestries and expensive—of no use, and no use at all, wasting those old-fashioned clothes—even the menu table, far too elaborate—a has a distinct flavor. A flavor which one knows is bound to cause a new world before long, and therefore one should enjoy while it still offers itself."

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Beautiful women everywhere are raving about new, wonderful Mello-glo—the face powder that stays on longer and prevents large pores. Apply it in the morning and, without constant retouching, your face will have a glorious, youthful glow. No trace of shiny nose—no blotches—no "pasty" look. Perspiration does not show through. Make this test yourself. Notice how much younger you look. Enjoy the smoothness, the exquisite fragrance, the delicate texture of Mello-glo. Your favorite store has Mello-glo—a square gold box of loveliness. Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00.

"We're dining at seven." I cut short his exorcisms of my archery. "I have to make up most of the actors." I glanced at the clock. "Perhaps you'd like to have us upstairs and read those stories of Louise Strange?"

"But I have read them! Extraordinary talent! Really extraordinary! I was saying at luncheon today that this—ah—girl seems to have captured a sense of reality—not the detailed sort of kind, but that inner reality, which Chestov had. I'd really count it a privilege if I could help her with publishers or that sort of thing."

"To whom did you talk of her?" I inquired.

"To Mrs. Wyckoff. She was complaining of modern fiction, so I spoke of these stories. She was gazing at me as if she wrote them. I simply couldn't remember the name. Stupid of me, wasn't it? Louise Strange. I shall tell Mrs. Wyckoff tonight."

"But my dear Sir Arthur, Louise is the girl Francis Wyckoff wants to marry, and his mother has sworn that she will cut him off without even the proverbial penny, if he does!"

"Oh! Not really! I say, what a jolly story that would make, in itself! Oh, I shall rag her about that!"

"You will? You promise? That would do Louise a thousand times more good than any letters to publishers!"

"But of course I shall! I get along famously with the old lady, you know. I told her she reminded me of a dowager duchess who ruled the whole country where I grew up, and of whom I stood in the most frightful awe, as a child. It pleased her enormously."

I went over to the empty theater, to make sure everything was in order, but this inspection was a purely mechanical accompaniment to the conflict which raged in my mind. I had counted on Mrs. Wyckoff's presence at supper to restrain some of the guests, at least, from following Ruth over to her mother's house. I had formed a mental picture of engaging him, and certain of the older group, in discussions which would serve the twofold purpose of keeping away guests from her ball and lending distinction to my party. I was certain that if I said the word, he would not leave.

But if his desertion were the means of inducing Mrs. Wyckoff to reverse her attitude toward Louise, and by his authoritativeness in the literary world, as well as their mutual liking, he might well accomplish this—must I not sacrifice my own welfare?

Yet, having contrived to secure him as my guest, chiefly to disappoint Mrs. Wyckoff's expectations, in having him stay there, would I not appear ridiculous if he failed to remain for my entertainment?

In the midst of the dressing room, the luscious blue-velvet gown stirred another train of thought. Ruth had not yet worn it, for the last-minute alterations to fit the bodice to her slender figure had not been completed at the final rehearsal. No one knew better than I how easy it would be for me to fix Ruth's face and hair in such a manner that, even in this spectacular costume, they would be unattractive. Her fate was, literally, in my hands.

I FINGERED the jars of cold cream and rouge and eye shadow. Here was the kind of face which an expert could transform into any portrait. Don's declaration, "I like her looks, she's so well bred, so finely molded," hurt me again, with the almost physical pain his admiration for her had always induced.

Well, I could elaborate that impression of her make-up, but that would be a slight manipulation of these instruments, too subtle to be detected by anyone, and she would look the opposite of well bred and fine.

All during the time that I myself was dressing, with meticulous care, I thought of Louise and her mother's actions. The Lipstick, not only of the wrong shade, but making ugly her previously unredended

mouth. With rouge, I could simulate hollows in her cheeks which would advance her age by fifteen years. And her hair! It really offered the most fortuitous opportunity. It was shining in color, and of a soft, straight texture. She habitually wore it smooth, in a knot at the back of her neck. At my direction, the coiffeur we had engaged could put into it harsh tight waves which would complete the unflattering picture.

I WORE the white-and-silver robe de style, which was undoubtedly my most becoming gown, and I had never taken more pains to look well.

When I descended to the drawing-room, Sir Arthur stared in flattering amazement. "Is this really you, Mrs. Carr, or is it a younger sister? I mean to say, you're awfully young, anyway, but really you look tonight like a girl ready for her first party. And not quite old enough to go!"

Don came in and rather shyly held out a corsage of white orchids. "Sorry I'm late, but Maggie had to change the ribbon."

Disregarding Sir Arthur, and the customs of his country, I had seen Don before I adjusted the flowers. I wished fervently that only the two of us were seated at the small table, so that I might tell him that this night marked the end of all my activities which excluded him. I wanted to break down the constraint which had lately stood between us, and to admit that I had erred in keeping concealed from him the motives which had animated me.

But, instead, I had to listen politely while our guest unwittingly emphasized the colossal failure to which that campaign was leading.

I surveyed the larger table, already laid with tea roses, candelabra, silver dishes of bonbons and salted nuts, and plates piled beside an elaborate double chandelier. "I say, that looks most of a festive. I wish I hadn't promised the old lady to go over there."

"The old lady?" Don repeated. "Mrs. Wyckoff's asked him, I answered. Hastily I spoke of something else, for I felt I could not read Don's thoughts. Even if I had, I could not answer, for he had been The Occasion. Not to be asked was a disgrace. Social ostracism. And this year, even the man who was staying with us would go, but for the first time Don would be classed as an outsider.

I consulted Pierre, while the men retired to Don's study. "The cottion favors are a surprise, even to Mr. Carr. So arrange them on a serving table behind this screen, until they may be needed," I tried to speak unconcernedly. "And we won't want as many as I had expected. Have Maggie take about two-thirds of them upstairs, and put them away."

IN THE wings of the theater I found Desmon, getting everything in readiness for Sir Arthur's curtain raise. "And what a colossal joke that's turned out to be!" he chuckled bitterly.

I made my way down to the foyer, where two of the prettiest debutantes were already seated behind small tables, importantly guarding the VIP list of expected guests, so that no intruders might slip in.

One of them exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. Carr, how too divine you look!" The other sighed. "What chance will we stand?"

The first one said, "Marie Keller called me up and told me about the marvelous things you're going to have afterward. I'd give anything to see the world if I could stay! But my family are such old fogies! They told me that if I didn't leave the moment Mrs. Wyckoff said, they'd cut my allowance next year."

Her father was president of the leading bank, one of the "provincial millionaires." Sir Arthur had met at luncheon. No gold vanity case for his daughter could be expected to outweigh Mrs. Wyckoff's control of this bank's affairs.

Collins' voice, as he half opened the outer door, saved (Continued on Page 106)



"I have had pimples and awful blackheads for years, making my skin as near black as my hair, and almost Ambrosia only one week has kept me from becoming a sight to my complexion. How happy..."

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Letters like this prove you, too, can quickly obtain the clear complexion you admire and women envy. Clean your skin to the depths of the pores... get rid of clogging impurities that make complexion sallow. Ambrosia, the pure-pearl liquid cleanser, does this for you. You feel Ambrosia tingle; you know it is cleansing.

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by
SUSAN FAIRCHILD



*Some hints on bringing
the most modern and
useful Ladies' Aid right
into your own kitchen*

*Some time try asparagus French
fried. Ever hear of it? It's great.
Drain the asparagus, dip each
stalk in beaten egg, roll in fine
bread crumbs and fry in deep fat.
You'll be surprised how delicious
it is.*



PROBABLY you won't remember, and then again maybe you know them now, those meetings, in country parishes, of the Ladies' Aid. I always like the name. But to me, the main attraction at these meetings was what was called "the collation." It all comes back with a sort of homesick feeling—those laden tables, the platters of cold meats, the bowls of salad, those hot biscuits and custard pies and "apple sass" cakes and pots of steaming coffee.

But right now I want to take that old name, Ladies' Aid, and twist it around to a new meaning. I want to say "right out in meetin'," that the most useful Ladies' Aid is the one you can so easily capture in your own kitchen. Yes, girls, you've guessed it, I refer to food—in cans. And food in cans is your spring-board to better cooking and more thrilling meals.

You are starting out with food that is fresh. Food that has been selected into a can at its apex of ripeness and in its unblemished youth. Here's food so meticulously prepared that no suspicion of loss of nutriment or purity or wholesomeness can be laid to it. And when you think of flavor—well, here it is at its highest and best.

ONE of the vegetables that, out of the garden or from the market, loses its flavor quickest, is asparagus. From the ground to the table as fast as you can is the rule. Canned asparagus is whisked into the can right where it grows, and has it a wonderful flavor! If you don't know it, it's time you did. And tenderness and color and shape, too.

Of course canned asparagus is delicious heated in the juice from the can, dressed with salt and pepper and just butter. Or, with a Hollandaise Sauce, if that's your pleasure. But try it sometime French fried. Ever hear of it? It's great.

Drain the asparagus, dip each stalk in beaten egg, roll in fine crumbs and fry in deep fat. You'll be surprised—if you don't already know how delicious this is.

Then there are the slender green stringless beans. You know how you sigh—or wail—to at a basket of beans waiting to be forcibly "strung" and cut. A backward thing is a string bean. And awkward.

But canned stringless beans are all strung and all cooked, each bean tender and whole and just ready to be served in combination with, well let's say, ham. (I'll tell you about that.) Or, for a good hearty vegetable "as is," few things

can beat these beans. But anyway, get a can of ham, one of the beautifully cooked whole hams. Slice as many slices as you need—this one. Heat the beans and drain them. Put them, well seasoned, remember, into a casserole. Dress them with a thin cream sauce and heat in the oven until the sauce bubbles. Lightly fry the ham in a little hot butter and serve with the beans. Pass a green salad. What a meal! Takes less time than it does to talk about it, too.

THAT'S a point. Time saving. Not only is about every food that's good to eat put into cans, and so on hand in season and out, but think of what time savers they are. How they help us out. And at the same time we are serving the finest foods in the world.

A bridge luncheon or Sunday night supper salad comes to mind right here. Try it. Open a can of tuna. That's a fish one never tires of, delicate texture and firm of flesh. Arrange crisp lettuce hearts with the fish in the center. Around the fish place canned red, sour cherries and garnish with mayonnaise. Crackers and cheese, naturally, and coffee, of course.

Here's a simple dessert, if you're in a hurry and still want something pretty nice. Cut pineapple slices in two, arrange in a baking plate, cover with a meringue, sprinkle thickly with coconut and brown delicately in the oven. Children love this and even strong men fall for it. Do try it.

My idea is that pineapple is a favorite with everybody. And speaking of pineapple, the only ripe pineapple we ever taste (off the plantation) comes from a can. Plant ripened in the sun and dew and tropical rains, canned on the spot at the peak of perfection, it comes to you table—a marvel of health-giving and epicurean delight.

MRS. RUTH ATWATER
Director of Home
Economics, National
Canners Association



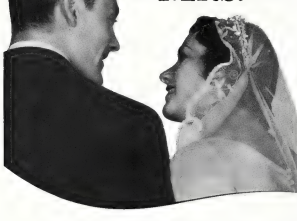
*"Any Questions?"
as the professors say*

Any little foods you'd like to have about the canned foods you buy at your grocer? Any questions about buying them, or serving them, or about technical matters—nutrients and such? Or would you like help getting up a party or planning one every day meal? Well, I've made a little arrangement with my friend, Ruth Atwater, Director of Home Economics of the National Canners Association, and if you write to her, she will do her stuff. Maybe you'll be surprised at the help you'll get, too. I can't be. So go ahead and write. You'll reach her at Dept. E-3, 1731 H Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.



Then there are slender green stringless beans—each bean tiny and tender and whole. Few vegetables can beat them.

They called Her "OLD MAID" she's MRS. now!



Lipstick that intensifies natural coloring
brings the beauty men admire

LIKE all fastidious women, she refused to look painted. But for a while, she made the mistake of using no lipstick... with the result that her lips were colorless, old-maidish.

She's right in avoiding paint. It not only corrects, but men don't like it. They object to a conspicuous "painted" look.

But you don't need to go to the opposite extreme and use no lipstick at all. For it is now possible to give lips the youthful color men admire without risking a painted appearance. Tangee Lipstick does the trick. For Tangee contains a magic colorage principle that intensifies your natural coloring.

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the tick Tangee looks orange. But put it on and notice how it changes on your lips—takes on the one shade of rose most becoming to your coloring—the natural shade for you. Thus Tangee gives lips the healthy glow of youth, while paint has an artificial appearance that makes you look hard, and therefore older.

NOT DYING—SPECIAL CREAM BASE

Tangee Lipstick is made with a special cream base. Hence it soothes the lips as it adds to their allure. No danger of drying, peeling or

chapping when you use Tangee. Try Tangee today and notice how it soothes and heals.

LASTS LONGER

Because Tangee is longer-lasting than ordinary lipstick. For Tangee becomes a very part of you, not a greasy coating. No red spots on teeth, and no smears on handkerchiefs when you use Tangee. Get Tangee today—39¢ and \$1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical—a deeper shade for professional use. On sale both in drug and department stores.

Or for quick trial, send 10¢ with coupon below for 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set, containing Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.

UNTOUCHED—Lips look uncolored as if you have faded lips. make the face seem colorless.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's cloying and men don't like it.

TANGEe—Intensifies natural color, soothes youthful appeal, adds the painted look.



World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEe
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET—10¢

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Name ☐ FLESH ☐ RACIAL ☐ LIGHT RACIAL

Address _____ (Phone) _____

City _____ State _____



Don't be withheld!
Send your Tangee
and possess the
same that you
that you like.

(Continued from Page 104)

me from the necessity to answer. "Argentine man wishes to speak to you, Mrs. Carr."

I stepped into the cold, to face an elderly man, with the soulless collar of his dark overcoat reaching to his determined chin. In the strong light over the entrance, his brown eyes regarded me with unblinking appraisal.

"I am Henry Riesler," he announced, taking off his silk hat. "I have not been invited, but as both my children are to be here, and as my son comes often to this house, I wished to see for myself what the attraction was!"

"Do come in!" I said, shivering in the wind. I told the girls not to bother with their check list. "I'll have another chair sent over," I told Mr. Riesler. "Just take any of these, for the moment."

He followed me. "I wish to speak to you, if you please."

Fearful that he would misinterpret a refusal, I suggested that he go back with me to the house. In the drawing-room, I gave Pierre instructions about the extra seat, then I turned to my unbidden guest.

"I am a blunt man," he said. "I do not mimic words. I am all a family man. I have done everything I could to raise my children well. Already, Kitty has had troubles. I do not want that my boy should make mistakes too."

"Carl is an idealist," he went on. "He has a wonderful house. Full of lovely things. But he is not satisfied. He wants a wonderful woman in that house."

"Yes?" I queried.

HE HESITATED. "You—you are not what I expected. I came here to say things to you that I do not think I should say. I have always prided myself on being open to reason. If I had a prejudice, but the facts did not support that prejudice, then I have thrown it away. That is one reason I have made money. So now, seeing you, I think maybe I was misled. I do not think you just act like a lady, Mrs. Carr, because you are an actress. That is what Mrs. Wyckoff says of you."

With every particle of self-control I could command, I contrived not to flush. I even managed a smile. "Lady's is, unfortunately, too elastic a term to be worth discussing."

His expression was admiring. "You have spirit, Mrs. Carr!" He lowered his voice. "You and I should be allies. That woman has done harm to us both. I could tell you things very useful to you."

"She really doesn't interest me at all," I interrupted coolly. I heard Don speaking to Sir Arthur in the hall; I ran out and caught my husband's arm, and implored him to rid me of this incubus.

To my surprise he said, "Oh, he might entertain you, Sir Arthur... Don't worry, Irene, I'll take care of him." He went in and brought Mr. Riesler back with him. "We three may as well stay here comfortably for a while."

As I returned backstage, my indignation mounted. To have Sir Arthur at Mrs. Wyckoff's, and Mr. Riesler here, seemed too much! How pleased she would be! Now that I had seen him, I did not wonder she had always opposed his influence. If I had been in her place, I would not have wanted any children to become the intimates of his!

I GREETED the men and women who were arriving, trying to console myself for the early departure of some of them, by thinking that a good many did genuinely like me. With pleasure I saw Helen Young seat herself beside the child psychologist, and Judge Keller making himself agreeable to the Lincoln Clarks. The three separate social strata were mixing well. At least, I had accomplished that!

In the last-minute run I could only wave to Louise in the gold-brocade wrap with brown fur; neither she nor Francis looked happy as they took their places in the last row. Carl tried to linger by my side, but tonight I saw in his face too close a resemblance to the ruthlessness of his father, to pretend cordiality.

On the stroke of eight-fifteen, the outside doors were closed, the lights lowered, and the orchestra began to play.

In the star's dressing room I came upon Ruth Wyckoff, in the sage-green, but frock she was to wear in Desmond's opening scene, slumped in a chair, the personification of abject terror. Automatically I tried to reassure her, as I had many other novices. But she was so near collapse that I found Maggie and told her to mix a dose of ammonia with spirits of ammonia.

A certain amount of awkward timidity in the first two acts would be fitting for Ruth's part; but if the audience perceived that the girl herself was alarmed, this characterization would cause them acute discomfort, and ruin the humor of her lines. I was still trying to inject confidence into her, when a storm of applause marked the termination of the one-act play. Sir Arthur responded to cries of "Author, author," with a gracious speech, but Ruth seemed so frozen that I could not leave her for the intermission.

WHEN at last her cue came, she went out onto the stage like an automaton. From wing a saw how perfectly Desmond had trained her. Her performance did him great credit, and I grudgingly admitted that she, too, deserved praise.

Between the first and the second acts, she behaved like someone who is hypnotized. She scarcely responded to my congratulations. At the end of the act, however, the clapping was noticeably more perfunctory. The spell had worn off, and her miserable uneasiness showed through her letter-perfect rendition.

Don called me out of the dressing room. "I think this is rather cruel, Irene. She's so frightened that it's painful to watch."

"It's a little unfair to blame me for it!" I retorted. "I was always against her taking on the part."

"Well, can't you do something?" I went in to Ruth. She was saying lifelessly, regardless of the presence of the audience and myself, "I'm a failure. I'm a failure. I thought I could do it. But I'm a failure. I wish I were dead!"

When I returned, the most bracing medicine was in order. Then I addressed Ruth as if she'd been a child of ten. "Stop it. You've done remarkably well, and when we've got through with you now, you won't know yourself!"

I made her turn her back to the glass, while we labored over her. When we had finished, perspiration dampened my forehead. I stood away from her, and marveled. Even before the dress was put carefully over her glazing, loosely arranged hair, I saw that she was lovely. She possessed an exquisite, ethereal quality, more stirring than physical beauty.

I wheeled her around. "Look at yourself!"

A CRY of incredulity parted her lips. Then her eyes filled with tears.

"Stop it!" I commanded again. "Don't you dare let that mascara get on your face!" For the first time in all our acquaintance, she smiled at me. "I—I'm not used to having any looks to take care about."

"It's high time you did!"

I flung open the door as the bell rang for the lights to be lowered. I knew she was ready to triumph, even before the spectators paid her the tribute of absolute quiet. All that Desmond had painstakingly taught her, the mastery of the camera, the placing her voice, she utilized. In addition, a radiance emanated from her; her face was illumined, as if it had been filled before. Confident of her own charm, that charm increased.

A furore, a stampede toward the footlights greeted the final curtain. Time after time, Ruth and Desmond were recalled. When at last the entire cast had bowed, the audience—the audience—surged up onto the stage.

My vicarious exhilaration, my joy in the play's great success, vanished. It was I, saw, quarter-past eleven. In a few minutes this felicitating crowd would melt away. And only those whose positions

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
387 Independence Square, Phila., Pa.

were not secure enough to have been welcomed next door would be here.

I saw Carl Ressler making his determined way through the crowd which surrounded Ruth. I remembered vividly his tale of having seen her, years ago, "looking like a princess in a fairy tale." I heard him utter, as she held out her hand, the words with which Romeo had greeted Juliet. "I ne'er saw true beauty till this night."

Whether she recognized this allusion, or was simply borne along on the rising tide of hilarity, I do not know, but he took his arm and moved at his side through the passageway into the drawing-room. The floor had been cleared for dancing; the double doors into the library were open; and now, as I entered, the orchestra struck up an irresistibly gay tune.

I DECLINED to join the dancers, and went across to the dining room. The people who would shortly have to leave might like some refreshments now, I told Pierre.

Don joined me. "It's been wonderful, Pierre!"

I was too desolate to pretend to him any longer. "But it should be only beginning, Don!"

"What do you mean?"

"Look!" I pulled back a leaf of the screen. "I wanted it to be such a gala occasion, that I got these. And lots more I've hidden."

"Fine!"

"But everyone's going in a few minutes. Everyone who counts, when Ruth goes."

"She hasn't," he said, "gone yet."

Suddenly his eyes shone. He drew me behind the screen, and held me tightly. "I'd get the moon for you, if you wanted it! Oh, my darling, in there really something I can do to help? You're always so competent, so self-reliant."

"I'm not!" I denied. "I'm lost without you!"

Pierre coughed discreetly.

"Get the rest of the favors down!" Don told him. He said to me, "Don't mind if I set like a lunatic! I've got an inspiration!"

I watched him rush up to Fred Young, then to a dozen other men, and finally dart out on to the floor, tap Carl's shoulder, and begin to dance with Ruth. In two minutes Fred had cut in. In dizzying succession, the other conspirators followed suit, with Carl taking every turn he could manage.

Ruth's cheeks flushed, her eyes became stary, as she was transferred from one partner to another.

Suddenly I was afraid Sir Arthur might make the move to go, even though she would not. From the threshold of Don's study, I saw him engaged in a rapid dance with old Mr. Ressler. I came into the room.

AT FIVE minutes of twelve I tapped into the dining room with Francis, just as the telephone rang. I went into the pantry, but Don was absent.

He picked up the receiver. "Yes, this is he." A smile flitted across his lips as he said, "Yes, Ruth is here, Mrs. Wyckoff."

No, I'm sorry, but I cannot ask her to go home. She's enjoying herself too much." At whatever she then said, the smile vanished. Don answered sharply, "No, it would not suit us at all, to have you come over here. This party is limited to my wife's friends!" He hung up the receiver.

I hung to him. "Don!"

"Come on," he said, "I've told them to start our picnic. And no one is to cut in on you. You're my girl! We'll start the new year right!"

The orchestra was playing The Blue Danube when the first bells began to chime. And when the last peal died away, Ruth Wyckoff was still waiting with Carl.

From the doorway, Mr. Ressler surveyed them with narrowed, unfathomable eyes.

(To Be Concluded)

**SEND for this
FREE RECIPE
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Shows 51 simple, easy-to-make desserts. Many fascinating ice creams and frozen desserts which can be made in automatic refrigerators or hand freezers. Suggestions for increasing children's appetites. Party desserts. Invalid dietary. Infant foods. Free—send coupon.

THE JUNKET BOOK

Chocolate Junket with Whipped Cream Cherries

Junket Cherries

Try One of These ... Tempting Junket Desserts

Would you like to have 51 cool, creamy desserts always at hand in your pantry? Desserts that you can make in 3 minutes and that cost, oh, very little per serving? Our new recipe book shows you 51 tempting junket desserts—a never-ending variety. All of them are appetite stimulators, wholesome, and easy to digest.

HERE'S JUST ONE OF THEM:

Chocolate Junket with Whipped Cream Cherries

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 package Chocolate Junket Powder | 1 egg white | 1 tablespoon powdered sugar |
| 1 pint milk | 1 tablespoon cherry | |
| 1 cup whipping cream | Marshmallows | |

Prepare Junket according to directions on package. Chill in refrigerator. Just before serving, whip 1/2 cup of cream with 2 tablespoons cherry juice. Beat the white of one egg until stiff, adding 1 tablespoon of sugar gradually. Fold this into the cream with the cherries cut in small pieces. Serve on top of junket.

HERE'S ANOTHER—A marvelous party dish

Junket Charlot

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------|---------------|
| 1 package Raspberry Junket Powder | Lady fingers | Raspberry jam |
| 1 pint milk | 1 egg white | |
| 4 tablespoons sugar | | |

Line sides of dessert glasses with lady fingers. Prepare the junket according to directions on package. Pour into dessert glasses; let stand in warm room until firm. Chill in refrigerator. Serve with topping of meringue made by beating egg white until stiff and adding sugar. Put a touch of jam on top.

JUNKET, thousands of housewives find, appeals more to their families than heavy desserts. And, of course, junket is wholesome because it contains the full nutriment of milk. Scientists at a great university recently announced that junket desserts and junket milk drinks digest in the stomach much more rapidly and easily than plain milk.

Junket
makes MILK into
delicious DESSERTS

Make Junket with either Junket Powder or Junket Tablets. Junket Powder is sweetened and flavored:

Vanilla Chocolate Lemon
Orange Raspberry Coffee

Junket Tablets, not sweetened or flavored. Add sugar and flavor to taste. For variety, add toppings of fresh fruit, whipped cream, nuts, marshmallows, nutmeg, etc.

Junket

Junket is the first and only milk dessert so thick and creamy that it can be served as a dessert or as a snack.

Junket

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The JUNKET FORCE, Dept. 25, Little Falls, N. Y. (In Canada, address Toronto, Ont.) Enclosed is \$2 to cover mailing cost, and our Trial Package of Junket Powder and book of 51 Recipes for Junket Desserts and Ice Creams.

Given's Name _____ Address _____
My Name _____ Address _____
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your stockings before you
bought
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you would always be sure
of perfect fit... in width and
length... as well as foot size

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May we send you FREE an illustrated booklet on **belle-sharmeer** stockings? Address the **belle-sharmeer** division of the Wayne Knitting Mills, Dept. H, Fort Wayne, Indiana. . . . Member N.R.A.

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All three wear size 9½. These women... small, medium and tall... when into the store but not stockings, but require different widths and lengths. **belle-sharmeer** offers all leg sizes, as well as foot sizes from 6 to 11.

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GARDEN-CLUB PILGRIMAGES

BY ELSIE JENKINS SYMINGTON

Every garden-club meeting in May should be planned as a pilgrimage. Even though our own gardens are loveliest at this time of the year, we need to adventure into new beauty. And this is true everywhere. Japan prepares for local holidays as soon as her cherry trees begin to bud. Oxford, England, salutes Flora in a choral celebration on the first day of May. In this country thousands of motorists wait informally each year the apple-blossom carnival in Virginia or travel to Washington, D. C., to see its cherry trees in bloom.

Scattered over America and generally open to the public are such beauty spots as the Magnolia Gardens near Charleston, the Redwood Groves of California, the Du Pont Gardens near Wilmington, Delaware, to say nothing of the glory to be found in the national parks. Probably the best place to study wild flowers east of the Rockies is in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park of Tennessee, where 12,000 varieties have already been listed.

For those clubs within reach of it, a journey on a clear day in early spring along the Mt. Vernon Memorial Boulevard, running from the city of Washington to Mt. Vernon, is a delightful experience. The road follows those shores of the Potomac River which our first President thought such an asset to the young nation's capital. To include in the expedition a morning in the gardens at Mt. Vernon, which are being kept just as George Washington left them, and an afternoon watching cherry blossoms make mirrored pictures in the changing light, is indeed a feast of both interest and beauty.

Richest historically to garden-club members is a pilgrimage through Virginia in May. Here you will find the handsome Georgian houses built by America's best-to-do colonists standing just as they were two hundred years ago, their kitchen gardens, flower gardens, green walks and great trees almost unchanged.

This Virginia trip may start at Washington and proceed through the Wilderness where Stonewall Jackson fought, past Orange Court House to Charlottesville. In this neighborhood, besides the University of Virginia and the homes of Jefferson and Monroe, will be visited gardens outside such lovely old places as Mirador, Lady Astor's gridded home. As in several other cases, the descendants of the original owners still occupy this place. On the banks of the James River we will see the seventeenth-century estates of the wealthy planters of that day—among them Westover, Shirley and the two Brandtens. And before this pilgrimage is over a visit will be paid to near-by Williamsburg and its historic college of William and Mary.

IN QUEST OF BEAUTY

Many other quaint homes set in old-fashioned gardens can be found in different parts of the country. Maryland has her Annapolis, whose stately houses with their pretty yards still stand in Old World dignity along streets never yet disturbed by traffic; Pennsylvania and New York State boast of many fine old places remaining in their original form: Kentucky can show us, around Louisville and Lexington, houses whose gardens are fragrant with old memories as well as old box; Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island are full of antique farmhouses now converted into modern homes, while as far north as Maine and west into Ohio can be seen old homesteads of great charm.

In Georgia, the long ghostlike fingers of moss swinging from the branches of old trees create by their misty grayness a note of eerie beauty unequalled in any other landscape I have ever seen. South

Carolina has the famed Magnolia Gardens of Charleston, while North Carolina's hill-sides flame with azaleas in shades of pink, yellow, crimson and orange. The woods and fields of Maryland and Virginia become natural gardens decked with dogwood and Judas; in Maine we can see wild rock gardens that surpass in loveliness any ever made by man. Hidden in the fettnesses of the rocky isle of Mt. Desert, gray rocks majestically under dark spruce and shimmering birch. Embroidered by every known variety of lichen and moss, they make fascinating studies in grays and greens against their background of trees and the carpet of huckleberry and fern which covers the rest of the mountainside. Also tucked away here in lonely places are water gardens, their hidden, unexpected loveliness taking one's breath away. Such woods rising from a cold line of red rocks washed by a Marys lake inspired the creation of Acadia National Park.

An enterprising park board in Cincinnati is responsible for the recent creation of an all-the-year-round garden under glass. The great conservatory rises against a wooded hillside and so seems a natural part of its lovely background.

FAMOUS ARBORETUMS

Near Chicago, among the many handsome gardens at Lake Forest, are five superb ones. A garden walk over tangle paths through woods glorified with much natural planting brings us first into one of these lovely gardens and then into another. The five of them combined make a continuous paradise.

In Eastern Kansas there are many lovely gardens and the Reimold Rose Gardens at Topeka helped last year in securing for this city a \$100,000 price.

In Colorado the Sky Line Trail runs along a high and narrow spine; looking down from it into the valley on one side you see an uninhabited desert, while by slightly turning your head you can look on your other side over a lush green plain.

On the Pacific Coast, there are the gorgeous gardens of Santa Barbara, with their gay and luxuriant bloom; the vivid blooms of San Francisco, and farther north, in Seattle, lovely places on Puget Sound.

For a garden-club whose interest is especially horticultural, a journey to one of the many arboreums now established from coast to coast will make a worthwhile pilgrimage. The best known, probably, is the Arnold Arboretum near Boston, but others of no less charm abound around Philadelphia, New York, New Jersey, and New England. In the State of Maine are the Evans Arboretum at Radnor, the Pierce Arboretum near Kennebunk Square, the Marshall Arboretum near West Chester and the Painter Arboretum near Lima. In one at Swarthmore College are possibly the oldest trees of all.

In Portland, Oregon, there is an important arboretum given over to the display of different varieties of trees. In Highland Park, outside Rochester, New York, may be found the largest and most interesting collection of lilacs in the country, just as there is a master display of peonies at Ithaca, New York.

The Thompson Memorial Park Garden would make a worthwhile expedition for any garden club within motoring distance of the Botanical Garden of New York.

The plant material of our Western coast may be best studied in the Rancho Santa Ana Botanical Gardens near San Francisco.

Permission to visit gardens should always be obtained either directly from the owner or from the president of the garden club to which the owner belongs.



BOOKS OF FICTION AND FACT

PRIVATE WORLDS, by Phyllis Bottome, is one of the most significant books of the spring. There's a narrow line between sanity and insanity, and in this novel dealing with the community surrounding a mental hospital—the doctors and their families—one gets the significance of the curious parallels in mental processes.

Shelia Kaye-Smith has a new book this spring, **STRANSSTOWN CORNER**, a story of Catholicism on trial, during the days when Queen Elizabeth was striving to stamp it out and to seat Protestantism firmly in the saddle. In the character of Kate, a hoydenish young woman who shocked her neighbors by riding at all hours and in most unconformable style across country, one gets the conflict between the call of youth and the flesh and an almost fanatical devotion to the spiritual food which was denied her.

In interesting contrast, there is a first novel, **SO SMOOTH**, by Jane Culver, a psychological novel of youth struggling against the fears engendered by religion, fears that threw other things out of focus.

ONCE A WILSONS, by Arthur Pound, presents another picture of an American farm, Michigan this time, in the first quarter of this century, two thousand acres absorbing the imagination and vigor and emotional fiber of three generations of strong men and wise women—each rearing an individual to the peak of the soil that gave them being, some of the younger ones striving to break the bonds, others eager to put everything back into "the Mark section."

Lois Bromfield has a new book this spring, **HENRY TODAY AND GORE TOMORROW**, a group of four long short stories that tell their own tales to the reader's mind, that leave one feeling somewhat dazed and resentful of the tricks that fate may play, but that impress one anew with Bromfield's indisputable power as a magician of the written word.

Fannie Hurst is another of the old guard on the spring lists, with **ANTRIA'S DANCE**. Remember The Constant Nymph? Well, here we have another sort of the girl's circus with the reigns of government held capably in the hands of a girl scarcely out of childhood, but determined to rule—she's even her own emotional values—toasted her musician father from the hammering of life around him and to keep the family intact, though it be at the expense of the hangers-on and friends.

Many of you have read the Masdie stories, by Genevieve and Sarah Loefer, with keenest enjoyment and irrepressible chuckles of glee. If you've had half as much fun over them as I had, you'll want the book, **STRAC LICK**. The Loeferers have the knack of catching the sub-deb, 1934 variety, of guard, and presenting her, with all her foibles and all her irrepressible magnetism, to her own generation and her even more appreciative elders.

Two interesting "family" books this month: Neils Gerdner White's **FAMILY AFFAIR**, an old triangle with a new turn of the corner; and Jeanette Phillips Gibbs' **COFFEE FOR MORTIMER**. **FAMILY AFFAIR** involves a three-generation situation: a mother-in-law who cannot resist wailing her power that her financial share in the family household entitles her to, in her own opinion; a wife who finds the home situation beyond her control and who senses danger in the congeniality between her husband and the restless and childless wife of his best friend; and a girl of fourteen, facing the insurmountable problems of

adolescent growing pains. An everyday story, actually laid.

COFFEE FOR MORTIMER is off the beaten track a bit—a mother-and-daughter problem, complicated by the growing appreciation on the part of the daughter that her novelist mother has her under a microscope and cannot resist using her for "copy." There's a haunting glimpse behind the scenes in literary circles which those far from the havens of writers and their kind will relish.

I can't quite make up my mind what I think about Stephen Vincent Benét's first novel, **JAMES SARON'S DAUGHTER**. The truth is this: While I was reading it, I kept looking for something that didn't seem to be there, and I was disappointed. After I had finished it, I realized that possibly I had been looking for the wrong thing—a sort of prose John Brown's body—and I was missing a really fine flash light of a big factor in American life, the self-made man, greedy that his daughter shall have what his riches cannot give him, security of social position, and instilling in her an ambition that had its roots in her loyalty to her father rather than in her own fundamental desires.

I found Thomas Craven's **MUSEUM ART** exciting reading, possibly because we all like to find eminent critics voicing our own opinion, especially if that opinion has seemed in an uninitiated minority to date. It's an iconoclastic book, good reading from first page to last, crammed with rapid-fire views on modern art, its background, reasons for being, and hope of perpetuity, the men who have created it, and the human side of the story.

Then there's **THE NEW DEALERS**, anonymously sponsored by one who calls himself "Unofficial Observer," and in whose barbed commentaries on the men and women behind the gears in Washington, and elsewhere, one senses an authentic note as well as an all-seeing eye and all-hearing ear and an understanding brain—and, oddly enough, now and again, a salutary admixture of imagination and heart.

Samuel Hopkins Adams' **THE GORGEOUS HUSSY** is a colorful, dramatic story of Peggy Hussy, a toad, bit of her day in Washington, when Andrew Jackson and Randolph of Roanoke and Henry Clay and Daniel Webster and many others paid tribute to her beauty and brains and wit and charm, and when the ladies of the cabinet stacked all the trumpets against her, and lost.

THE SAGA OF THE COMBES LOOPS, by George D. Lyman, is a book to keep your husband absorbed when you have other things on your mind—and to borrow for your own enjoyment when work claims his daytime hours. As full of adventure as the widest western, as full of glamour as the most stirring of romances, this saga of a mining town, keyed to high pitch, with 40,000 men collected in the span of a few months and millions of dollars at stake, gives the groundwork of some of the nation's great fortunes.

Finally, Madeline Kerwin's **PARTNERSHIP CONTRACT** is a cure-all for those agonizing moments when you face a table of comparative strangers, and hear the dreaded words: "You must make a decision." The four main systems are presented, not as abstractions, but in definite relation to each problem as it arises. A "must" book for the bride who cannot take time to master the profundities of a game that society demands as part of one's week-end equipment.



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The quickest and easiest way to apply liquid deodorant. New formula in a beautiful aluminum bottle. ZIP Spray Deodorant checks perspiration, 50c.

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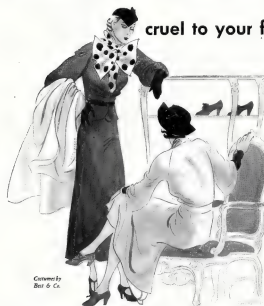
At last, a physician's prescription for eliminating odors. This delightful cream, applied with finger tips, acts immediately, fascinating carved wood container, 35c, 50c. All good stores or by mail.

PATENT PENDING

PATENT PENDING

Take Care!...

"Show-Case" Shoes can be cruel to your feet!



Continued
But & Co.

Don't let those new spring models in the store window beguile you into buying them at first sight! Before you spend your money for foot-ware, make sure that it is *wearable* as well as smart. Thousands of closets are full of shoes that eyes bought and feet refused to wear!

That is why more and more women are confining their selections to FOOT SAVER SHOES. For here are superbly smart shoes that are *safe* to buy. Scientifically shaped over "Tree-Lasting" lasts, FOOT SAVER SHOES are

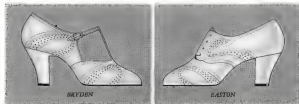
deliberately designed to *fit the foot in motion!* FOOT SAVERS fit your feet while you walk with smooth, caressing snugness. They faithfully follow every movement and contour of the flexing foot. They never sag. Never lose their "just-out-of-the-hand-box" smartness.

Be fair to your feet! Ask for FOOT SAVERS the next time you go shopping for shoes... You'll be glad you did.

You will find FOOT SAVER SHOES in those stores which feature better footwear.

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1. Free-Walking Last.
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Makers of women's fine shoes for more than 60 years

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Please send me, without charge, your portfolio of new Spring FOOTSAVER FASHIONS.

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My First Saver Shoes Manufactured by Commensurable Shoe and Leather Company, Whitman, Mass.

All There Was to It

(Continued from Page 7)

to the public—just as he did at first to Cilla—easy, persuasive, light love. He knew that he was doing a good job. Joe told him so. And Cilla, close and distant, fragrant and cool, kept him at it. She gave a dinner one night and used that crystal dinner set which comprised the most beautiful dishes she owned. There was a marvelous brightness about the room—one couldn't tell where all the sparkle came from, but it flung reflections everywhere. Joe and Frances were there, but they didn't sparkle. Joe was rather tired and had his mind on factory adjustments of wages and hours which were pressing for his attention. Frances was wearing the old black-lace dress again. She had to, because it was the only evening dress she had that even approximated a fashionable length. It slipped a little at the shoulders, as badly fitted dresses will, and her face looked rather harsh among all the crystal and mirrors, her hair Indian straight. Cilla's hair was straight, too, and parted in that simple, angel way in the middle, but it went with marvelous smoothness over her beautiful head. The dress she was tied around her neck so that the front was high and the back quite naked, and Joe's gift of diamonds sparkled on her hand and wrists, showing that she was more precious than glass.

FRANCES should have known after that evening. Ralph changed the subject when Cilla was mentioned. He said good night without even attempting to linger when he took her home. There were so many signs if she could have read them, if she'd had any gift for reading the signs which show that men are so much in love that they abandon loyalty and reason. Ralph telephoned Cilla every day. At first there was some pretense of courtesy or necessity. He wanted to thank her for having had such a good time, or he wanted to find out what were the glass things women used on dressing tables. There were such pretenses and then gradually, with that lack of reserve which can give so easily into abandon, there were so more pretenses.

"How are you today? I had to hear your voice before I could go on. Your voice is like you, golden. Do you want to talk now or shall I call up later?"

They became a little like assignations, before they were through with them, those telephone conversations. He always called her at noon, that was why he could never take Frances out to lunch any more. For Cilla was uncertain. She wouldn't be in. But the message was that she'd be in within half an hour. She kept him waiting and wanting her. He would swear that he would never call her again—that he'd let her call him up—and then find himself at the telephone, helplessly trying to reach her.

THERE was no way that Frances could have known about the flowers, of course, except by the accident that made the trouble in the end. Cilla had long lived more or less surrounded by flowers. Some she bought, and many were sent her. Joe would not have noticed the bouquets anyway, or the frequency of certain flowers in the house—tuberose, which Cilla loved, and pale lavender stock that was out of season. Then sometimes Ralph's mood would change and he would send Cilla a haring bouquet of roses and lilies. "I know they're obvious flowers," he told her once. "That's what they should be, because we're so obvious."

He had moments like that when he completely despised himself and the thing that was going on while he was promoting the advertising campaign for Burns Glenside and definitely increasing its sales all over the country. Sometimes he justified himself that way, and of course sometimes he didn't feel that he needed the slightest

justification. He was making money for the firm. He and Cilla were acting very decently, on the whole. He saw her whenever he could, watched her engagements, and was in a place or at a party if he thought she would be there.

Sometimes she would trick him on that, but perhaps it was punishment for her to do so. For Cilla was a person. That dark, Dickensian face, the rough, passionate voice which was claiming and demanding interesting and careening in turn, must have given her a stir of the senses that Joe had probably never been able to give.

IT WENT on for six months. That is a long time measured in flirtation. Autumn went and winter came. Once Ralph tried to tell Frances enough about it so that she wouldn't be cheated.

"I've been seeing quite a lot of Cilla," he began one day.

"You would, of course," said Frances. "What do you think about that, angel? I think she's a fascinating person."

"She's very beautiful," Ralph said almost meditatively, for at that moment he was making a picture of her in his mind. He wanted to look at it. He had to look at it. He was starved for the sight of her. "Lovely," agreed Frances, "and don't you think she's rather dear to Joe?"

If Frances had grown jealous at that point it might have been a good thing, but she didn't. She had thrown the man she loved into this intimacy with Cilla and Joe, and she took a good deal of pride in seeing how well it was working out. She kept a notebook of the first big advertisements that Ralph did that were nationally published. No doubt other people noticed more of them than she did, but she did. But it was Frances's idea, so honorably conceived that she could not imagine trickery.

"I didn't try to explain himself too much or too long. He went back to his room and telephoned Cilla. He knew all the telephones in her house, the one she was apt to talk from in her bedroom. She used to tell him just what she was doing and just what she was wearing. That was part of it.

"Can I see you for half an hour?"

"DARLING, how I'd love it! But I'm lying down, all crumpled up in an old white-velvet dressing gown, so you can't come now. And what was coming in for tea, isn't it horrid never to have any time we can call our own?"

"You could fix it if you wanted to."

"I should think you'd know what I want."

"I don't know. That's what drives me crazy. Makes me so angry."

"You said you were happy yesterday."

"That was when I was with you."

"You're very hard to keep satisfied."

"No, I'm not. Cilla. You were lovely yesterday."

"Do you think I will be tomorrow?"

"Yes! I don't care so much for me, do you?"

"You think I don't?"

"I'm just an experiment to you —"

"That's not fair."

"I'm sorry. But we can't go on like this."

"No," she said slowly. "I suppose not." Then, as before, she was in trouble lest she would cling to that idea and really turn him away. Before that threat of deprivation he would lose all his sense and bravado and take what she gave him—a promise to see him soon, a promise to talk to him next day. For those six months it went on, with Joe making money and Ralph writing advertising and Frances being alternately glad and sorry that she was so busy that she saw less and less of him.

The servants at Cilla's house, no doubt, heard and saw some things. They must

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**cleans closet bowls
without scouring**



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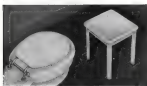


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What a shock! But how could her daughter be proud? School taught her modern standards. So did visits at friends' homes. Better living standards are here to stay. Among them is the Church Sani-White Toilet Seat in white or colors, with Bath Socks, Towel Socks and Hampers to match.

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\$7.90 will re-equip your bathroom with Church Sani-White Seat and Bath Sock as illustrated. For a few dollars more you get Bench Hamper and Towel Rack—an exquisite four-piece ensemble, matching perfectly in color and design, that will give your bathroom new charm.



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Dept. J, C. C. Church Mfg. Co., Hoboken, N. J.
Send no. 10, "Modern Bathroom for Old" showing how to do over old bathrooms inexpensively.

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he began conscious of those constant breathy telephonings, of the many times Mr. Levering came in for tea when no one else was asked, of the sudden sweep of silence in the room if, when those two were together, a maid had to enter to ask a question or give a message. But possibly all this had happened before, only with a different voice on the telephone, a different guest for tea.

It might have gone on for another month. Hardly longer, because Ralph's feelings were getting more swift, and he was more careless about controlling them. Frances thought he looked badly. She told Joe that there wasn't any point in killing Ralph with work, and Joe said— from a good deal of experience—that work never killed anybody.

Too many late nights for that fellow, I'll bet," he suggested. "Why don't you send him home early?"

JOE still retained his picture of Ralph courting Frances. Nobody had taken it away from him and he liked the idea, so he hung on to it. The more that the manufacture of fine glass could do to establish happy homes for good men and women, the better Joe would like it.

"A certain lady's worrying about you," he said to Ralph quizzically, when he remembered it.

Ralph stiffened. He had by this time lost all sense of perspective. He couldn't see any further ahead than his next meeting with Cilla, or Joe's back much further than his last one. He would remember in a kind of frenzy how her hand had stroked his arm, touched his cheek. He would imagine desperately, and try to live on those imaginings, which had no nourishment in them and were so dangerously stimulating. These flirtations which happen all the time, which would string around the world many times if they were linked together, are often like that. Not dangerous, perhaps, unless they happen to prey upon a Ralph, or a Frances, or a Joe.

"I don't know what you mean," said Ralph sharply.

Joe chuckled. The fellow was nervous, evidently. Maybe he was going to break. Maybe he was all shot.

"Well, a pretty sweet girl called Frances Cummings told me she thought you were working too hard. I guess that girl's going to take good care of you, all right."

Ralph said, "I'm all right."

Frances didn't mean anything much to him by this time. She was something neglected, but he was neglecting practically everything that day except Cilla.

"You two got any plans?" asked Joe.

"No," answered Ralph, so abruptly that Joe frowned. He thought Ralph was lucky to get a fine girl like Frances, and that he ought to show proper pride in it. But, the fellow might be shy about his feelings. That was all right, too, thought Joe.

HE BELIEVED that he'd guessed right when he walked to his club that noon. Joe was one of the men who like to walk, no matter how many cars they own. He passed a florist's shop and through the great windows saw that Ralph Levering was selecting some flowers. That was more like it, thought Joe, and walked on. A little wave of tenderness came over him for Cilla, as he thought of the love of those two young people. He wondered if he did everything he should for Cilla. Lately they hadn't seen much of each other. He hadn't been as fond as he might be, or as thoughtful.

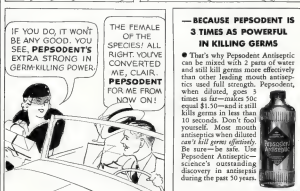
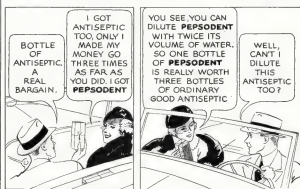
It occurred to him that he should send some flowers to Cilla too. He wanted to do it. He walked back to the shop and went in. Ralph had gone, and the same fresh-faced girl who had waited on him approached Joe.

"Yes, sir?" she asked.

Joe said, "I thought I'd get some flowers. What have you got?"

He was a little uncertain. He didn't know what Cilla would like, and he didn't want her to laugh at his choice. There was

HE LAUGHS BEST WHO LAUGHS LAST



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such a pretension, and though he felt he'd personally like to pick the flowers out, he was quite afraid of not getting the right thing.

"What did Mr. Levering get?" he asked. "He's got pretty good taste." The girl didn't know who Joe was. She did know Ralph by sight.

"Mr. Levering always buys lovely flowers," she said, and flipped her order pad back. Joe, standing beside her, could see.

"Pale pink buds with Melba chrysanthemums—it will make a lovely bouquet."

She wrote a large hand, that salesgirl, a large and clear hand. Joe was seeing something else on that order pad: "Send to Mrs. Joseph Burns before three, surely."

"I'll let it ride, I guess," he said uncertainly, and the salesgirl went laughingly and almost turned her back on him.

No reason why not, thought Joe. Why shouldn't Levering send Cilla flowers? It was all right. And yet—yet the fellow looked so badly, so upset. Of course, Cilla couldn't help being attractive. But she knew how Frances was involved. Cilla ought to stop a thing like that. Maybe it was just this once. Maybe it was a case of brainstorm. Yet—"Mr. Levering always buys lovely flowers."

JOE had some oysters for lunch. Nothing else. He wasn't very hungry and he walked back to the office long before the usual time, wondering whether he ought to mention those flowers to Cilla. The office was quiet with the suspension of the lunch hour.

He sat down in his own private pigeon-hole and picked up his telephone. The buttons on the switches hadn't been properly arranged. Instead of getting the outside operator, he heard a conversation, that strange conversation, part of it in Ralph's office.

"Cilla, I can't bear it much longer—" But "Butting, do you think it's any for me?" So sweetly.

"You don't care, do you?" "You say the most ridiculous things."

He was not to be released or satisfied. "Don't tease me, Cilla. Be the way you were yesterday."

"You know, I sent you out some of those pink and red things you said you liked. You'll know who they're from."

"They'll be lovely. They'll make me think of you."

"Oh, please do, Cilla, think of me! It keeps me alive—keeps me breathing."

Joe put his telephone down quietly, hoping that it did not click. He had great decency, and there was something in Ralph Levering's voice which shouldn't be exposed to another man. Curiously enough, he thought of that even when he did not know whether or not he had lost his wife.

He didn't change his schedule for the next afternoon. There were important meetings. It was six o'clock and the end of twilight when he went home.

On his own walk he met Ralph Levering, leaving his house. Yesterday that wouldn't have meant anything. Men often drop in to call on Cilla. But today Joe stopped.

"Well, Levering," he said in his quiet way, "what's this about?"

Ralph looked tortured. He didn't care for a minute what he said.

"I love her," he said. "Cilla, I couldn't help it. But I'm on my way out, so that's all right."

THAT was all. He broke off, went down the street, and Joe entered his own house without feeling either that it was his house or that he wanted it. He found Cilla in her dressing room being very careful with a lipstick.

"Hello, darling," she said, "how are you tonight?"

She was fair as an angel between the mirrors, with milk-white shoulders bared, for she was slipping out of a hostess gown.

There was no sign of pain or concern on her face. "Tell me," said Joe, without prelude, "what is there between you and Levering?"

"Why," she began to deny, "what makes you think any such nonsense? Why should there be anything between Ralph and me?"

"Tell me the truth. I know he sends you flowers. I know he makes love to you on the telephone and comes here. What else?"

"Nothing. Honestly, Joe. That's the truth. It's been—well, a little flirtation. I'll admit. But I haven't done a thing to be ashamed of. It's just a flirtation. That's all there is to it."

HE TOOK her by that white shoulder, ground his fingers into it. "I wouldn't be so proud of that!" he said contemptuously. "Perhaps there should be more to it!"

He hated himself for bruising her. But he had seen Ralph's tortured face, and he realized that all the building and earning he had done in the past years was worthless. For he had built and earned out of love for a woman who had no respect for love and no knowledge of it. There was, and he knew it in that furious moment, nothing that he could brace except that white shoulder.

It was covered with a velvet dress the next day when Frances came to see her. He had asked her to come. She was slightly frightened by Joe's silent attitude.

What she said was no news to Frances, for she had already heard most of it from Ralph. He had come to see her the night before and told her facts at her. The ravages of that sleepless night were on Frances' face now, making it stern as she stood by the window and pushed the casement window out so that more air could come in.

"I thought that if you'd talk to Joe and tell him that it's all over between you and Ralph it would straighten things out," said Cilla.

"But it's not all right."

"It will be," said Cilla; "of course it will. I'll speak to Ralph, if you like."

"Not about me!" exclaimed Frances. "We'll be alone. Talk to him about yourself."

"But that's such nonsense, my dear. There's nothing between Ralph and me. It's much ado about nothing. It's all a tempest in a teapot."

FRANCES moved the window wider open. She didn't say a word and, waiting through her silence, Cilla grew nervous. It was then she said that Frances didn't seem to be listening and made that remark that there never had been anything between her and Ralph except friendship.

And Frances said, "What queer words you use, Cilla."

Cilla knew her ground. When you got right down to it, there was nothing that anyone could object to seriously. There was no evidence for a divorce, even if Joe had wanted one. And she made Joe thoroughly ashamed of that storm of his, that crazy insult, that brute.

Naturally, she saw nothing more of Ralph. After he lost that connection with the Burns Glassworks, Ralph went down hill fairly fast. Someone spoke of seeing him in Chicago, but he wasn't doing any thing there.

Frances left the city before long. At home she kept most memories and hopes, and there was nothing that she could do to help the poor things. So she went to live with an aunt who wanted a companion. The aunt was capricious and overbearing. Frances did difficult things, but she always had done and always would do. But she couldn't marry Ralph, terribly poisoned as he was by his futile love for Cilla.

Cilla couldn't understand that. But she continued to be very glad she'd done nothing to be ashamed of.

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Interior Decoration Color Guide and illustrated book-let: "How to Paint Windows with Color in Your Home." Shows new color combinations by Elizabeth Parker, New York Interior decorator. Address: Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, Paint and Varnish Div., Dept. 25, Milwaukee, Wis.

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Easy-to-use Prize
GOES TO THESE
2 New Deodorants

SAY goodbye to perspiration troubles! Persik and Perstop give you the protection you need, in the manner that's modern.

"I need odor prevention alone," says the woman who doesn't perspire much, "and I love the neat, lipstick way Persik is applied. A few quick strokes under the arms each morning give me complete protection for the day. No mussy or fuss—it's on without using the fingers. It's stainless, and harmless to fabrics—I use it before or after my dress is on. And it's just as easy to apply on sanitary napkins. I adore the handsome black-and-ivory case that Persik comes in."

"And I," says the woman who perspires more freely,

"find that Perstop is the simplest way to stop moisture. I just touch the sponge-neck Perstop bottle to my underarm... no separate applicator or cotton. It dries quicker, gives protection for days, keeps my dresses free from perspiration stains."

Persik and Perstop have the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval for safety and effectiveness. Beauty advisers to 10 million women recommend them. And in all parts of the world—from Paris and London to New York and Hollywood—fashionable women acclaim them as the EASIEST TO USE.

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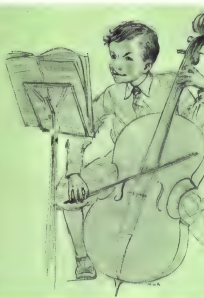
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NEW WAY TO
STOP PERSPIRATION



Perstop

NERVOUS HABITS



BY MARION L. FAEGRE

The so-called "nervous habits" of children are, often enough, not the result of any ingrained temperamental difficulty in a child, but rather appear in consequence of some kind of omission or wrong handling by the parents.

Defective speech is one of the common distressing habits of children, and arises often from the carelessness of adults in allowing children to pronounce words incorrectly. Because the parent understands the child the slurred speech is allowed to continue. Sometimes the amusement caused by the "baby talk" is gratifying to the child, who finds that by keeping it up he gains more attention.

In other cases children may not learn to speak clearly because it is never required of them. They have only to suggest their wants to have them attended to. Parents sometimes worry about a child who "will not talk," when the difficulty lies not in any lack of ability but simply in lack of any need for speech.

Many of the mannerisms of children are the outgrowth of absorption in difficult and engrossing tasks. Look at Bob, who is learning to play the cello. While he is watching the music and manipulating his fingers he is also raising his eyebrows, screwing up his mouth or sticking out his tongue. He doesn't yet know how to

direct all the energy he feels, and it finds outlets in these amusing postures. As he becomes more expert, he learns to incorporate his energy more productively.

Though thumb sucking is so common as not to be considered abnormal behavior, its persistence past babyhood gives many an unneeded clue as to a child's unfulfilled needs. The sucking instinct is strong in infancy and the pleasure derived from this getting food considerable, hence it is easy to see how it persists merely as a habit. It is a solace, and easy to fall back on in times of boredom or tiredness. The child is less unhappy when his hunger, or sleepiness, or bafflement over lack of something interesting to do is momentarily lulled.

See that the baby has plenty of chance to do the instinctive sucking. If his food comes too fast he may not be doing enough sucking, so that the resort to extra mouth movements is a natural result. Don't let him get his food too fast; make him stop a moment from time to time when he is nursing, or supply a nipple with a smaller hole if he is a bottle-fed baby. To prevent the habit getting a fast hold, the little baby may be put into a sleeping bag in which his arms have freedom but through which he cannot suck.

If the habit is well established in a child, keep his hands and mind occupied. See that he doesn't get too hungry, too sleepy, too bored. He must be interested and happy if he is not to fall back on his childish act. But don't talk about it, don't snatch his hands away from his mouth. Don't nag at him about anything.

Investigation shows that the shape of the child's jaw and of the roof of his mouth is affected by persistent thumb sucking. The thumb presses back the lower jaw, in which the permanent teeth are forming, and pushes up the roof of the mouth, making it higher and narrower. The lower jaw may be so much affected that some of the lower teeth come in behind others or are crowded from their natural positions. A long period of jaw widening is a high price to pay for laziness in getting at the reverse back of the habit.

Many nervous tics, or habit spasms, such as biting the nails, twisting a lock of hair or a button, appear to come about as a result, at first, of some irritation. The repeated responses—scratching, biting, what not—afforded some satisfaction. Thus, a hangnail, a bit of hair falling over the eye, failure to keep the genitals clean, may have been the original excuse for a long-persisting habit. Making sure that a child's finger nails are not rough, that his clothes are not too tight in the crotch, may help to prevent the first steps of many nervous mannerisms.

Nervous habits appear to be more common in girls than in boys. Whether this is associated with the fact that more gently "ladylike" behavior is expected of girls it is impossible to say.

Superfluous movements are the product of many different causes. Among these are the state of nutrition of the child, his degree of fatigue, his association with other children who have nervous habits, and the predisposition of his family to such habits. A child who is extremely underweight is more liable to nervous habits.

Remember to remember: Never treat the symptom. Look for the causes and remove them.

Leaflet No. A-1157, CHILDREN'S NERVOUS HABITS, by Mrs. Faegre, contains additional suggestions for overcoming nervous habits in children. Write direct to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Phila., Pa. The price is three cents.





"I have learned by actual comparison *(writes a lady from Vicksburg, Mich.)* that Bon Ami lasts twice as long and does far better work"

"I have a friendly suggestion to make to your advertising department," writes Mrs. C.S. Southworth. "It is my belief that the economy motive for using Bon Ami could be stressed a great deal more. I have learned by actual comparison, a box of Bon Ami lasts twice as long as the 'grittier' cleansers and does far better work. Since the majority of housewives are in the class where budgeting is necessary, it seems to me this would appeal to them above all else."

Mrs. Southworth wrote us unsolicited. Her letter is typical of many we receive from women who write just because they like Bon Ami so well. Many prefer Bon Ami because it does more than clean, it leaves a beautiful polish. Others because Bon Ami doesn't redden hands. Or because it leaves no gritty sediment—because it doesn't clog drains—because it is odorless. For all these reasons, Bon Ami is the finest general household cleanser you can buy. Try it on your bathtubs, your sinks, your kitchenware, your windows—and for all your other cleaning.



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Bon Ami "HASN'T SCRATCHED YET!"
To suit your taste—a handy Cake, a can of Powder and a Deluxe Package for Bathrooms.

The well-dressed Leg

by PHOENIX

● Spring's smart "Doggy's"



Cullis, there, has given his name to the light Phoenix beige here that picks up the light note of his mistress' hat. Good with navy blue and true browns. *Setter* begs you, with sweet sad gaze, to notice *Senior*, the warm Phoenix beige for all the bright Spring shades. *Spaniel's* very smoky about the Phoenix shade named after him—the proper beige for corals, rubies, cinnamon browns. *Greyhound* is a beige that will run with navy and grey beiges. The new Phoenix "Doggy" colors are the hosiery shades for Spring. Ask to see them now. The pair, \$5 to \$1.95.

● Back to the land!



Women who won't give up silk stockings even for sports are wearing Phoenix. Here's the secret—a Phoenix Tip-toe that's double, and a Phoenix Duo-heel that's likewise. In this famous Phoenix Long-mileage foot, you can safely present a silk-clad calf to the world, while being awfully rugged and practical underneath. "Standby" service sheers. No. 772, \$1.25 the pair.

● Rings on her fingers—but none on her hose!



The lady is wearing Paris' latest invention in jewelry—a heavy ring carved from a single piece of crystal. And she's wearing Phoenix' latest invention in

hosiery—an absolutely ringless stocking! What a boon to mankind *this* is! These clear-as-crystal stockings give you the perfect texture that's so flattering to the leg. All for the moderate price of \$1.25, in Phoenix "Fluff", a very smart shadowless chiffon stocking. No. 779.

● Prints go into reverse



A tiny white motif on a very dark ground—or a tiny dark motif on a very white ground! Formal enough to demand the most minutely filmy and sheer Phoenix Hosiery. Nothing but Certified Silk goes into Phoenix Hosiery, and that makes it sheerer than sheer and smoother than smooth. And Phoenix shadow-point fashion marks make the back of your leg look as nice as the front, which is something. All seams are silk trim, and ankles are tailored in Phoenix' best manner, which will please even the fussiest girl. Ask for "Street," afternoon Shadowless chiffon, an exquisite stocking. No. 766, \$1.25.

● New "knits" stick close



So Everything Underneath has to fit like the skin! Phoenix Custom-Fit Top, made of a two-way stretch fabric, will never betray you. This discreet little number stretches up and down for tall ladies, or out and out for plumper sisters. Nothing to fold over. Nothing to gag the thighs. Blessed! Blessed Phoenix Custom-Fit Top! (By the way, it's the only one of its kind. Don't be fooled.) Be sure to ask for Phoenix Hosiery with Custom-Fit Top, the pair, \$1 to \$1.95.

PHOENIX HOSIERY
with CUSTOM-FIT TOP

Gone to the Bowwows

(Continued from Page 23)

Another perennial favorite is that little dandy of dogdom, the Boston terrier. Lassy people like him because he requires so little exercise and so little grooming. He is a particularly good house dog for town country. Although not quite so easy on the nerves as the little gentleman from Boston, the Airedale also thrives in both urban and rural surroundings. His fancy claim that no dog is more versatile. Surely none has a stouter heart.

But if you are going in for fighting spirit, you can't afford to pass up the bull dog. His very appearance is ferocious enough to frighten off the boldest intruder. An eminent dog authority calls him "not only the most courageous dog, but the most courageous animal in the world." Ready to fight his weight in wildcats at the drop of a hat, he is passionately devoted to children. A child in the family may ram him fist down his throat with impunity.

The Irish terrier has all the lightness, charm and praiseworthiness of your true son of Ireland. He is full of blarney and can wag his way into the coldest heart.

If you crave a dog that looks and acts out of the ordinary, consider the dachshund. Perhaps he wouldn't win the prize at a beauty show, but nobody can deny that his looks, such as they are, are shared by no other breed. And when it comes to brains he stacks up to the top of the heap. The Germans, who bred him with a low-hanging chaise to run in and out of cellars, call him "the professor among dogs." Right now the smooth-coated dachshund is considered extremely smart.

A comparative newcomer whose pedigree has helped push him up near the front rank in favor is that stunning white beauty, the Samoyed. He is both agreeable and sedate. Steam heat is bad for his superb snowy coat, but otherwise this ex-herder of reindeer makes a fine household companion.

Diamonds versus Dogs

THE Sammy is big enough to satisfy most people who demand something larger than a terrier, but perhaps you are an extremist when it comes to dog poundage. If you yearn for a giant, by all means have one. That is, if space is no object, and if the prospect of most bills to match strikes no terror to your heart. Certainly nothing could be more impressive than a Great Dane, a Newfoundland or a Russian wolfhound. A girl of my acquaintance recently traded in a pair of diamond bracelets for a fence of these patrician animals because she figured that with the wolfhounds as background she could win over the snooty family of her fiancé.

Most stunning of all is the king of dogs, the Irish wolfhound. The biggest dog breed, he is also one of the gentlest. On his hind legs, he towers over the tallest man. He was once used to fight armed men. He appeared in the coat of arms of some of the ancient rulers of Ireland, with this motto: "Gentle when stroked; fierce when provoked."

The breed dates back historically to 201 A.D., but it has practically become extinct, when a few years ago a dog-loving Englishman salvaged a few specimens from an obscure corner of Ireland, and set about breeding them again. They come high, but their proud owners contend that they are cheap at any price.

If you believe in a vast army of doggy people, that precious things come done up in small parcels, then you have been chewing your nails while waiting for me to get to the toy group. Like Daisy Miller, no doubt, you wish me to urge upon the laity that there is just as much intelligence, commonsense and loyalty in a dog that weighs two pounds as in one that tips the scales at two hundred.

I must perish of shock when I heard Mr. Miller's answer to my question, "What is the best way to choose?"

"The Pekinese," she snipped, with a warlike glint in her eye. "The Chinese know what they're talking about when they called him 'little lion dog.' A determined burglar can slug a big dog, but he can't get at a Pekie. Besides, a Pekie rarely gives false alarm—he barks in the middle of the night, there's good reason to rise to an investigation."

For centuries Pekies were the prerogative of royalty. Only members of the imperial family of China could possess them. To steal one was to earn the death penalty. It was not until an English, seventy-odd years ago, that the strain escaped into England. Today, the Pekinese is as royal as ever. Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, an enthusiastic Pekie fancier, was overheard to say at a recent dog show, "You never own a Pekie; he owns you."

The Female of the Species—

THE famous three p's of the Victorian Era—pugs, poms and poodles—have been "out" for years. But now that antimacassars and bangs are threatening to stage a comeback, we may as well be prepared for anything. Meanwhile, if you prefer a dog that is as smart as he is over-stuffed with triple chins, consider that atom of elusive charm, the Cocker spaniel. Or the Cocker spaniel, the Papillon is almost as graceful, and some think even more beautiful. But remember, as with the Cocker spaniel and the Papillon require the most delicate handling.

Daisy Miller insists that almost any dog will make a playmate for her child, but under pressure she admits that some are better than others. Among the big fellows, the Newfoundland, the English setter and the Irish setter, she feels, are especially adapted to youngsters. In the medium-sized class she unreservedly recommends wire-haired terriers, Irish terriers, Scotties, Cairns and cocker spaniels. And don't overlook that formidable fellow, the bull dog. He will take a lot of punishment from a child and like it!

"No matter what matter you settle upon for your child," begs Mrs. Miller, "pick a lady dog."

Doggy folk, it seems, disagree upon practically everything under the sun, but on this one point they stick close together: than Yale undergrads at a football game: the female of the species is more intelligent, more devoted and more tractable than the male.

"Look," they triumphantly urge, "at the dogs trained to guide the blind. Almost invariably female!"

Perhaps in spite of all this learned talk of breeds and breeding, you still cherish a sneaking preference for that outcast of blue-blooded dogdom, the lowly mutt. If so, it may cheer you to hear that you are in excellent company. Irene Castle, herself the epitome of form and fashion, adores mutts and doesn't care who knows it. All she asks of a dog is affection and loyalty. She declares that she has no boundless desire from Daisy, her poodle of uncertain lineage. Charlie Chaplin is another optimist who is reputed to believe that if a dog barks six times instead of one, then he has six times as many chances of turning out to be an interesting character.

Of course, if you are a doggy person like Daisy Miller and the Prince of Wales, you will continue to prefer your canine friends to be well-bred, well-mannered members of dog society. But if you are a "mutt" person like Irene Castle and me, any dog with a friendly nose and a wagging tail can work his way right into your heart.

And no barking up family trees!

WHAT A DIRTY TRICK TO PLAY ON A RUG!

...to fool with a worn-out cleaner that leaves the worst dirt behind

Bo, does that old thing ever eat dirt any more?

Once upon a time it did, Jack—but those days are gone forever!

"Bo-Jack Biographies"—No. 3

TIME TO TRADE IN FOR A NEW PREMIER

...the cleaner that's showing the fastest gain in national popularity!

TIME to give your rugs a real treat, time to freshen them up, time to rout out that embedded dirt that's been accumulating for years, while your old-time cleaner's been loafing on the job!

Let's put a bright, new, up-to-date Premier into your home, with its modern principles of thorough cleaning. Give Premier's motor-driven, vibrating brush a chance to get down to the bottom of the nap and take up the harsh sand and grit that's slowly grinding up the fibres, the sticky dirt that's matting down the pile—all that dangerous, destructive dirt your present cleaner has long since ceased to touch.

You'll be amazed at the difference in the *looks* of your rugs. Premier literally combs them out to restore all their original lustre and fluffiness. It loosens the dirt at the bottom, it opens up the pile down to the very backing with its firm, but gentle action. Then Premier's powerful suction does the rest, leaves the rugs clean, fresh-looking, and far more sanitary!

Liberal trade-in allowance!

And it's so easy to get a new Premier! Premier's prices are lower. Premier's payment plan is remark-

ably easy. And Premier is so generous with its trade-in allowances on old vacuum cleaners. Because Premier is meeting with such remarkable success everywhere, because it is showing the fastest gain in national popularity of all popular makes of vacuum cleaners, Premier can afford to make surprisingly attractive inducements for you to buy now.

A Premier Bonded Representative who will call at your home will be glad to give you full details. Or get in touch today with your nearest Premier headquarters—listed in your Classified Telephone Directory under Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company. Go to see the four different styles, for different needs, at different prices. Or you can arrange to have them brought to your home for examination.



Light easily handled, the Premier SPIC-SPAN does the work of all attachments, at less cost. Picks dirt and dirt from upholstery, stairs, shows, rugs, mattresses, and, covered in 10 seconds to a new mass of ridges clean, shining and sparkling of mesh!



FOR DETAILS OF DEALER FRANCHISE WRITE
The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company, 1734 Ivanhoe Road,
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Premier Sweeps the Country
The NEW

Premier

VACUUM CLEANERS



DOES BABY HATE HIS VEGETABLES?



● Scowls . . . howls . . . struggles . . . why does a sweet-tempered baby turn stubborn when vegetable feedings start?

Usually because his vegetables aren't strained uniformly. Home-cooked vegetables can't be uniformly smooth. That's why baby has a hard time getting used to them. But remember . . .

HE'LL LIKE CLAPP'S!

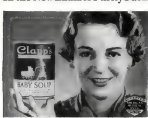


● Clapp's Baby Foods are always silky smooth—unvarying in "feel" and flavor. So babies like them!

And every spoonful holds its full store of glass-building vitamins and mineral salts. Clapp's Foods are cooked in air-tight, glass-lined kettles to protect their glass-like elements.

ONLY 15¢

In the New Enamel Purity Pack



● Ask your doctor which of these fifteen Clapp's Foods your baby should have now: Baby Soup Strained, Baby Soup Unstrained, Vegetable Soup, Tomatoes, Applesauce, Spinach, Peas, Beans, Carrots, Wax Beans, Apricots, Prunes, Applesauce, Beef Broth, and Wheatstarch Cereal.

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Dept. 2, Rochester, N. Y.
Please send me your free book, "Before Your Baby Goes On Vegetables."

Name _____

Street and Number _____

City _____ State _____

The Crooked Lane

(Continued from Page 33)

find between Dublin and San Francisco. It was she who told me how it and hysocine were blood brothers."

"Exactly. It is incredible how these small far-away things tie in so close together, is it not?" inquired the young man from Vienna philosophically. "Three thousand miles apart and many years ago your sister has a so-called baby called Sheila. And now ten days ago you find that Jerry Hardy takes hysocine. And ten nights ago we find that Fay Stuart took far too much. . . . Which all goes to prove, I suppose, that this is a very small world indeed—and not a very pleasant one."

"Jerry?" Mallory, cigarette poised between fingers suddenly tense, removed his feet from their cushioned ease with startling abruptness. "See here, my dear old fellow, exactly what you are driving at? Tea told me that you thought that Fay hadn't precisely committed suicide; to use a few short, up-to-date words, you thought that someone had done her in—and quite frankly, I'm inclined to agree with you. I knew her very well at one time—quite well enough to know the unimpaired beauty that she had of death. But she also told me that you were extremely intelligent, and, quite without prejudice, your last two or three remarks lead me to doubt it. If you're trying to put me in the box to prove that Jerry Hardy had anything in the world to do with Fay's death, you'll be finding me a far better witness for the defense than for the prosecution; and what's more, I'll match wits with any insanity expert that you walk up to prove that you're madder than any poor loon with straw stuck in his hair. Jerry was the only mortal in all Washington who couldn't so much as say Fay's name without drawing a halo behind her empty little yellow head."

"It was kind of Tess to think me a little intelligent," said Karl Sheridan, in his most courteous and noncommittal voice. "And if you'll forgive me for saying so, it is also kind of you to think me a little stupid. I do not remember having so much as suggested that your good friend Jerry harmed even a hair of that poor child's yellow head—though I confess that I would like very much to know whether he ever gave to her that large bottle with the fifteenth grains of hysocine in it."

MALLORY snapped the ash so violently off the tip of his cigarette that it flicked half across the room. "I can tell you now that he didn't. That's more, he'd have murdered anyone who did. He knew all about the properties of hysocine, and the fact that she had a bad heart was common property."

"Was it indeed? Well, then, that opens other vistas, doesn't it?" Mallory, have you any idea, I wonder, where the ineffable Doctor Byrd was between twelve and one Saturday night?"

"He was in Baltimore," said Dion Mallory briefly. "And he was there again at two o'clock yesterday afternoon. I'm afraid that we'll have to count him out, agreeable as the prospect of hanging him higher than Haman would be."

"When I last saw him, 'the Temple', somewhere around eleven," remarked Sheridan thoughtfully, "he was heading straight for some kind of backgammon festivity with the child called Vicki. Nothing whatever was said about Baltimore."

"Well, something was done about it," Mallory stated uncompromisingly. "He got back there Saturday night all right, under the stars, and I thought it was all off with Vicki."

"He thought so too, I believe," said Sheridan, whose thoughts still, "Some thing occurred to alter his mind, possibly."

Have you any idea what hour Doctor Byrd arrived at the sanitarium?"

"Not the foggiest—except that it couldn't have been later than two, because it was around that time that they found the poor old boy."

"Found him?"

"Yes. Oh, Lord, I keep forgetting that you don't know all this!" Mallory ran both fine, strong hands through the shining hair that clung as close to his skull as black water. "It's your own fault for sounding so confidently omniscient. . . . I stopped by Stillhaven on the way back from New York Sunday to find out how the kid was getting on—I've been so infernally worried about him—and Byrd himself was there to inform me that I'd had excellent reason to be. It seems that Saturday night, sometime after dinner, he went completely to pieces—literally off his nut—and kept yelling at them that he had to go to Washington. Of course they'd as soon have let him go to the moon, and they as good as told him so; he's been in bed with fever and nausea and sinking spells for a good week, and even when he's up I keep quiet if they'd let him telephone, no one was any too keen about it. Byrd had taken the phone out three or four days ago, because he used it all the time talking to Fay, and it simply wore him down—but it was one of those plug-in and out things, and the attendant brought it back for him."

"And at what time was that?"

"Around ten, I think they said."

"Was the attendant in the room when he telephoned?"

"No, JERRY swore he wouldn't tell—except if anyone was there, but they were scared out of their shoes to leave him alone in the state he was in, so the attendant waited just outside the door. . . . He got the general drift of the telephone calls, if that's what you want. He was trying to get Washington, and couldn't get it, so he waited a while after. And then he tried someone in Valley Hunt."

"The unfortunate Tappans, I gather," murmured Karl Sheridan thoughtfully. "They must have had a busy evening at the telephone! Tess Stuart tried them, too, when she found that the Stuart telephone did not answer. It seems that Fay left some time before nine with a young person known as Kipply Todd."

"Well, Kipply, did she? Well, then, he probably came in with her for a nightcap, and she disconnected her phone. She has a way of doing that when she doesn't want to be interrupted."

"Didn't," corrected Mr. Sheridan gently as he reached for another cigarette. "She is no longer in danger of being interrupted. . . . But the possibility of young Mr. Todd's going up with her certainly should give us pause for thought. . . . And after he discovered that she had left the Tappans, what did Hardy do?"

"Well, then he started in all over again with the Washington business, and he was going it strong with the operator when he was standing outside got one of the assistant doctors to back him up, and they went in and yanked out the telephone line about twelve. The minute they did it, Jerry quieted down as suddenly as he'd started up; he let 'em touch him in, and turn out the lights, and give him his last shot for the day. It wasn't till after ten-thirty that he called out to the attendant next to him that he'd still left stark dead, but that he thought that if he could have some hot malted milk with sherry in it, it might do the trick."

"And the after he got misguided youth cooperated with him to the extent of going in search of it? Mallory, you both shatter and restore my faith in human nature!"

"He was all right," said Mallory said grimly, "and

(Continued on Page 121)



Approved by millions of mothers

There is a safe, simple way to buy good quality children's underwear at moderate prices—look for the Nappareth label on each garment.

Made in a variety of knitted fabrics. Infants' shirts and pants, sizes 1 to 6. Waist suits for boys and girls, sizes 2 to 12. Union suits for boys and girls, sizes 2 to 16. Separate shirts and trunks for boys, sizes 6 to 16.

See the moderately styled Nappareth underwear at your retailer. If he cannot supply you, write for descriptive price list.

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Beltex—sterilized for your protection—is not like any belt you've ever used. No wider than lingerie ribbon—it's worn low on the hips—is quickly adjustable and has, instead of safety pins, two thin, flat pyroxylin grips. The damniest personal belt—Beltex is invisible, comfortable and really secure, as well.

Beltex comes to you spotlessly clean, sealed in Cellophane. You must break the seal and remove it from its shiny, snow-white box. If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name and 50¢ with your own name and address. Beltex will be sent to you in a plain wrapper. If you are not satisfied money will be refunded.

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The Hospital-Safe Personal Belt



FEET THAT FAILED

AT CHICAGO'S 1933 WORLD'S FAIR

How millions of women learned the painful facts about faulty outer arches

CHICAGO'S "Century of Progress" did more to teach women to treasure their feet than all the books and advertisements that have ever been written. For there, on those 80 miles of hard pavements—the painful facts were dramatically presented to millions of women.

But you don't have to go to a "World's Fair" to find out about your feet. Your daily routine will prove it. For you, like every other home woman, actually walk from 5 to 7 miles each day. Just in ordinary coming and going—doing housework—shopping—calling, etc. Expert *podometer* tests have proved this—proved, too, the critical need for shoes that properly support the vital outer arches—the weight-bearing arches.

Selby Arch Preserver Shoes permit you to enjoy every activity where well dressed comfortable feet are essential. Millions of happy women know this. For in Selby shoes you actually find natural foot comfort and smartest fashions combined.

The secret is a patented, exclusive Arch Bridge

ingeniously formed to support the vital outer or weight-bearing arches. It is extremely light. Yet so bridge-like is its strength that it provides the firm, unyielding support that nature intended for the vital outer arch—and forms the solid foundation that makes possible the lasting shapeliness and long wear for which these shoes are notable.

In Selby Arch Preservers you walk as if barefoot with the Vital Outer Arches resting upon a solid foundation as nature intended—yet in shoes of beauty and style—mirroring the latest fashion trends.

Care for your feet. They are the very foundation of everything worth while in life. Don't foolishly sacrifice years of joyous activities by wearing ordinary shoes now.

Try on the stunning Selby Arch Preserver fashions for Spring. Their comfort will be priceless. And their trim, graceful lines and exquisite tailoring will charm you. But remember, it is the S-E-L-B-Y shoe you want—the only genuine Arch Preserver shoe. Don't be dissuaded. Ask for SELBY

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See Your Chiroprapist Regularly



Illustration and text copy, 1934, Kotex Co.

IN SIZE AND SHAPE THE NEW KOTEX PACKAGE IS IDENTICAL TO THAT OF BOXES WIDELY USED FOR PACKING ORDINARY ARTICLES

An entirely new principle
A smart new package
A new low price

Discard old ways..welcome the new!

THE NEW 1934 WONDERSOFT KOTEX

brings a great change in the lives of women

HAVE you ever complained about the sanitary pads you have known? Have you ever suffered that ill-at-ease feeling with old-time pads? Then this is important news for you. 600 women have collaborated with Kotex scientists—to develop the perfect sanitary pad. A pad that takes into account the criticisms of women in every walk of life.

Over 2 years in process of development

Carefully, painstakingly—for more than 2 years Kotex scientists have consulted with this great Consumer Testing Board of 600 typical American women—a project never before dreamed of. The result is now presented to all of womankind—the New 1934 Wondersoft Kotex—an achievement that ranks with the highest of all scientific contributions to the health, happiness and comfort of women.

WONDERSOFT—third exclusive Kotex patent

Three times in two years—vital Kotex improvements have been honored with U. S. Patent protection. First—came *fastened, tapered ends* that made possible undetectable protection beneath the most clinging gowns, U. S. Patent No. 1,857,854. Second—the famous *Equalizer strip*, increasing the security by lengthening the hours of protection, U. S. Patent No. 1,863,333. And now—Third and

most revolutionary of all Kotex improvements—the new 1934 Wondersoft Kotex—U. S. Patent No. 1,946,626.

What WONDERSOFT Kotex means to women

The new 1934 Wondersoft Kotex is a scientific marvel of softness. A fluffy layer of soft cotton is applied to the edges—and only the edges. This is important—for chafing is prevented and the absorbent surface is left free to do its important work instantly. That—women told us—was the greatest single need in sanitary protection. Wondersoft remains gentle, marvelously soft for hours. A truly startling improvement that ends all discomfort you've known with other pads—ends, too, that ill-at-ease feeling you may have had. Women by scores tell us that Wondersoft Kotex has utterly changed their lives. And—most important—this new wonder-softness has been achieved without sacrificing a single one of the priceless Kotex features you

have always known. In width, thickness—in fact all dimensions—the new Wondersoft remains the same. Once you have used the New 1934 Wondersoft Kotex—you will never forget to re-order it. But to make sure you get Wondersoft—and no other—we introduce it in a modern new package—totally different from the Kotex box you have known.

A new package—new in color, shape and design for your protection

Familiarize yourself with it at once. Remember—attempts will be made to imitate this great Kotex improvement. Be on your guard against imitators. Only Kotex is Wondersoft Kotex. No other pad is or can be like it. Ask for the New 1934 Wondersoft Kotex in regular or super-size at your dealers today. Both are priced alike—and, to introduce Wondersoft Kotex, we present it at the lowest standard price ever asked for Kotex!

“I used the new Wondersoft Kotex on a long 5-days-without-stop automobile trip. I never had such a feeling of absolute protection.”

Home Girl

“Best of any pad I've ever tried. The side padding makes them softer than ever before.”

Musicien

“For the sake of my daughter I feel deeply grateful for the new Wondersoft Kotex. Nobody but a mother can know how important comfort and a feeling of security are to young girls.”

Housewife



A TRUE STORY

By A FARM MOTHER

who learned in 1922 how to keep her family well with the doctor miles away

more substantial than thanks. . . . A voice with an exaggerated and highly unconvincing British accent bawled ponderously out of the little black horn, and with a slight tightening of the jaw he lifted it closer to his ear.

"Mr. Stuart's residence?" . . . Might I speak with Miss Stuart? . . . Yes, I quite realize that, but I believe that if you tell me Miss Stuart that it is Mr. Sheridan, she will speak with me. . . . No, not a member of the press—a personal friend. . . . Thanks."

He waited, tense and alert, and a voice, young and deep and lovely, sounded distantly through the telephone.

"Miss Stuart? This is K-K Sheridan. Would it be possible for me to see you this afternoon sometime? To-night will not do, I am afraid, because there are some things that I consider it very important for me to know before the Lindsay's party. . . . Four would do admirably—yes. . . . No—no, I am still very greatly in the dark, but I think that you can hold a candle for me if you will answer two—no, three questions. . . . On the contrary, it is I who am in your debt—forever, I am afraid. . . . Till four, then, and thank you."

The little click that the telephone made as he hung it back was echoed by a lusty peal on the doorbell below, and Sheridan, slamming the door to, catching up hat, gloves, the paper with his names and figures, took the steps between the second floor and the presumptive taxi at a swinging gallop that landed him well through the front door before the dandelioned Timothy was halfway to it. . . . If things turned out at the airport as he hoped they might, he was in for a busy day.

HE GAVE the address of the Hoover Airport without so much as a glance at the freckle-faced youth who was to guide him there, leaped back in the taxi, and closed his eyes with something approaching determination.

Halfway over the bridge that swung its gracious arches across the Potomac, linking the white columns that soared where Lincoln sat, now in triumph, simple and weary for all his majesty, to those other white columns, soaring in one copse, Lee and sat, weary, simple and majestic in defeat, Sheridan opened his eyes and noted without marked enthusiasm that the Washington that he had returned to was incomparably more beautiful than the one he had left. The noble sweep of trees—the noble curves of spacious roadways. . . . There was a sudden clatter of low buildings somewhat less than noble, a sharp grinding of brakes, and the amiable drawl of the freckle-faced youth at the wheel, as siring him of the somewhat obvious fact that he had reached his destination.

"Will you wait, perhaps for five minutes—ten?" Sheridan's voice was once more eager and persuasive. "Not longer, I am sure, and after that there are several other places that I must go."

Accepting the smiling nod of his driver with a flashing smile of his own, he pushed the nearest door open and stepped quickly across the threshold. The room was a private office, obviously; it was quite empty, save for some scattered chairs and filing cabinets and two enormous desks, at one of which sat a sandy-haired young man with a face as alert as a thoroughbred terrier. He glanced up swiftly as the door clicked to behind Sheridan.

"Anything I can do for you, sir?"

Karl Sheridan, taking in the room at a glance, advanced a few steps, doubtfully. "Nothing save accept my apologies, I fear! I am looking for some information about planes in and out of Baltimore—but this, apparently, is not the place that I should have come to?"

The youngster at the desk pushed back the pile of maps that he was consulting, and rose helpfully to his feet. "Tickets or time-tables?" The main office is right through . . .

"No—no, neither tickets nor time-tables. Maps—and a little highly unofficial information." His eyes rested

HERE'S a happy family, living on a farm in Comfort, Texas. That's real country, too, for the nearest place of any size is San Antonio, many miles away.

Mrs. Lena Gervail Saur sends us these pictures with the following letter—another true story of a woman who has learned how to keep her family well.

"We have been Nujol since 1923," writes Mrs. Saur, "because in the year Nujol set my aged father back on the road to normal health after a nervous operation."

"Now we are on the third generation, so far as Nujol is concerned. My small Bunny and Tinker (Fred and Richard Saur) know very little of medicine, and they never know how often Nujol and orange or tomato juice go down together. Being a farm mother, miles from a doctor's aid, I have learned how essential regularity is in avoiding those ailments where a doctor is needed. We haven't the time, money, or desire to be sick."

"Our own isn't the only Nujol story in the family either. We have a young cousin who works in an office, and who has no chance for exercise. Nujol has become a health habit with her. There is our grandmother, too, who in later life found to her surprise that constipation was

not actually necessary, thanks to Nujol.

"So we are using it still, and this little firm of We, and Company will continue to use Nujol so that our physical engines may run smoothly and efficiently."

Nothing we could say would add anything to Mrs. Saur's letter. Her story uncovers a health history that goes back nearly twelve years, and shows how Nujol keeps all the members of her family well—herself, her children, and her own parents. Three generations of health, thanks to Nujol!

If so many people have found Nujol such a simple, sure, easy way to be well, why don't you try it? Bring up your children on it and make them regular as clockwork. It can't hurt them, because it is perfectly pure, and it forms no habit. Nujol comes in two forms, plain, and Cream of Nujol, which is flavored and often preferred by children. Get Nujol today at any drug store.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been using Nujol for ten years or more, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address: Stinson, Incorporated, 2 Park Avenue, Dept. B-6, New York.



Does This Picture Look Like a Woman of 60?

Edna Wallace Hopper, Who at Past Sixty Has the Skin of a Girl, Tells How She Does It. Cream Brings Tube Free.

Look at my picture. Do I look like a woman past 60? People can't believe it, but I am. Boys scarcely above college age often try to flirt with me. I've been booked from one theatre to another as "The One Woman in the World Who Never Grew Old." At a grandmother's age I still enjoy the thrills of youth.

Now, let me tell you how I do it. Then accept, free, as a gift, a trial tube of the method I use. Follow it and I promise, if you're 60, you'll look 40. If you're 40, you'll look 30. If you're 30, you'll gain back the skin of eighteen. Women I've given it to call it a miracle—say it takes 10 years from the face in 10 minutes!

It is the discovery of a Famous French Scientist, who started the cosmetic world by discovering that the Oils of Youth could be artificially re-supplied to the skin of fading women. He found that after 25 most women were deficient in certain youth oils. Oils that kept the skin free of age lines and wrinkles. And then, by a notable scientific discovery, he found a way to re-supply the skin daily with these oils.

This method puts those old skin back in your skin every day. Without them you are old. With them you are young and charming.

All you do is smear it on your face like a cold cream. But, don't rub it off. Let it stay on. Place your hand on your skin and absorb every bit of it—literally drink it in the youth oils it contains. It's one of the most amazing demonstrations in scientific youth restoration known. Lanes and hollow places soon go. You look years younger the first treatment. Youth and allure come back. Look at me. At over 60—I am living proof.

The method is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Special Restorative Cream. You



Edna Wallace Hopper

can get it at any drug or department store. Or mail coupon for free trial tube. Try it. It may give your life a new meaning.

MAIL FOR FREE TUBE

Edna Wallace Hopper, Inc. 3135 North Kilpatrick Ave., Chicago, Ill. Please mail me, FREE, a trial tube of Edna Wallace Hopper's Restorative Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Country _____

Zip _____

Phone _____

Telex _____

Radio _____

TV _____

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Contour Control

Not a ripple, not a bulge, if "Foundettes" by Munsingwear control your waistline. . . . those lovely foundation garments that make you slimmer, trimmer, more comfortable.

"Foundettes" are knit as only Munsingwear can. They're soft, smooth, and stretch two sizes. They mould you firmly, yet gently, into just the contour you desire! Their elastic strength defies wear and washing. Gladies from \$15.50 to \$17.50 for a complete foundation. At a good store near you. Munsingwear, Minneapolis.

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"We're telling you—

Why We Prefer

DRI-BRITE

NO RUBBING LIQUID
FLOOR WAX

IT'S EASIER TO
KEEP CLEAN



It seemed to Mrs. R. of Newark, that her days were spent waxing and polishing floors—or so her husband and one evening she looked unusually tired. Now, thanks to Dri-Brite, the non-rubbing liquid floor wax, she's all glad again. "Because Dri-Brite leaves a hard finish, dust and dirt stay on top where they can easily be removed. They do not grind into my floors."

IT LASTS
LONGER

"A Dri-Brite Wax finish is as hard that it resists the abuse of scuffing and scraping faster—and wears much longer than ordinary wax. Try it."



IT'S EASIER TO
APPLY

"Dri-Brite Liquid Wax needs no rubbing, no polishing. I merely apply Dri-Brite to the floors—walls, trim, and doors—with a housewife's wet surface."

Use Dri-Brite for buffing and protecting linoleum, hardwood, parquetry, polished and oil surfaces.

Results guaranteed as shown in Logan Housekeeping Magazine.

REMEMBER DRI-BRITE IS THE ORIGINAL NO RUBBING LIQUID FLOOR WAX. LOOK FOR THE MAGICIAN ON EVERY CAN!

SPECIAL SPRING CLEANING OFFER

Until June 1st, 1934, both for 1 Liquid Wax Dri-Brite—weight American—99¢

At hardware, paint, variety, drug and department stores.

MIRACUL WAX CO., 1325 Delmas St., St. Louis, Mo.

hopefully on the impressive stack on the desk. "Perhaps I have not come to the wrong place, after all?"

"Well, if you're looking for something highly unofficial, you couldn't have done better if you used a divining rod," remarked the official's wife, occupant, with engaging candor. "The boss is out for lunch, and I'm about as official as a drummer boy or a powder monkey. We're trying out some new stuff—removing two of the plane services entirely—so I'm fairly up on maps. What's the trouble?"

"A good deal of trouble, a good deal of trouble that I am afraid that I shall have to ask you to take on faith. You see," said Sheridan, his dark young face suddenly darker and graver, "it is not mine. The main reason why I shall be eternally grateful to you if you can help me."

"My name's Trent—Bob Trent," said the sandy-haired young man. "It begins to look as though I were invented for your particular benefit. . . . All right—let's get going, Baltimore, you say?"

He pulled one of the stray chairs invitingly close to the desk, seated himself purposefully in his seat, and extracted one of the maps from the pile before him.

"SOME day," said Karl Sheridan, appropriating both the chair and the map. "I trust that fortune will permit me to show you a very small part of how grateful I am. My name is Sheridan—Karl Sheridan, of the Viennese Criminalistic Institute, shortly to be attached to the Bureau of Investigation here. . . . It would be impossible, however, to be more completely detached from either of them than I am in my present capacity. Do I make myself quite clear?"

"Quite clear enough to gather that I'm to keep my mouth shut," grinned young Trent amiably. "All right—where do we go from here?"

"To Baltimore," replied Sheridan, his finger marking it hopefully on the map. "Trent, how long would it take to reach Baltimore from here by plane?"

"Depends on the plane. Roughly, anywhere between fifteen and twenty-five minutes. Next?"

"And is there a regular night service between these two cities?"

"There is not," replied Bob Trent promptly. "Neither regular nor irregular. Give me something harder."

"With all the pleasure in the world. It is possible, of course, to charter a plane?"

"Possible, if the depression didn't hit you too hard. It's liable to cost you plenty."

"Yes—I can quite believe that! Now then, is there more than one field in Baltimore?"

"Oh, sure! The regular airport is Logan Field, but there are several smaller ones. They're marked in circles on the map—see?"

"Yes, yes, I see. What I am looking for is one that would be quite near a small shore called Torkyn, that I have been told is just northwest of Baltimore. Could you be very clever and find me a field like that, Trent?"

"I WOULDN'T have to be in the genius class to help you out on that," commented his collaborator mildly. "You've got your thumb on it. Crawford Field—and there's Torkyn, about a mile and a half away, judging from the scale. When we are going to start perpetrating all these horrible indiscretions that are going to be our ruin!"

"That is the way that it looked in my very brightest dream," murmured Sheridan, glistening luxuriously over the small map on the map. "Torkyn—Crawford Field. Trent, I am very, very sorry that I do not have the Kolihoriz compass, but I have it, and I should most sincerely present it to you. . . . Fifteen minutes, you say?"

"Fifteen minutes in a good fast plane. A real fast one can make Newark from here with a favoring wind in around an hour. . . . I'm still waiting for the indiscretions."

"The first—the last—the only indiscretion that I shall suggest is such a small one that by now I am ashamed of it."

Trent, there any way possible of discovering whether a passenger flying from Baltimore landed here last night between the hours of eleven and twelve, or whether a passenger landed at any field in Baltimore—preferably the admirably situated Crawford Field—between, say, the hours of eleven and two? And would it be possible to find out what that passenger was wearing and what he looked like?"

"HE, IS IT?" commented young Trent pensively. "And I was just beginning to get all worked up for a romance. Well, old Trent knows I'm not the lad to say that anything's impossible. But I will say that it's going to have to be done in rather matchy hats, as the boss is due back in about ten minutes, and I don't exactly see myself getting really into my stride while he's in the room. I'll give you a ring around half-past six. He's sure to be gone by then. You can write your number on the corner of the calendar here, if that suits you."

"That suits me admirably. And, Trent, if it isn't too much trouble, would you see that that passenger has curly hair, and does not look too old and young? Good-by. I'm not forgetting what you are doing for me, believe me."

Back in the taxicab, he consulted his watch, settled himself comfortably in the corner, and remarked to the expectant driver, "I shall be waiting in Washington is a city remarkable for its beauty. Be so good as to show it to me."

"Show it to me?" demanded that expectant driver, startled out of his dream. "Exactly. Show it to me—drive up and down and around it until five minutes to four o'clock. Do not tell me about it, however; it is my eyes that I desire to use, not my ears."

"O. K., general! What goes on at three-fifty-five?"

"At three-fifty-five you will be so kind as to conduct me to an address on Massachusetts Avenue that I will give you. You might start by driving me several times around the Capitol, quite slowly."

It is to be doubted whether Mr. Sheridan properly appreciated the beauties of Washington, though they were conscientiously and thoroughly laid before his eyes, and his eyes were kept conscientiously and unwaveringly on them.

It WAS exactly four when the freckle-faced young man deposited him at the entrance of the Stuart house and departed, beaming. He could hear a clock striking somewhere, far away, as he followed the portly butler docilely to the small silvered elevator.

"Miss Stuart is expecting you, sir," he was informed disparagingly. "Tea is in the upstairs sitting room."

She was sitting on the sofa in front of the tiled fireplace, the small palm-amber head bent deep over a book, so intent on its contents that she did not hear his step and even when he spoke she lifted her head and looked at him strangely for a moment with the wide gray eyes as though his voice came to her from a different world. Play put in a moment the wit smile reached him, and she held out her hands.

"I'm most awfully glad that you decided to come, family retainers or as my family retainers! I never knew how lonely this house was before. It's amazing how quarrelsome and bickering and good violent bitterness brighten up a place, isn't it? You don't realize it until they've stopped. Dear me! Play put in a moment the wit smile reached him, and she held out her hands."

But she, thought K, sitting there so serenely in the lovely ordered room bathed like an aquarium. (Continued on Page 126)

BABY LEROY FEATURED PARAMOUNT PLAYER



JIFFON-NEVALIND*

The new, more comfortable baby shirt

NO TAPES . . . Not a fastening on NO PINS . . . the shirt to take up NO BUTTONS . . . mother's time. No opening to give babies' chests have extra protection. These new shirts fit smooth and close round the neck, yet they go on and off in no time. All have Carter's exclusive Nevalind armholes that prevent twisting and chafing. Single and double breasted, long and short sleeved models. Various fabrics.

NEW JIFFON-NEVALIND BANDS

Shirts are specially constructed to prevent slipping

Patented April 1933
Carter's
MADE IN U.S.A.
THE WILLIAM CARTER COMPANY
Dorchester Heights, Boston, Massachusetts

never a better year
for the
San Jose
southwest
from the high, cool
mountains of
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Living cost is still low in all that wonderfully varied vacation land. Transportation cost, major item in any travel budget, is the lowest in a generation.

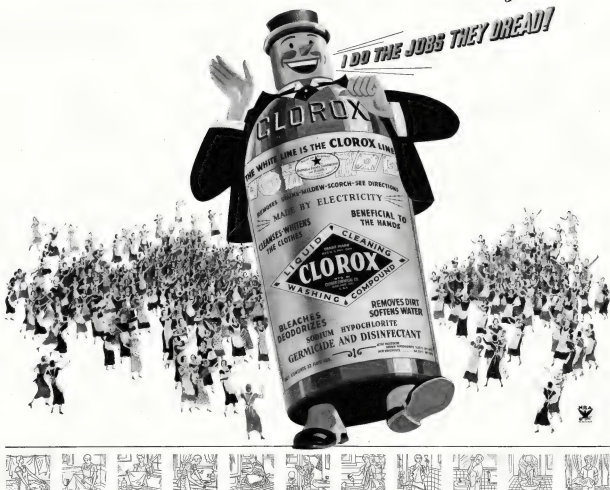
San Jose has cut basic fares west of Chicago 16% to 24%. Some summer fares lower still.

San Jose has cut sleeping car charges 33%, and lowered dining car prices. These savings will buy extra pleasures—an Indian-dietary: a Grand Canyon trip, extra days where-ever you stop.

TAKE YOUR CAR, TOO
only 34¢ per mile by Santa Fe Fast Freight!

W. J. BLACK, P. T. M., Santa Fe Square Lines
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Send Picture Folder and name Santa Fe fares.
Name _____
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Women have made me an Egotist



Sure I'm an Egotist!... Women have made me so. I lighten housework; women like me for that. I do the jobs they dread; that is why they "adore" me.

I save work on wash day. I bleach white cottons and linens snowy-white and remove ordinary stains in the soaking suds or first rinse... boiling unnecessary. Like a magician, I remove scorched spots and mildew. I oust stubborn stains—ink, fruit, beverage, medicine and many others—from white and color-fast cottons and linens.

I make drainboards look like new. I sweeten refrigerators and coolers. I make bathrooms

spotless, odorless and sanitary. I deodorize and cleanse garbage cans.

Who wouldn't be an egotist on the promises of a label like mine made good in performance! Just read it. It tells you how handy I am—in hundreds of ways—in laundry, kitchen, bathroom. Mine is concentrated strength—a little of my magic goes a long way. That's why I am economical.

And remember, I'm a germicide—always pure, safe and dependable. As I work, I disinfect—an added safeguard to health. I'm invaluable, too, for many personal uses. I make an antiseptic mouth wash. I disinfect

cuts, scratches and burns. I'm helpful in treating poison oak, ivy and sumac.

I make a soothing footbath. I'm a prophylactic for "Athlete's Foot"—I soften cuticle, corns and callouses. (One part CLOROX to ten parts water makes a sodium hypochlorite solution equivalent to Dakin's solution in disinfecting properties.)

You'll find me in pints and quarts at your grocer's. Be sure you get my name right, for I have no "double"... There is only one

CLOROX

BLEACHES • REMOVES STAINS • DESTROYS ODORS • KILLS GERMS



A complexion as lovely as her daughter's

THIS modern mother need not hesitate to be photographed with her daughter. There is no contrast of skins to make her look older by comparison.

Today, by the simple home treatments originated by Barbara Gould, lasting loveliness is brought within the reach of every woman.

In your teens and twenties, your skin needs only gentle daily cleansing and protection. But with the arrival of the thirties you must supplement nature's nourishment. Try this treatment: to-night, after thoroughly cleansing your skin with Barbara Gould Cleansing Cream, apply a bit of Barbara Gould Tissue Cream, patting it into your face and throat. Leave a little of this nourishing cream on overnight. If you are forty, or if your complexion is sallow and lifeless, use Barbara Gould Circulation Cream two or three times a week,

leaving it on for about fifteen minutes. *Cleansing, protection, nourishment and stimulation*—isn't it obvious that no one cream can meet all four needs of the skin? That is why the Four Ages of Beauty were formulated: each with its special function. It is no more expensive to use these four creams than to try to make one take the place of all.

AVAILABLE IN TUBES 50¢ and JARS \$1.10

4 Barbara Gould Perfumes

One of these exquisite new perfumes is ideal for your fragrances for the four ages of beauty. Priced from 55¢ to \$5.50.

Barbara Gould 4 Creams, perfumes and other preparations are sold by leading department and drug stores.

Write for the beauty handbook "Any Woman Can Look Lovely." **BARBARA GOULD**, 35 West 54th Street, New York.

Barbara Gould

(Continued from Page 124)

in the pale green light that filtered through the Venetian blinds, looked so cool as the ice tinkling in the tall amber glasses on the tray before her—as cool as an Irish trout pool at dawn. His tired eyes swept approvingly down the flowing length of snowy muslin girdled just below her breast with an old silver clasp set in moonstones that matched her eyes.

"You make it difficult to believe that it is not everywhere in the world as cool and pleasant as here," he said, taking the glass from her with the grave, courteous young smile that was so peculiarly his own.

"And you've been working hard, poor darling?"

"Quite hard—yes. And with you to help me a little, and this small green oasis of peace where I can stop a few minutes to catch my breath, I will work harder yet, I promise. Do you know, the last time that I held anything one-half so cool and green and frosty in my hands was the last spring that I was at Harvard—how long ago was that? Six years? Six thousand? Well, at any rate I motored down to North Carolina with a classmate for Easter, and his father brought out some truly imperial bourbon, that he had kept buried in a little keg in the cellar, and made me a drink that looked almost precisely like this, and that had about it a fragrance that made all the perfumes of Arabia seem a trifle musty."

"NOW you're making me feel that I'm a very delinquent hostess," murmured the lady of snow and amber, tranquilly helping herself to one of the minute sandwiches. "But this will make you cooler than the mint juice, truly—and, to the best of my knowledge, there isn't a drop of anything stronger than orange-pecko tea in the house."

"You amaze me," replied Mr. Sheridan, of the Vienna Criminalistic Institute, agreeably. "All that impressive array of last night is gone then? Is it permitted to inquire to what destination?"

"Oh, it's permitted to inquire!" Tess assured him. "But it's rather a waste of time, isn't it? Because you know just as well as I that I gave them to Byrd, and that he took them straight over to Bill and Abby Stirling's. And the first question that you wanted to ask me was as to what Jack Byrd was doing here to get it, when I'd just told you that I detested him—or wasn't it?"

"Oh, it was—it was, indeed. Since when have you added mind reading to your accomplishments, Tess?"

"I'm sure I asked you to help me. I can't very well indulge in resentment at your being a little bit impatient about it, can I?" inquired Tess sturdily, leaning back in her chair and marking with a small, fleeting smile. "Byrd was here because I asked him to come, of course. Do you want me to stand in the corner with my face to the wall while I tell you about why, how and when he was here, or can I finish my tea if I cross my heart and swear to tell you every last mortal thing about the whole hateful thing?"

"MY POOR Tess, you are so unfortunate as to be dealing with a poor, luckless devil who every now and then loses what wits he has, and forgets he is a detective and remembers he is a man—and a few minutes later forgets that he is a man, and that he is a detective. I cannot imagine which manifestation is the more detestable! I can only bow my head in shame, and implore you to continue to sit at each where you are and tell me about our mutual enemy, Doctor Byrd."

Tess, the long white hands light and slender as their friendly task replenished his glass forgetting, adored it with another tuck of mind, and leaned back against the cushions, relaxed and gracious.

"I must say that I like you best in the role of a culprit—it's extremely becoming! What happened exactly is that Jack Byrd

called up a few minutes after you left for the Stirlings; and said that he'd just arrived from Stillhaven and found a note from me waiting for him. That he'd been all evening having a terrible time with poor Jerry, and there were several things that he wanted to say that he couldn't express over the telephone, but that if he could only see me for ten minutes, he could make everything perfectly clear. So of course I told him that he could come over then; especially as there was something that I wanted particularly to ask him."

"Of course," he repeated mechanically. "And am I to know what it was that you so particularly wished to ask him?"

"NATURALLY. It was because of you that I asked it. . . . I'd given him my word, you see, not to tell where I got the bysacine for Fay. I think that he was afraid that it might stir up an investigation of his hospital, if the information fell into the wrong hands. But I promised that I'd explain that it was only because I begged him for it that he ever let us have it at all, and that I really had to clear up the way it had come into our—into my possession. He really was awfully nice about it, K. He said to go straight ahead—*not to mind him.*"

"So you rewarded him by turning over the wine cellar?"

"Oh," she cried, the soft violence of her voice shaking her for a moment from head to foot, "those hateful, loathsome bottles! I never wanted to see them again as long as I lived! He had an empty suitcase with him, and he told me that he was going over to the club to get some stuff; that Bill Stirling had called him at the apartment, just as he was leaving, to say that they'd only had three or four bottles of whiskey; that a flood of a hundred extra people had turned up, and he needed some more. And so, of course, I told Byrd that I'd bless him forever if he'd get all that wine over to the Stirlings, he had been collecting out of the house—and he packed it into his suitcase, and telephoned Abby that it was on its way, and bowed himself out of the house, bag and baggage. . . . And that was that, K."

"As you say," assented Sheridan evenly, "that was that. You must find it extremely amusing. Tess, Doctor Byrd would find me amusing, too, I am sure. What was it that he told you about Hardy?"

"JUST what Dion said he told you this morning—about his being lost out on the road somewhere, and that he was mortally ill. . . . But K, do you know what it was that he kept raving about all that time before he got away out of the window—all the time after they found him and brought him back?"

"No, Tess."

"He kept calling out, 'Fay, don't touch it—Fay, put it down, darling. Some day I'll be able to tell you. Stop her—stop her—stop her! For God's sake, don't let her take it!' The lovely voice, shaken with some of the despairing horror of that cry, was abruptly silent; but when she spoke again, though it was quite silent, the horror still echoed behind it. 'K, do you believe in mental telepathy—and that kind of thing?'"

"If I no longer have the faintest idea as to what I believe, I assure you. But is it not quite possible that young Hardy was simply thinking of the drugs that she had been taking out of the drawer that they had done her—that it was only that of which he was raving?"

Tess said, in a voice that was suddenly colorless. "That's quite possible of course. . . . What were the other questions that you wanted to ask me?"

"I don't know. I was just asking for them that I came, was it not? Is there any way of finding out whether Kippie Todd came up with her that night?"

"Any number, I should think. I tried one by simply asking him. He didn't come up."

"But you have only his word for it?"

"I must convey the impression of being even more ingenuous than I feel," murmured Tess gently. "No, the butler let Fay in, and saw them say good night. It wasn't until half an hour later—some time well after—that she rang for him and told him that she wouldn't need him any longer. Kippety went straight on to the Cosmopolis Club, and from ten until quarter-past one was playing bridge."

"Did he volunteer all this information?"

"Not exactly. It more or less came out because I called him up to find out what—what frame of mind Fay was in when she came back that night. He said that she'd been drinking quite a bit, but not half as much as she usually does, and that all the way home she seemed quite gay. He simply couldn't understand what could have happened to make her do it." She put down the tall, frosty glass and sat staring into it, motionless as a crystal gazer. "I told him that I couldn't understand it either."

"No. That, Tess, is hard for more than one of us to understand. . . . Now for my third question. How was it that you learned that Fay was one of X's—what was the word that you used?—scavengers? Did she tell you herself?"

"No," said Tess, "she didn't tell me. I didn't know anything about it until Wednesday night. That's why we had that dreadful fight that I told you about."

"Who was it that told you then, Tess?"

SHE sat silent for a moment, wringing her hands together, hard. After a moment she lifted her eyes to him—those strange, clear eyes, candid and fearless, that belonged to the lost War Baby.

"I suppose that you have the right to know that," she said slowly. "I suppose that you have the right to know everything—now. It was Raoul Chevalier."

"Raoul Chevalier?" His voice was the bluntest of echoes. "The young attaché who sat next to Freddy Farrish at the Temple? But what had Fay done to him?"

"Oh, what she'd done to everyone. K! She and Raoul had managed to get lost for several hours at a moonlight riding picnic that the Lindsays were giving—and Raoul, like the sentimental Latin he was, he wrote her an extremely indiscreet note about it. And the next thing he knew she was holding it over his head, and X's column was blossoming from one end to the other with perfectly recognizable situations. Raoul was raging, because he's really devoted to Andrie, and he made straight to me and told me that he'd sue Fay for blackmail if another word of what it appeared in X's column. He was—it was just about the last straw for me. Knowing that Fay did that, I mean."

"Yes. That I can understand. Tess, for the first time since I have seen you, there are little shadows under your eyes. You are tired?"

"I'm very tired," she said gravely and simply. "I was going to ask you if you thought that you would need to see me again tonight, K, or if this would do instead? The doctor wants to give me something to make me sleep. I haven't slept for a long, long time, and he says that he won't let me go to the funeral tomorrow unless I'll take a sedative and get some rest. He's afraid that I might break down—he doesn't know me very well, you see, even though he's wise and old and kind, and saw me first when I wasn't even a minute old. I don't want to hurt him. . . . I don't want to hurt anyone, ever again."

SHERIDAN said, "I am glad you will sleep, Tomorrow, when you are rested and all the hard things are behind you, we will take counsel again together. Should I come, perhaps, to the funeral?"

"Please, no. It's to be in the morning. After lunch I'll telephone you, and we can arrange some time in the afternoon or evening. K, do you feel that you're making any progress? That you're any closer to knowing who it is?"

He asked, his voice suddenly strange, "What do you think, Tess?" and raised a quick hand before she could answer. "Shall we say, perhaps, that I am closer to knowing who it is? Tonight I will be better able to answer that question—tomorrow, almost surely, better still. Till tomorrow, then, Tess—all sweet dreams be yours."

At the corner he glanced at his watch, and hailed a passing taxi, giving him the number of the house in Georgetown, with instructions to stop at a news stand on the way. At the stand, he briefly demanded the morning papers—and the thick sheaf was still under his arm when Timothy opened the small, stately green door with the worn brass knocker.

"MR. DION was in earlier in the afternoon and he left this latchkey for you in case it might come in handy," Timothy informed him sedately, eyeing the collection of papers with an expression of marked disapproval at the size of the headlines. "He said he would see you himself when he came back between six and seven. . . . Would you like for me to dispose of those papers for you, sah?"

"Thank you, no. It is all right for me to use the upstairs sitting room, Timothy? Then will you be good enough to tell Mr. Malory that he'll find me there?"

In the upstairs sitting room, all cool green chintz and deep bowls of lilacs, Mr. Sheridan subjected the tall secretary desk to a surprisingly thorough examination. The Clippendale one in Malory's room below had already passed through an apparently casual and actually exhaustive inspection, as had the log table in his own room, but none of them had yielded a surprisingly accurate quarry that he was looking for. Mr. Sheridan was looking for a pencil—a pencil with a fat, soft, black lead sheathed in its trim ivory body, a pencil preferably marked 5B, such an article use for certain work. He hoped fervently that he would not find it, but when he failed to a somewhat professional scowl briefly adorned his countenance.

After a moment of digesting this last bit of frustration, he retired to the winged chair in the bow window, and with barely a glance at the relentless headlines clamoring over and over their tale of Tragic Death of Society Beauty, he plowed steadily ahead through the awkward, flimsy pages with their endless reiteration of the fact that life and death, war and peace, capital and labor are still news. It was halfway through the third that he found what he was looking for: no longer even a column—simply the curtest of statements in heavily leaded type that owing to a severe nervous breakdown on the part of X, that column in the paper would be at least temporarily suspended. . . . He was reading it through for the third time when he heard Malory's gay voice on the stairs.

"CAN I come in, old boy? One of the Embassy plutocrats just presented me with a bottle of amontillado that he swears is seventy years old, and I brought it up to see whether you agreed with him. Shall I bring it in?"

He stood framed in the doorway, looking far more Irish and engaging than any British secretary had a right to look, the thick little cut-glass tumblers in one hand, the dusty brown bottle carefully cradled in the other.

Sheridan shoved back the papers, and came quickly forward to greet him. "Malory, I had forgotten that any sherry lived so long! What abominable news on some admirable character's part—and what excellent luck for us. See, is this the right table? And shall I hold the glass while you pour?"

Far off down some corridor he could hear a telephone ringing, and a small voice answer, subdued and distant, and the soft steps hurrying toward them that must be Timothy's. But the glass into which Malory was pouring the fine, steady stream of topea and amber was half filled before



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the gentle hesitant voice reached them from the doorway.

"For you, Mr. Sheridan, ah. Some gentleman calling from down at the airport, he said you would know who it was." The smooth beaver flow of the liquid halted for a moment, and then Mallory put down the bottle very carefully indeed, stretching out his hand for the glass.

"Here, I'll manage it. The telephone's behind that little screen on the table—or would you rather take it in the next room?"

"Hardly! This will do admirably. This is Sheridan speaking, Trent. Well, how do we stand?"

Mallory, filling the second glass with scrupulous exactitude, stood motionless, watching the dark, eager young face bent over the phone turn to bitter exasperation. "Nothing at all from Washington?"

Well, but what about the Baltimore end? . . . Oh, but, my dear fellow, that simply knocks everything to pieces. . . . Can't you find another field anywhere around those parts? . . . Well, then I'll drop around in the morning and help you explore. . . . Good-by."

MALLORY pushed the glass toward him with the faintest suggestion of a smile. "If you're still trying to track down my poor old Jerry, you're never the one I should be sharing this with. Or is it perhaps for thyd that you're spreading nets clean up to Baltimore?"

"I'm meeting with singularly little success, in any event," said Sheridan, with a rueful twist to his smile. "The only mortal soul that set foot on a Baltimore or Washington field last night except the pilots and mechanics was an elderly gentleman with a limp and a German accent, headed for Hasbrouck Heights, near Hackensack, with a consignment of a new serum for an inflexible-paralysis case. . . . Well, that seems to dispose of any tenants of Stillwatern as suspects very readily! . . ."

What do you say when you drink good health and good fortune to a fellow in your island, Mallory?"

"You say 'Slanta,'" said Dion Mallory, clicking the little tumbler until it rang like a bell against the edge of Sheridan's glass, "as I say it to you, Slanta, Sheridan, Slanta—and may we be saying it many and many's the time again!"

There was moonlight on the Lindseys' wide terrace, as Sheridan stepped through

the French window that led to it, a good two hours later. The dancing bubbles of the Venetian lanterns, still visible for their palest mauve, mirrored rather than deepened its reflections. All along the shallow flight of steps that ran its full length, cushions of those lunar colors had been strewn with lavish hand, and it was there that the party had gathered. Their voices were as gay and unself-conscious as the moon had done strange things to their uplifted faces, investing them with a curious, glittering beauty, haughty and remote, that was surely never their natural heritage.

MALLORY had deserted him in order to park the car, and he felt curiously disoriented. That silver sliver sheathed with the blue-green girdle belonged to Andrié Chevalier, surely—and the swirl of cloudy blue was the exquisite Joan, deep in conversation with some stranger. Who was that in smoke color almost lost against the distant curve of the balustrade? Oh, Vicki Wilde, with the scarlet drained from lips and hair by the strange alchemy that harmonized even the garish and the blatant. He selected two of the most isolated positions, and crossed toward her. She looked as lonely as he felt—and there was more than one thing that Vicki Wilde could tell him.

"Are you going to be merciful to a stranger in your midst?" he asked, with his most charming smile. "Might I sit here while we are waiting for supper, or, if I am sufficiently lucky, might I sit here for supper too?"

Vicki stared at him blankly, before the dead, unchangeable face was suddenly flooded with recognition. "Oh, it's Mr. Sheridan, isn't it? Tess's boy friend! Yes, please sit down. I feel like a little stranger here. I haven't seen you since the Temples' dinner dance Saturday, have I?"

"No—not, to be exact, since I saw you and Doctor Byrd leaving for some old backgammon party. I hope that you found good fortune there?"

In the moonlight the small face lit up at his looked suddenly tense and pale. . . . After a moment she turned from him, and sat slowly, in a voice so low that he had to bend his head to catch it. "No—not there. . . . You see, we didn't go on to the backgammon party."

(To be Continued.)

Father Was Broad-Minded About Cooking

(Continued From Page 8)

When Grandpa Elizabeth died the next winter she left me a silver soup ladle which father's mother had left her.

Father, of course, had the recipe for the spinach soup. It's not like any other spinach soup father or I ever found anywhere else. It's almost like drinking the freshness of a vegetable garden. We always had it whenever the weather turned warm. You cook your spinach but stop this side of well done. Just stand it, moist with the water which clings to the leaves when it is washed, in a large uncovered pot. Use a moderate fire. When the leaves wilt in the steam, drain at once and chop. In another saucepan melt 1 tablespoonful of butter. Toss in 1 tablespoonful of minced onion greens, 1 teaspoonful of minced parsley and 1 tablespoonful of minced green garden onion. Let these cook in the butter for 2 minutes, but don't let them brown. Dust in 1 teaspoonful of flour and stir it about. Slowly stir in 2 cupsful of very fresh milk. When blended in, add 2 cupsful of the freshly cooked spinach. Season very daintily. Bring to the boiling point but don't let it boil. Add more milk if you want it thinner. Simmer for 3 minutes and serve at once. We used a large tureen and my grandmother's ladle.

Father prospered. He was terribly proud of mother, because people used to

say she was one of the loveliest women in the world to look at. We had a pleasant home and entertained a great deal. Mother's relatives used to come on long visits.

Father liked most of them. Especially my grandfather. When I told my friends that grandfather was a fortune hunter they wanted to know how many Indians he had killed.

But mother's sister Beatrice and father never were very congenial. She had too much character and was chatty. However, on rare occasions father would admit that Beatrice was a better mother than was when Aunt Beatrice used to make her tripe-Spanish dish on cook's day out. It took her two days to prepare this treat. She was a one-dish cook, you see, and they always go in for long-drawn-out recipes. But the result was wonderful. You use clean-looking home-cured tripe from a very young beef. Cover it first with cold water. Slowly bring to boil and then drain. Now cover with boiling water, add plenty of salt, and simmer for 4 hours. You mustn't let it boil. Keep it simmering. When done, cut the tripe about 2 inches long and no more than ¼ inch wide.

The Spanish sauce made mother nervous. Aunt Beatrice so turned it. She was such an (Continued on Page 129)



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NEW HOMES FOR HALF OF AMERICA

(Continued from Page 43)

guess the size of this division. Next comes a slow gray army with trailing banners. It is not a parade—it is a rout. But a rout without hurry, a frozen panic. These millions are the "overgrown." Tens of thousands drawn from every rank of toil, all discharged around forty-five or fifty. Enterprising and competent in most cases, the world of money-makers casts them aside as unprofitable. Where can this Parade of the Featureless turn?

The Federal Government and the more progressive states think they have found the solution. In Washington they call it the Substantive Homestead Community. In Connecticut they have a variation which they call Forest Homes. Shrewd industrial leaders who have scanned it with skeptical eye declare that it holds more promise of a New Deal than all the tonics and purges and poultices prescribed for our sick banks and richer cities. This village planning for that half of America which lives below the American standard builds on fresh foundations, a new America. It rises above all the noble errors of slum-clearance and model-tenement projects, turns all eyes away from blighted cities and blighted farms to the ancient ideals of human self-sufficiency and self-respect. Let us see how.

First the Congress set aside \$25,000,000 to experiment at "redistributing the overabundance of population in industrial areas by the state aiding in the purchase of subsistence homesteads." This was to be no temporary relief, but a long-range test of various ideas. So the money was set up as a revolving fund. As fast as loans are repaid, the money is to be put to work on more homesteads.

Now, it is not enough to move unwanted city toilers from their slums. They must be moderately contented with their new homes. So they must find there more self-sufficiency, security and stability than in the slum. How accomplish this?

New communities must be built, or else homes must be a place where food can be grown and some other work pursued, if not in a back-yard shop then close at hand. Hence the new communities must have subsistence gardens or cooperative farms, or lie within easy reach of existing industry. People do best when they work amid familiar surroundings. Each new community is to be placed near the blighted regions whence come the homesteaders. And, since people who have grown up in towns are inept with hoes and cultivators, they must be well trained before they can achieve true independence. This calls for adult education and technical supervision.

During the past six months the Division of Substantive Homesteads, under the leadership of that shrewd veteran of the frontier, M. L. Wilson, of Montana, has planned some thirty communities, each an experiment in its own field. With the small fund in hand, enough will be learned, no doubt, to clear the way for the next advance toward New America.

Five outstanding varieties of problem areas came to light, each calling for a special kind of community. Now, for a quick glance at each.

Now Hightstown, New Jersey, we see a town built to use labor that has been mistreated of big-city toilers, the needleworker of the New York City clothing trades. On the town's rim rises a new factory where the 200 or more families will work part time for standard wages. Within walking distance they are putting up homes, each set about with a fruitful garden. Farther out, a cooperative dairy and poultry farm is being created on 1000 acres, to serve only the 1000 people of the needle-trade community.

This is Experiment No. 1: Slum folk shifted to a small town where a small factory gives them part-time work and their gardens and cooperative farm feed them all.

On to Youngstown, Ohio, Experiment No. 2. All around the fringes of this sprawling array of steel mills, about 160 families, mostly low-salaried white-collar workers, are getting ready to establish neighborhoods. The idea is to learn whether some kinds of people may not thrive best where they are, in established neighborhoods. The idea is to learn whether some kinds of people may not thrive best where they are, in established neighborhoods. The idea is to learn whether some kinds of people may not thrive best where they are, in established neighborhoods.

The third experiment develops in the Tugart River valley of West Virginia, hard by the Monongahela National Forest. Here 125 families, mostly stranded miners and lumberjacks, start life all over on a nobler scale. To pick up cash, these villagers will work in the national forest, clearing up brush for Uncle Sam whenever the rain lets up and fishing isn't good and it's closed season for deer.

Away down South Experiment No. 4 arises, with a tang of high adventure. Georgia leads the way here, with the Federal authorities following close at heel. Men in seven counties of this once backward state have taken options on 80,000 acres at \$5 an acre. They are setting up farms rather than subsistence gardens, which goes considerably beyond the present national program. In two counties the state is building roads, fences, bridges, electric lines, water mains, schools and other public buildings. The state will give Uncle Sam chips in an even million for loans to little people who sign to go back to the land.

Here a splendid educational and research program is being set up, again mainly by the state. Many able unemployed graduates of agricultural colleges train members of the community in the new agriculture and agricultural research. The reports of the state university are also working out a model system of adult training and leisure-time activities.

The fifth community of the movement is coming up out on the rim of the Great Plains and in the valleys of the Rockies. Years ago Federal reclamation projects have set aside the state university are also working out a model system of adult training and leisure-time activities. The fifth community of the movement is coming up out on the rim of the Great Plains and in the valleys of the Rockies. Years ago Federal reclamation projects have set aside the state university are also working out a model system of adult training and leisure-time activities.

Why not move these unfortunate to the unoccupied reclamation tracts? No sooner asked than answered. Among those being moved, incidentally, are five groups of Indians in desperate straits.

Experiments all! The \$25,000,000 which the Division of Substantive Homesteads is spending all goes for the experiments. Unlike all others known to science, I have searched in vain for a parallel to this audacity.

Perhaps you want to move into such a community, or know somebody who ought to. You ask me how to sign up. My answer is short and blunt. Not a chance just now! All thirty villages have been planned and peopled. The experiments cannot take on anybody else until they know which kinds of community will succeed and which fail. All have been devised to see what happens. That many will prosper is a sure bet. And that many will fail is also a sure bet.

America will need thirty times thirty communities of the right sort—and many more. For 80,000,000 people are on the move. So start educating your congressman at once.

Every dollar invested in homesteads comes home. No charity! Each home is either bought or rented on a basis that prevents loss to taxpayers. They all 60,000,000 of our homeless Americans will have moved to the outskirts of Utopia. "They shall sit, and shall be under the vine and under the fig tree; and none shall make them afraid."

And none shall make them afraid! If this is the reward, no price can be too high.



ROADSIDE STAND NO. 365

WHERE DO WE EAT?

WHEN you're motoring along the highway looking for a place to eat, what is it that prompts you to select one establishment rather than another? Or perhaps it would be more to the point to ask, What are the things about most roadside eating places that do not appeal?

Probably the outstanding feature of unattractiveness with ninety-nine out of a hundred roadside stands is their total lack of architecture. By architecture is meant both landscape and structure. The average roadside place is the result of anything but a plan.

The primary function of a roadside eating place is to attract motorists to stop. This means that the building must be clean and neat in appearance, and its surroundings pleasant and attractive. The second function of the eating place is, of course, good food properly served.

Here are a few don'ts. Don't let one person serve both motor fuel and human fuel. Don't clutter the building and surrounding yard with advertising signs. Don't locate your Highway Inn so that fast-driving motorists won't have sufficient time to decide to stop, and to actually stop. A white jacket and a clean towel over the arm create an "eating mood" in your patrons. Do the whole job right, and the name and location of your roadside inn will quickly gain a reputation among tourists from coast to coast.

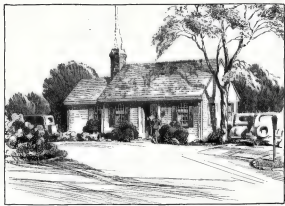
Here is our practical help. The JOURNAL offers complete architectural building plans and specifications, and equipment specifications, for three different roadside eating places. Two are pictured on this page. ONE DOLLAR buys the architect's complete plans and specifications, as well as a cardboard cut-out model, of any one of the eating places offered. Order by number, and address the Architectural Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Roadside Stand No. 365, at bottom of page, is Colonial in design and has space for two tables besides the counter. There are two toilets and a store-room.

Stand No. 366, at top of page, is Spanish in design. The open front can be closed with French doors. The capacity is the same as that of No. 365.

Roadside Stand No. 367, picture not shown, is of Norman design and is much larger than the other two. There is seating capacity for fifty-six guests.

ROADSIDE STAND NO. 366



Sleepless Nights?

HOW often have you tossed and turned, unable to sleep because of a tickling in the throat, or a slight cough? Just put Mistol Drops in each nostril before you go to bed—and see how much better you sleep! Mistol Drops safely soothe nose and throat irritation, whether from smoking or because you have caught cold.

If it's a cold that's coming on, stop it right where it starts—before it has a chance to spread. Colds are a germ infection, you know, and the nose and throat membranes offer an ideal place for cold germs to multiply and spread.

When you put Mistol Drops into your nose and let it run back into your throat, it spreads its healing medication into the deepest nose and throat passages.

Many cold treatments are too strong and harsh, but Mistol Drops, as your doctor will tell you, are mild and harmless.



Mistol Drops

For Nose and Throat

ALSO USE
ESSENCE OF
MISTOL ON
HANDKERCHIEF
AND PILLOW

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—for You!

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There are, as everyone knows, two ways to travel on a great ocean liner—second class and first class. Almost everyone who can arrange to do so, travels first class—for, while it costs a fraction more, it is ever so much more delightful and restful and satisfying. . . . For the same reason, thousands of people are moving up to the Pontiac Straight Eight—away from the mass group, and into the class group.



LITERALLY thousands of people have said flattering things about the new Pontiac Straight Eight—and, for *all* of them, we are grateful. But we have reserved for the *women* of America our *special* gratitude—for the *finest* compliments the new Pontiac has received have come from

women. . . . This, we think, is logical—for women, especially, appreciate the things the new Pontiac represents. Women sense at once that the new Pontiac is a low-priced car in *price only*. In its size, in its beauty, in its comfort, in its safety, and in its performance—it is strictly a *class* car.

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PONTIAC *The LOWEST priced QUALITY car*

SALAD DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

BY JOSEPHINE GIBSON



Now comes the proper season for those gorgeous salad bowl concoctions. And, it is proper seasoning that makes the salad make the folks about your table hail it as a masterpiece. Even now the gardeners of the land are yielding up rare treasure for the salad addict. Radishes, and tender scallions—apart from and avocados—red-ripe tomatoes and his Majesty, the crisp and sprightly cucumber. Endive, watercress, the lovely dandelion.

Of course, one's salad bowl is never relegated to the realm of unused things at any time of year. But now is the time to crown it as the potentate, the mogul and the King of Kitchenland.

It is in Spring again, and therefore I am quite in order when I again remind you of the secrets of successful salads. Be sure, if you would share the laurels of the skilful salad fabricator, to start with greens extremely dry and cold and crisp.

Do not be afraid to improvise with odds and ends of vegetables and fruits. With discretion, it is possible and even easy, to contrive a masterpiece largely with refrigerator remnants.

But, after all, the kernel of success with salads is the seasoning, which gives that flair of flavor to be found in every salad masterpiece. And so, if you will follow, I'll reveal the seasoning secrets of famous salad geniuses.

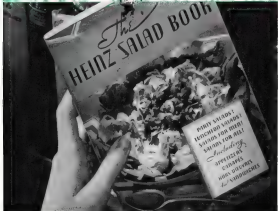


Heinz makes vinegars with all the care and skill that famous vintners exercise in bringing forth fine vinegars. Heinz cider vinegar, for instance, is pressed from apples fresh from richly nurtured trees, then aged in wooden casks for many months to make it mellow and extremely blendy. For the gourmet, there are three other kinds of Heinz vinegar—the white pickling variety, the fine old malt vinegar and tarragon vinegar... each for its proper salad use. (The Heinz Salad Book tells when and where to use each variety, for perfect salad dressing.)

Heinz imported olive oil is merely the first pressing of selected olives from the famous groves of Spain. That, and simply that. Salad geniuses will tell you what that means to salad dressings.

Many an ordinary salad reaches gustatory heights with a touch of a multi-seasoned sauce like Heinz tomato ketchup, Heinz prepared mustard, or Heinz chili sauce.

Which ushers in the subject of the much discussed "Quick Feast Shelf". Do stock a "Quick Feast Shelf"—a perfect treasury from which, in merely minutes, an entire luncheon or a dinner can be conjured. Those ready foods of the 57 Varieties abound with the old-fashioned "home-made" flavors, and they make meals go. But—follow on. Salad days are here again.



SPRING's "best-seller" is a book that leads the way to meal-time triumphs. It is the already famous *Heinz Salad Book*. In it you will discover a galaxy of new and delectably modern ways to brighten your reputation as a salad genius. Recipes for party salads, luncheon salads, dinner salads, salads that men "go for", dozens of exciting salad dressings. Brand new sandwich concoctions, omelets, hors-d'oeuvres—all the things that go to place Spring entertaining on an upper level. It really should be in your Kitchen Library, and I shall gladly mail you a copy on receipt of 10 cents to cover mailing costs. Address Josephine Gibson, Department 53, H. J. Heinz Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WE ACCEPT THE DUTY

This page of food news is sponsored by the House of Heinz—its contribution to the cause of "good eating," and to the sweeping revival of good old-fashioned "home-made" flavors. The House of Heinz for 65 years has been dedicated to the creation of pure, wholesome foods—the 57 Varieties—ready-to-serve, and abounding in the genuine qualities and flavors which in the past involved long, tedious hours in home kitchens. The House of Heinz welcomes your suggestions for making these food news pages more useful and more interesting.



BY CHESLA C. SHERLOCK

OUTDOORS IN MAY

THERE are many things to be done in the May garden—and the only way to do them is to take one at a time.

For dandelions, mix one and one-half pounds of iron sulphate with one gallon of water. Apply as a fine mist and in two days your dandelions will be black and dead. This will cover ten square feet.

Phlox. What causes clumps to languish? They may need dividing. The supply of plant food may be exhausted. And the soil may be too sour—too acid—for them. Slaked lime or agricultural gypsum will give them a new lease on life. Use lime generously for best results.

Feed sickly shade trees liberally with a complete commercial plant food and water abundantly.

Tris. Here are clumps that were flourishing and thriving last year. Now they seem dwarfed and dying. What is the matter? The chances are they needed dividing last July or August. All you can do for them now is to dig them out—they are easy prey now to diseases and borers. Never let roses go more than three years without dividing and transplanting.

If you haven't raked your lawn, May is the last call. Use a blunt-toothed rake or a lawn broom. When the litter is



that were started earlier. In the flower garden, annuals, perennials and biennials may be transplanted. In the small-fruit realm, new strawberry beds may be started and raspberries, blackberries and dewberries established. But beware of too early enthusiasm, for frosts may yet appear!

Tender water lilies may be safely started in the pool. The hardy ones will be blooming by this time, but the tropical sorts had best not be chanced out-of-doors until the season has settled down to serious business. Try some of the new day-blooming tropical sorts this year. Early dahlias may be planted the middle of the month, but the main dahlia garden should not be planted until the middle of June. Dahlias do not do well if they come on in the midst of hot nights. They want warm days and cool nights to do their best. Save the main planting until later.

Trees are best pruned before the buds commence to swell. The first general rule in pruning a tree is to study the specimen carefully and plan to remove entire branches, if possible. See the result in your mind's eye before using the saw. Aim to preserve a symmetrical appearance and avoid unnatural mutilation.

Prune spring-flowering shrubs after they have bloomed. Then, remove dead wood and such canes as are unnecessary. May is almost the last call for sowing grass seed. It should be done, if at all possible, before the spring rains for quick germination. Bare spots, of course, should be touched up at any time during the season, adding compost and plant food. Then plant seed, firm down and water thoroughly.

cleaned up, roll the lawn to level it and firm the grass roots down. Give a generous application of commercial plant food.

Disbud the peonies. Remove all side flower buds on each peony stalk, allowing only the main or terminal bud to remain. If you have old plants, the number of stalks can be profitably reduced too. You can disbud by pinching off the side buds, by cutting with a paring knife or clipping them off with old scissors.

Cut old canes of climbing roses back to the ground, and carefully remove. Save last year's new shoots and canes—they are the ones the bloom will come from next month. Tie up securely to their supports to prevent wind damage, using raffia or strips of cloth.

Roses may still be planted. If you are too late to get good dormant plants, you can buy potted stock. Always insist upon two-year-old field-grown plants. If the rose garden hasn't been pruned, be about it without a minute's delay! June will reward you if you prune ruthlessly.

Seedlings may be transplanted from the cold frame or the flats as soon as the weather is settled. Perennials and biennials can be started for transplanting in the fall. And, of course, annuals may be planted out-of-doors now for the late summer splash of color so necessary in every garden.

Start your gladiolus plantings early in May and plant a succession crop two weeks until as late as mid-July, and you'll have a fine crop of gladiolus throughout the garden season. This is a grand flower and one that most garden pests never bother.

May is the great planting month in the principal garden belt of the country. Everything may be planted: Vegetable and salad gardens—the main crops—and succession plantings of the hardy sorts



Such ornamentals as barberry, clematis, honeysuckle, hydrangea, ivy, trumpet vine, wisteria and Virginia creeper should be pruned at once.

Cut back butterflybush to the ground, if you want it to do its best.

If you want humming birds in your garden—and who doesn't?—put out plenty of columbines. Clumps in the quiet corners are best for the humming birds. Try the newer long-spired sorts.

Burn out tent-caterpillar nests on sight! They are found in the crotches of small trees and shrubs. Your seedman has kerosene torches; with one of them you can get the pests now before they have a chance to damage new leaf growth.

SHE LOOKS TEN YEARS OLDER THAN WE ARE

WHY, SHE WAS IN SCHOOL WITH ME. IT'S HER DISHPAN HANDS THAT MAKE YOU THINK HER OLDER



People judge a woman's age by her hands... don't let years get old and work-worn! Dishwashing with harsh soaps will coarsen them so quickly, leave them red, rough, old. That's why clever women use Lux for dishes. Lux has more of the harmful alkali ordinary soaps often contain. Its gentle suds protect the natural oils, leave hands smoothly white and young. Lux for all your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day.



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SHOES



Nurse and Joan and Bobby

-ARE PROVING A SCIENTIFIC FACT!



Joan and Bobby are having fun...and learning things.

Nurse is explaining about the center of balance on the teeter-totter...and how it scarcely moves at all while the ends fly up and down.

Father says—and he's right—that the reason riding in the new Airflow* Chrysler is so smooth is that we sit at the exact center of balance... instead of way out over the back axle as we did in the old car.

Bobby says—and he's right too—that the Airflow Chrysler is streamlined just like the wings and body of

his airplane. He thinks the car could probably fly if it wanted to, but daddy says it won't because it clings to the road like a cat.

Mother says she thinks it's mighty refreshing that somebody had the courage to build a really different-looking motor car... and the good sense to put some real room and comfort in it.

She says also that she feels very safe in the Chrysler... with that strong steel frame actually extending over her head... and the Duplate safety plate glass in the windshield and ventilating windows... and those perfectly grand hydraulic brakes.

The whole family thinks that the Airflow Chrysler has more real sensible improvements in it than any car they have seen in years. And there is

more than a passing suspicion that the neighbors are interested too... there was a demonstrator at the house next door right after lunch today.

EVEN BOBBY KNOWS ABOUT STREAMLINE



Write for the interesting booklet which describes the romantic development of Floating Ride. Address the Chrysler Sales Corporation, 12184 East Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

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All prices F. O. B. Factory, Detroit

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Free! Magic Recipes!

The House—Docile and Confused

(Continued from Page 9)

made the occasion memorable but deplorable. Actually, the House is run by a small group of Democrats, mostly chairmen of committees, all of whom have been in Congress for many years. They constitute the leadership, such as it is, of the House régime, which is now given over entirely to carrying out the decrees of the Executive. They get results for the Administration bills with speed and competence, if not with decorum.

Chief among them is Representative Joseph W. Byrns, of Tennessee, the official floor leader of the majority. Curiously enough, both he and Speaker Rainey are among those members of Congress who in their biographical sketches in the Congressional Directory fail to give their age. He must be considerably younger than Speaker Rainey, who is in the seventies, and was first elected to the Sixty-first Congress and to all succeeding. This gives him thirteen consecutive terms, a service of twenty-six years. A lean, gaunt man with a bulging head and choleric light-gray eyes, he has both ability and experience, though these days there is likely to be slight chance for the leader to make either of those qualities count.

Probably the next most conspicuous is Representative John McDuffie, of Alabama, who has served eight consecutive terms in the House. Mr. McDuffie is about fifty. He is a great friend of Vice President Garner and of Lewis W. Douglass, who was in the House for several terms before he became Director of the Budget. There were a good many members who strongly desired Mr. McDuffie to be Speaker, and he probably would have been if it had not been for the Tammany delegation and certain outside influences which stood against his election. In character and capacity, Mr. McDuffie is one of the best qualified men in the House. There were a good many, too, who would have liked to see him floor leader in place of Mr. Byrns. As it is, Mr. McDuffie is one of the really important House leaders. He is in close touch with the White House and cooperates with the floor leader in securing results.

Committee, was conspicuous in the so-called "Longworth machine," and in 1932 was permanent chairman of the Republican National Convention. His selection by the Republican caucus as minority leader was a natural one, to which he was clearly entitled. Bert Snell is a genial, hard-bitten, upstate New York politician, a regular of regulations. According to the formula of so-called humor which insists on calling things by their opposites, it always tell him that he is my "favorite Progressive," rather than if one called the President "the silent, grim-faced man in the White House." Politics is his second nature. He is never flustered, is highly resourceful, knows every trick and trade of the warfare between majority and minority; no rule is too drastic for his taste—provided it is his rule; he is the logical successor of Reed, Cannon, Mann, Hepburn; as canny as they come. Mr. Snell has made an acceptable leader. In these times when the minority is reduced to shadowy importance, he does quite as well as anyone could do.

Squire Wadsworth

ANOTHER really experienced member of the minority is Robert Low Bacon. There are few better liked men in Congress than Bob Bacon, now serving his tenth term from the first New York district. He is rapidly becoming one of the veteran Republican members. When and if that party regains the majority, he is certain to be head of one of the big committees and a power, because he seems to be unobscured in his district. He is perhaps inspired by the example of Vincent Astor, who also for the first time evoked an interest in politics. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, another member, is fairly known for his fabulous wealth, was faced with political ambition and became the Democratic candidate for Governor of Bacon. However, despite the tremendous Roosevelt tide, Mr. Bacon not only beat him, but beat him by his usual majority. In such a landslide, with Republicans everywhere losing normal Republican districts, that victory must be regarded as noteworthy.

Among the first-term Republicans in this session is James W. Wadsworth, of New York. Mr. Wadsworth was in the House but not to the country. He was, as will be recalled, senator from New York for two terms, and made a real reputation by being one of the plianters in opposition to the prohibition amendment, which he fought unceasingly and unflinchingly, both while holding office and while retired to private life. There was even a time when he was conspicuously mentioned as a possible Republican nominee for President. If he had not been defeated for reelection in 1926, he might easily have been the nominee in 1928, instead of Mr. Hoover, whom none of the politicians wanted. Of course, what defeated Mr. Wadsworth for the Senate were the dregs. He had the hard luck to be about the time. His resistance to politics in 1932 as a successful candidate for Congress stirred considerable interest, and his presence in the House undoubtedly raised the average as to intelligence and character. In the Senate, as chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, Mr. Wadsworth's job was to handle the army bill on the floor. The skill and patience and clarity with which he answered questions, met objections and handled amendments, passed made it a technical and aesthetic pleasure to follow the debate from the Senate to the House. He has not, of course, been conspicuous at this session. No Republican can be. But when the time comes to listen to something besides the whistled notes of Mr. Wadsworth will be one of those to whom we

For Instance: Macaroons a child can make!

EASY MAGIC MACAROONS

½ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk 2 cups shredded coconut

Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and shredded coconut together. Drop by spoonful on a well-buttered pan, about one inch apart. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) until a delicate brown. Makes two dozen.

● What a recipe! Just two ingredients! Yet watch those crunchy, crippy, coconut macaroons make a tremendous hit! ● But remember—Eagle Brand Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



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"I'M HEADIN' FOR THE LAST WIND-UP



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"My nobby 'tick tock' is almost over. I've made my owner miss his train, the family late for meals... Junior tardy at school. It's been fun! But...
"The folks have a Telechron clock now! It never needs winding. It's silent, accurate and dependable. Its self-starting motor is wound in oil for smooth, long life. It has no ticks at any time!"

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SELF-STARTING ELECTRIC CLOCKS

shall give heed. At any rate, he is someone always to be reckoned with in Republican politics. In private life, Jim Wadsworth, besides being as much a member of the squariness as the President himself, is a practical farmer; a true "dirt farmer," as the phrase is, and a raiser of livestock. His roots are deep in the land where his ancestors have lived and farmed for generations before him.

A Republican of really national reputation is James M. Beck, of Pennsylvania, who was Solicitor General under Harding and Coolidge from 1921 to 1925, and is now in his fourth congressional term. He is undoubtedly one of the greatest constitutional lawyers in the country, and has become the most conspicuous defender of the Constitution and of civil liberties against the New Deal encroachments. Except for Ogden Mills, he has made perhaps the most comprehensive and convincing indictment of the Roosevelt program. His intellect and ability are outstanding, and his presence in the House adds greatly to its dignity. He is as deeply sincere in his convictions and as explicit and unflinching in expressing them as is Carter Glass in the Senate.

There are scores of other men in the House of real individuality and capacity; men like William B. Bankhead, of Alabama; Edward W. Poy, of North Carolina, chairman of the Committee on Rules and Senior member of the House; Lewis M. Clark, Jr., of New York; Robert L. Doughton, of North Carolina, chairman of the important Ways and Means Committee; Henry B. Steagall, of Alabama, chairman of Banking and Currency; Edgar Howard, of Nebraska, a picturesque figure who dates from the time of William Jennings Bryan; these and many others are found on the Democratic side.

Among Republican stalwarts, "Doc" Barchard, of New Jersey, is high in the minority councils; Frederick R. Lohi-back, also of New Jersey; Allen T. Readway and Robert Lusk, both of Massachusetts, are all ranking minority members, as is Hamilton Fish, Jr., of New York.

But no piece about the House of Representatives should be written without mention of that unique character, George Haden Tuckman, of Minnesota. The big-game hunter, later of prohibition and internationalism, short of stature, with a beard worthy of a Mormon latter-day saint, he has a strength with the people of his Boston district that makes it possible for him to be elected even when he does not get back from his travels in far parts of the world in time to vote for himself. He is a character to whom no ordinary political rules apply.

Country Lover

BY FRANCES M. FROST

IN MY country the circling days move slowly.

From fire to dusk, and the pulse of the sky is a thing of intimate, wild weathers.

Gusty with rain or leaning north with snow.

In my country the feet of men move slowly.

Down curving roads, their shoulders, hurried to brown.

Swing in the long easy harvest of bending grasses.

They walk with wind and hills when night comes down.

And there is quiet in their stride and silence In mad throats and dead upon their hair.

In my country there is room for darkness And the pace of Time on hills rock-scoured and bare.

And only the seasons shifting in the sky Mark the years wherein a life goes by.

DAINTY HELEN QUITS THE RAZOR

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This new way is called Neet; an exquisite facial accessory. All you do is spread on like a cold cream; then rinse it off with clear water. That's all. Every vestige of hair growth rises off with it. No stubble. No sharp regrowth. The hair is so completely gone that you can run your hand across your arm or leg and never feel a sign of it.

Women by tens of thousands are using it. Ending the arm and leg hair problem; quitting the razor with its man-like and unrefined stubble. You can get a tube for a few cents at any drug or toilet goods counter. Just ask for NEET. It's really marvelous.

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THE MOVIE PROBLEM

PART I

THE COMMUNITY FORUM

EDITED BY CATHARINE OGLESBY



The movie's place in the community is largely like that of the problem child in the home. It can be so wonderfully good, and so amazingly bad. But what to do?

At the many conventions which I attend, at the many visits which I make to club and organization meetings, I find that the movie is invariably a subject of interested, puzzled and heated discussion. And when I visit Hollywood to view movies at their chief source of production, I hear the producers speaking of these same groups with no less interest, wonderment and vim.

In surveying the situation, it seems that the problem movie is being given two methods of treatment. There is one group which is seeking correction through *information*, another that is concentrating its efforts on *production*.

In an endeavor to present these treatment methods of the movie problem, I have invited Catherine Cook Gilman, chairman of the Motion Picture Committee of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, and Mrs. A. F. Burt, chairman of the Better Films Council of St. Louis and St. Louis County, Missouri, and originator of the Family Night Program, to discuss their plans. Mrs. Burt's story follows.

A BETTER FILMS COUNCIL AT WORK

In 1929 I was appointed state chairman of the Committee on Motion Pictures for the Missouri Federation of Women's Clubs. Prior to that time there had been no concerted effort by the clubwomen of St. Louis for cleaner pictures and advertising. In the autumn of 1929, the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America selected twenty key cities and listed the percentage of pictures shown in those cities recommended by previewing groups. It was found in this survey that there was a wide variation of percentage of indorsed films, running all the way from 98 per cent in Beloit, Wisconsin, to 40 per cent in St. Louis, Missouri. Another survey was made of the states to determine how many theaters were booking selected programs for children. It was discovered that New York ranked first, Pennsylvania second, Georgia and Florida third, while Missouri was at the bottom of the list. The advertising in St. Louis was noted for being the most salacious in the United States. After studying the situation, I decided that the Eighth District Federation of Women's Clubs could hardly make a dent in dealing with the industry here; that joint action would be the most influential.

On October 6, 1930, I called together the presidents of the highly organized federated groups of women in St. Louis and St. Louis County to discuss our motion-picture problems. As a result of that meeting, the Better Films Council of St. Louis and St. Louis County was organized in

December, 1930. Since that time various other organizations of women have joined in the movement, until at the present time the following organizations are members of the council:

The Board of Religious Organizations, Catholic Alhambra Club Conservation Conference, College Club of St. Louis, Conference of Jewish Women, Eighth District Federation of Women's Clubs, St. Louis County Council of Parents-Teachers, Units of St. Louis Council of Parent-Teachers, St. Louis Tercentenary Shakespeare Society, War Mothers, Wednesday Club of St. Louis, Women's Chamber of Commerce of St. Louis, Women's Christian Temperance Union of St. Louis, Joint Council of Women's Auxiliaries to Trade Unions, Delphian Council of St. Louis, Ladies' Auxiliary to 12th Engineers, Hoerner Hall Parents and Teachers, Patrons' Alliance. At the beginning, these groups had a membership of 75,000; today their membership is 250,000 women.

Through the Better Films Council, the above-named organizations are participating in the movement to exert a decided influence on the character of films shown in our community. In framing the work of the Better Films Council, two courses of action were open to us: The first, negative criticism and force; the second, cooperation, persuasion and a constructive program. We chose the second, cooperation with independence. By cooperation we mean the intelligent attempt to use the motion-picture industry, through its organized agencies, for the purpose of developing facilities which would enable us to exert a direct influence on motion pictures at the source.

It is our belief that the producer, critic and public all have a part to play in elevating the general standard of motion-picture entertainment. We also believe that it is the duty of the community, with the cooperation of the theater management, to work for the betterment of motion pictures.

Many of the better and finer pictures that come to our community are not given the support that is necessary to encourage theater management to bring more of that type to us, and the Better Films Council, through the component organizations, is endeavoring to create a demand from the public for better and finer pictures.

The influence of the whole movement was immediately apparent. Many theater owners changed their programs so that Friday night would be a night by itself, rather than one night on a three-day showing of a picture, in order to emphasize the Friday Family Night program.

At the request of a theater owner, in one section of the city where the theater patronage is mostly foreign, the council has asked the Americanization chairman of this section to advise the mothers as to what pictures to send their children to see.

A recent check-up on the Friday Family Night programs shows, out of fifty-one neighborhood theaters exhibiting

eighty-six feature pictures, only four questionable pictures were shown. In order to help the theater owner select his programs for Friday Family Night, advisory committees of three members, representing the Better Films Council, are formed for each neighborhood theater.

Mrs. Lay, chairman of Short-Subject Films, and her committee have previewed short subjects and stage shows that have been given with outstanding or recommended pictures. One theater screened Tom Sawyer and a special program of short subjects for the council, and reported a juvenile attendance never equaled at a first-run theater in St. Louis. The council was invited to attend a private showing of Skippy to criticize the stage show that was to accompany it. The show was reported excellent and the attendance was so large the program was held over at another first-run theater a second week. The same procedure was followed with The Millionaire—members of the council attending the preview of the picture and the first showing to check up on the stage show. This program was reported excellent.

The council was asked to preview the short subjects to be shown with Abraham Lincoln. One change was requested by the council. This superb epic of the screen faltered at the box office, but the support given by the combined groups represented in the council was unmistakably apparent.

THE LAST BECOMES FIRST

The manager of another theater invited the council to a private showing of *The Great Meadow*. The feature shown with this picture, on a double-feature program, was not recommended; but as the manager, on such short notice, was unable to secure another feature, no protest was made, only regret was felt that the council members were unable to give publicity to the beautiful picture, *The Great Meadow*, magnificently produced.

Thus has the Better Films Council worked. In 1932 and 1933 reports show that we have brought St. Louis from last place on the percentage list of indorsed pictures to the equal of any city in the United States. We have also been instrumental in bringing St. Louis from last place on the list of selective programs for children to the first and most honored position, and the advertising is as clean as that in any city in the United States, if not the cleanest. After the adoption of the Family Night Program in St. Louis as the result of our organized efforts, it was presented to the Motion Picture Theater Owners of America in convention and adopted by resolution, and is now being carried out in a large number of towns and cities throughout the country.

Next month the Community Forum will present the opinions of Catherine Cook Gilman, chairman of the Motion Picture Committee, National Congress of Parents and Teachers.

THE \$1000 AWARD

In the April issue of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL announcement was made of the \$1000 Community Award to be made by the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL to the organization of women, or of men and women, that has performed the most valuable service to a neighborhood during 1933. A statement of the contest requirements will be mailed on receipt of a three-cent stamp sent to the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



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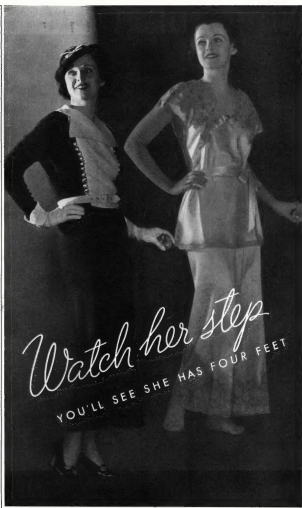
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LET IT BE

Brunch

AND LET IT BE GAY!

Mix 1 part breakfast with 1 part luncheon. Serve as a buffet. That's BRUNCH!

Originating in England, where they take their week-ends seriously, "Brunch" . . . this leisurely buffet combination of breakfast and luncheon . . . is rapidly becoming a favorite here. Why not add a feather to your cap by serving "Brunch" the next time you have guests?

And "Brunch" and other buffet occasions are an excellent reason for acquiring that complete service of finest silverplate you've long intended to buy!

Now is the time to do so, because the 1847 Rogers Bros. Certified Coupon Plan that enables you to acquire salad forks, butter spreaders, and other "accessory" pieces at a 25% discount, will be withdrawn June 30th.

By purchasing your starting service before that date, you are entitled to the 25% saving on all "accessory" pieces now or at any time within eighteen months. See your dealer and make your choice of patterns today.

Write Ann Adams, Department S-28, International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn., for "Brunch Recipes" and your copy of "So You're Going to Give a Buffet Party."



TODAY'S HOSTESS HAS HER "GUEST" SET OF SILVERWARE, JUST AS SHE HAS HER "BEST" LINEN, CHINA, AND GLASS.

1847 ROGERS BROS
SILVERPLATE

©1934, I. S. CO.

*U.S. PAT. OFF.



VIANDE* FORK IN THE GORGEOUS NEW MARQUEE PATTERN. 26-PIECE STARTING SERVICE—VIANDE OR LONG BLADE KNIVES—\$31.25.

ONE BRIDE TELLS ANOTHER — ABOUT WASHDAY



AND, DARLING! RINSO MAKES CLOTHES LAST 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER. WE'LL SAVE LOTS OF MONEY

BE KIND TO your clothes—to your hands—to yourself! Change to Rinso, the famous work-saving soap that *soaks clothes whiter, brighter—* makes them last many times longer—*saves you money.*

Rinso gives rich suds that *last and last*, even in hardest water. Makers of 40 famous washers, home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers, recommend it. Tested and approved

by Good Housekeeping Institute. Rinso is grand for dishes and all cleaning—it's so easy on the hands. Get it at your grocer's.



The biggest-selling package soap in America

NOW GLAD SHE EAVESDROPPED



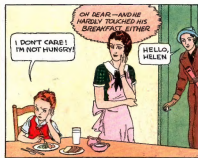
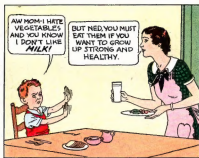
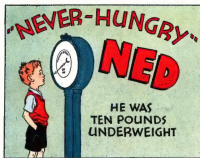
HONEY, YOU'RE LOOKING YOUNGER EVERY DAY

YOU MEAN MY COMPLEXION IS GROWING CLEARER AND FRESHER—THANKS TO LIFEBOUY

HALF the secret of looking young is keeping your complexion fresh and radiant. How easy to do this with Lifebuoy! Its gently penetrating lather deep-cleanses pores—brings sparkle and glow to even the dulliest skin.

Everyone is subject to "B.O." (body odor). For we all perspire a quart daily. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. This creamy, rich-lathering toilet soap purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops "B. O." Its fresh, clean scent vanishes as you rinse. Make Lifebuoy "a habit."





MOTHER! Here's How Ovaltine Makes A Child Hungry

OVALTINE is a delicious pure food concentrate—originally developed in Switzerland and now made over here. A creation which acts in an amazing way to make "poor eaters" eat. Not by merely "tempting" the taste—but by actually creating the natural sensation of hunger.

It is not only a rich source of the appetite-producing Vitamin B—but is extremely nourishing in itself and digests so readily that it gives the stomach a minimum of work to do. Thus acting to lighten the digestive demand on a stomach that's over-tired or "slow."

This is important. And specialists will tell you that the child with poor or "slow" digestion is usually the one who won't eat—who shuns vegetables and objects to drinking milk.

But once appetite is stimulated in a scientific way—a definite change takes place. And even a "vegetable-bunger" is built up day by day.

You simply mix Ovaltine with milk—either hot or cold—and children love it for its delicious taste. (Note the special offer of a genuine Little Orphan Annie Mug. Clip the coupon now.)

SEND THIS IN AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW REMARKABLE OVALTINE IS.



MAIL FOR TRIAL SUPPLY

The Wacker Co.,
180 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill. Dept. 5-2111
Send me your sample package of Ovaltine. I promise to pay no cost of packing and mailing. (Or 25c for special offer.) (These offers good in U. S. A. only.)

SPECIAL OFFER
Orphan Annie's Very Own Mug
With colored pictures of Orphan Annie and Sandy, her dog, Orphan Annie Mug and sample package, 25c.



Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drinks

Manufactured in the United States according to the original Swiss formula.